LIBERTY

OV. 21, 1942 10¢

30
16
8
44
15
24

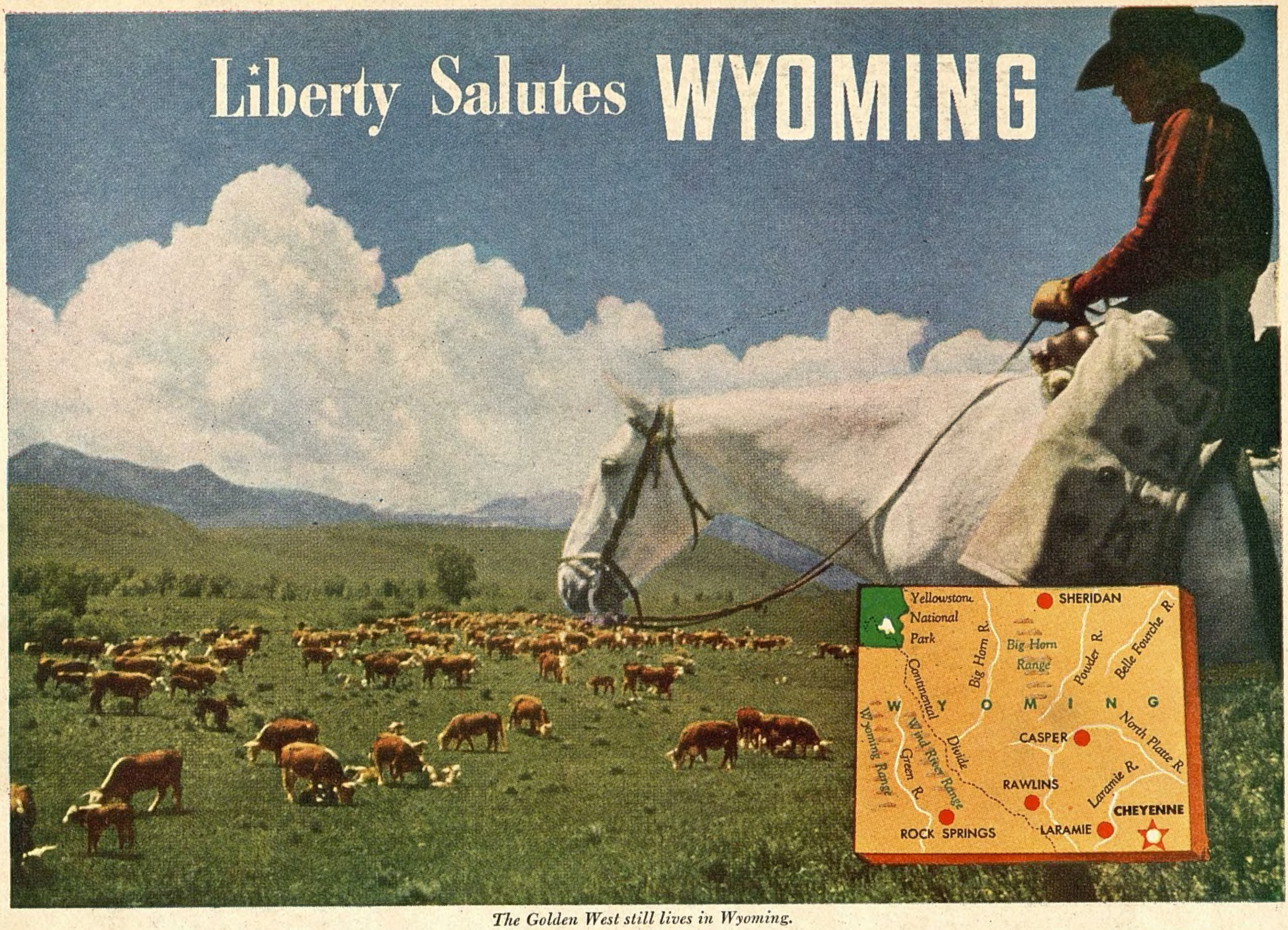
YOU AND THE DRAFT BOARD

By a Member of One

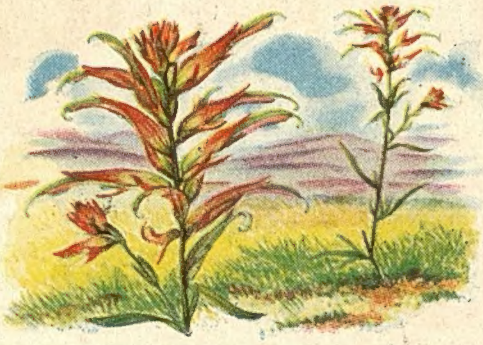
THEY FIGHT WITH FILM

The Signal Corps Camera Crews' Dramatic Job

Liberty Salutes WYOMING


Yellowstone National Park
SHERIDAN
Big Horn R.
Big Horn Range
Powder R.
Belle Fourche R.
WYOMING
Continental Divide
Wyoming Range
Wind River Range
Green R.
CASPER
North Platte R.
RAWLINS
Laramie R.
CHEYENNE
LARAMIE
ROCK SPRINGS

The Golden West still lives in Wyoming.



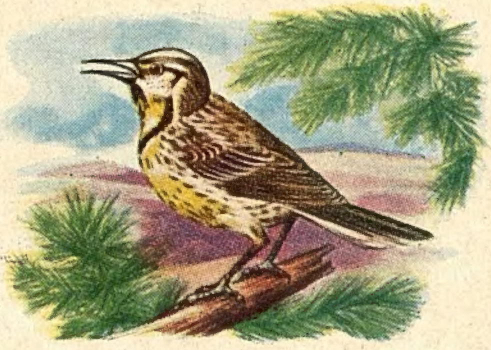
THE INDIAN PAINTBRUSH, *or painted cup, is Wyoming's flower. A delicately shaggy blossom of brilliant red, it stands out against shining dark green leaves.*

FAMOUS for the oldest of national parks, Yellowstone, famous for its working and dude ranches, Wyoming typifies much of America that has passed.

It is known as the Equality State, for it was this western frontier territory that enacted the guaranty of equal suffrage for men and women way back in 1869.

Less well known than Yellowstone are Wyoming's great hot springs. Among them is Thermopolis Hot Spring, which pours forth eighteen and a half million gallons of water at 135° F. every twenty-four hours, with curative properties adaptive to treatment of rheumatism, infantile paralysis, and kindred diseases.

Today Wyoming's 800,000 head of fine beef cattle and 4,000,000 head of sheep are some of America's most valuable war resources.



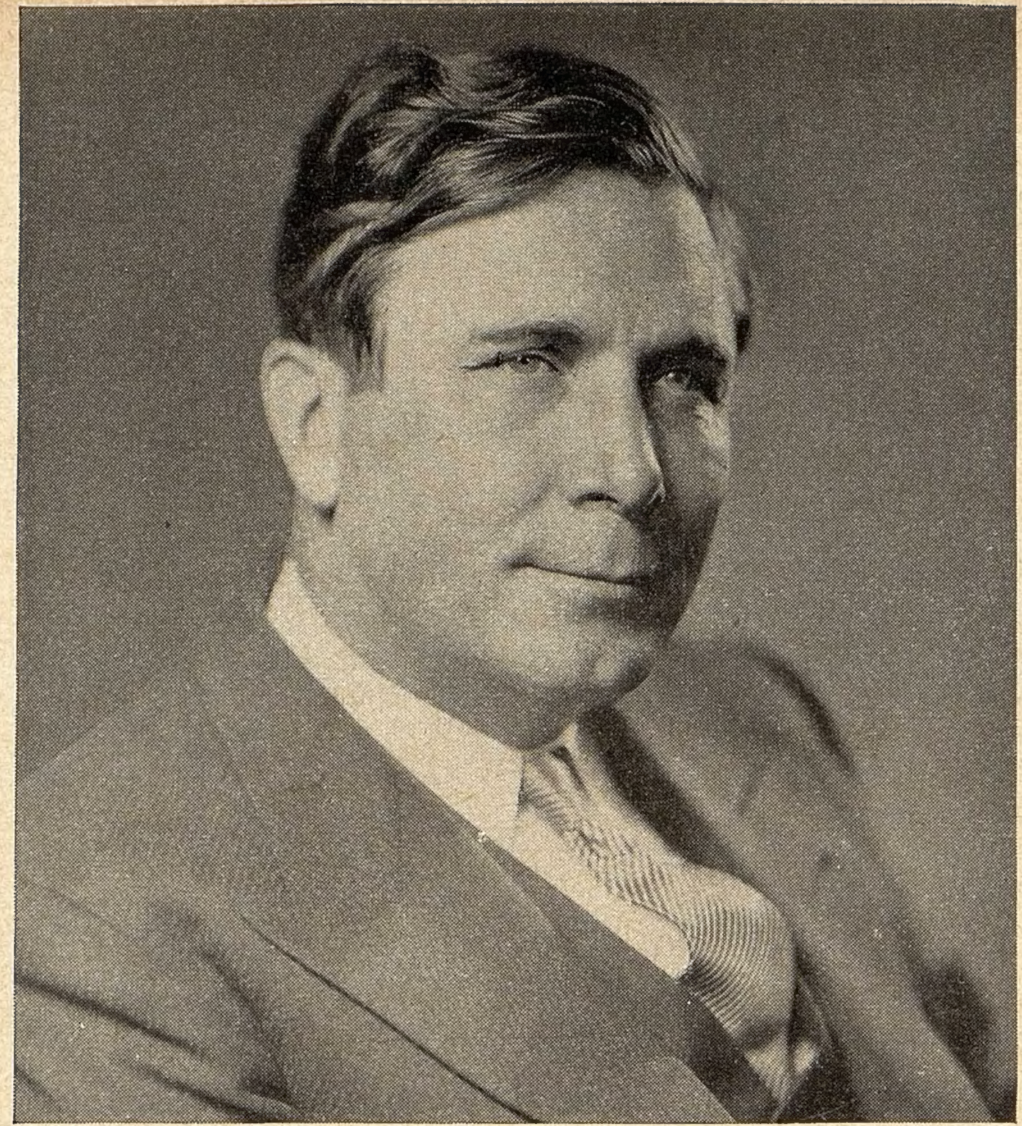
THE WESTERN MEADOW LARK *lives in grassy fields. Its white outer tail feathers and yellow breast are easily seen as it volplanes in flight. It is about nine inches long.*

SOME OF THE FINEST *of all American beef comes from the grazing ranges of Wyoming. Dairying, though second in importance, flourishes in many sections.*

MINERAL PRODUCTION, *chiefly petroleum, is one of Wyoming's sources of wealth. Now speeded up, it has become one of the state's great contributions to the war effort.*

IMPORTANT *in the war program are Wyoming's sugar-beet fields. No state produces a sugar beet with a higher sugar content. The average yield is 13½ tons per acre.*

LIBERTY
Nov. 21, 1942



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THE MAN WITHOUT A PARTY

BY narrowing our eyes to slits and peering intently under our hand, we believe we can see dimly three major political factors in the Presidential picture for the 1944 election—the Democratic Party, the Republican Party, and Wendell Willkie.

That Willkie will be in the picture, big as life, is certain. It is not so certain that he will again carry the standard of the Republican Party. His nomination in 1940 certainly was not the doings of the party leadership. It came about practically by public acclamation. A sizable portion of the twenty-two million votes cast for him were not Republican ballots but came from that great mass of American voters who profess no party affiliation. It is an open secret that since the 1940 election Willkie has been virtually repudiated by the men who control the Republican Party.

It was expected that after his defeat Willkie would go back to his utility companies and morose muttering on the political side lines. That he did not, we believe, is the good fortune of the American people. It is also positive proof that his career in politics has only just begun.

A day or two after his defeat Willkie made a decision which was most reassuring to all real believers in the American system of government. It was proposed at the time that the Willkie clubs be kept in existence. These clubs, in every state of the Union, consisted mostly of young people without definite party affiliations. They were neither Republicans nor Democrats. They were Willkieites and very enthusiastic about their candidate. The temptation must have been strong to retain this vast organized personal following, but Willkie vetoed the suggestion immediately and firmly.

In America there should be no such thing as an organized personal following. Loyalty belongs to the party and its ideals, not to the man. By his rejection of this proposal, Willkie proved American democracy is safe in his hands. Since then he has grown steadily in political stature. He adjourned politics a full year before Pearl Harbor and really meant it. His time and effort have been given to furthering the war effort and preparing himself for a major role in the years ahead.

One of Willkie's handicaps in 1940 was his unfamiliarity with foreign affairs. Roosevelt was the skilled internationalist, personally acquainted with many of the key people in other lands; Willkie was the Indiana farm boy. Today the situation is different. Willkie is on a footing of personal friendship and mutual respect with practically all the leaders of the United Nations. He has rubbed elbows with their people. He has sat for hours in talk with the men who will make the new world, many of whom Roosevelt knows only by mail.

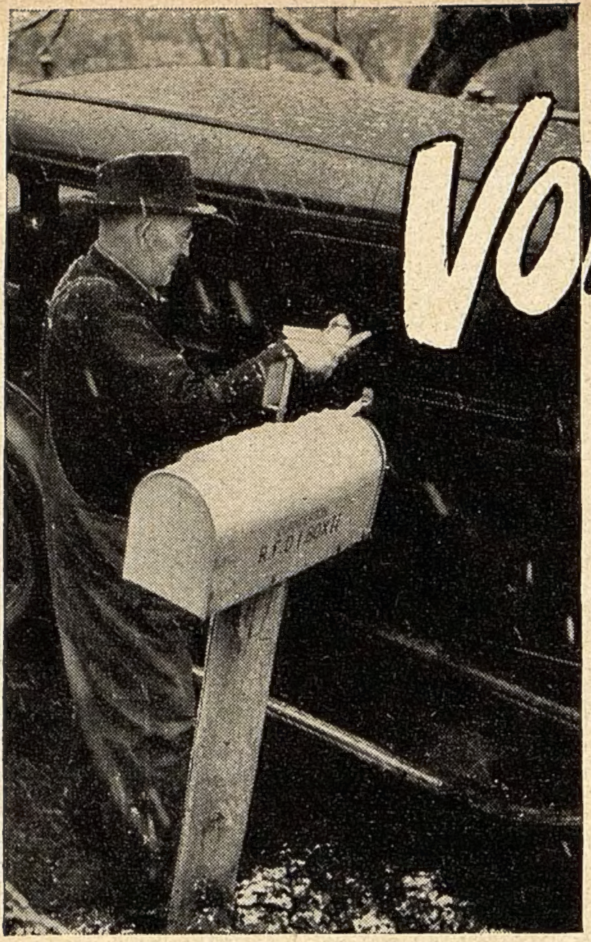
Willkie's world travels seem to meet with Roosevelt's approval. Certainly the President has not opposed them and has even gone so far as to confer on Willkie a quasi-official status.

We are certain that Willkie will be a candidate for President in 1944, but we would not attempt to guess on what ticket. Perhaps the Republican Party will renominate him. Perhaps he will head a new party. It might even turn out that Franklin Roosevelt, ever the old fox of politics and past master of the sensational and unexpected, has already picked his own successor.

Paul Hunter

VOX POP

"Voice of the People"



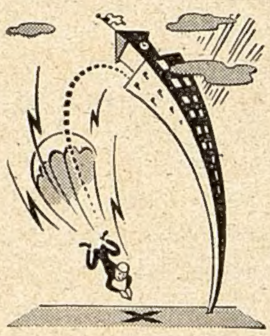
MARCIA, YOU'RE O. K. BUT KINDA HARD ON THE SARGE

Oakland, Calif.—It was men like Sergeant John O. Willette (October 17 Vox Pop) who were the first to sneer at Edison, Fulton, Ford, and the Wright Brothers. He states that Frederick Collins' article, Our New World (September 12 Liberty) is fantastic.

Does he think our world too good, too far advanced, to be improved? Or does he think the human race is unable to progress any more after this war? If I felt as he evidently does, I would throw in the sponge now, though I am only seventeen. Shame, shame on that pessimistic character!—*Marcia Mercer.*

ANY ONE LOOKING FOR A REAL SISSY JOB?

Hamilton, Mont.—In September 5 Liberty I read How Long Is a Second? by Paul Ernst. Well, I think he got mixed up in his writing. We know that a seventy-story building is about 750 feet high. And then Paul says the parachutist is to make the ground in about eight seconds. Ask Paul to figure up the rate of fall at his figures, then estimate the speed of an object on a free fall.



I know that Uncle Sam's paratroops are the best, but I don't believe they could survive the landing shock of that drop. The reason? Well, I've been jumping on Uncle Sam's forest fires this summer, and Paul's men travel too fast for me. Guess I'm a sissy!—*John Nash.*

Madison, Wis.—Guess they should be called "bounce-a-troops."—*M. J. Grady.*

TRYING TO BEAN US? (WE LIKE 'EM FINE)

Hannibal, Mo.—Don't you feel kinda sheepish since you printed that "amazing" article called Those Yankees? Now, if you had printed a story about Those Cards! Well, that would have been a true story. Whereas the one you printed—well, it really was a story. I hope you never make that mistake again. Oh, yes—by the way, how do you like the Cards now?—*Carroll Hardgrove.*

HOW TO MAKE THE BOYS WRITE HOME

Boston, Mass.—In October 17 Liberty there is a letter to Old Sarge describing the callous indifference of some soldiers who never bother to write home to their anxious parents.

The way to cure that is this: When parcels arrive, the soldiers who have not written home for over a month should be told to write a letter and post it at the camp post office before they can get that package from home.—*Anonymous.*

ARE WE SOFT-HEADED?

Altoona, Pa.—After reading I Was a Prisoner of the Japs, by Wenzell Brown (October 17 Liberty), my eyes were filled with tears. I'll never forget the article as long as I live. It shows just what we are fighting for—freedom.—*Betty Jane Kaylor.*

Detroit, Mich.—I believe that the Japs think we are too soft-hearted and too soft-headed to mistreat other human beings, and therefore they can do as they please with their prisoners.

There is something we can do about this situation.

We should feed our hostages as they are feeding theirs and treat the Japs in our hands just as our people are being treated. We cannot use Japanese torture methods, because we are human beings; but we can force our prisoners to work for us, and feed them as our soldiers are being fed wherever they are held prisoners. *Let us stop being soft-headed!—Florence Stricof.*

GUESS GABIN SPEEDED YOU UP, BOYS

Paterson, N. J.—Hey, somebody! Take a look at the reading time of your article, Look Out, Husbands—Here's Gabin! (October 17 Liberty.) Since when does it take 14 minutes and 55 seconds to read one page of your swell magazine?—*James C. Zozzaro.*

Alameda, Calif.—Liberty is slightly of the beam. It only took me 13 minutes 16 seconds to read 1,079 words.—*Don Johnson.*

MORE POWER TO HOOVER HIGH

Glendale, Calif.—The cover of October 17 Liberty is truly inspiring. The U. S. Signal Corps is our army's backbone. In the R. O. T. C. of Hoover High School (Glendale, California) we are learning the communication systems of the U. S. land forces in order to take our places in the war machine, *if* need arises.—*Tom Philp.*

WHERE'LL WE GET THE ASBESTOS PAPER?

De Funiak Springs, Fla.—October 17 Vox Pop shows Hitler, Muss, and a Jap behind the bars.

Their whole idea was to be seen and heard. Why not be big enough to give them their wish?

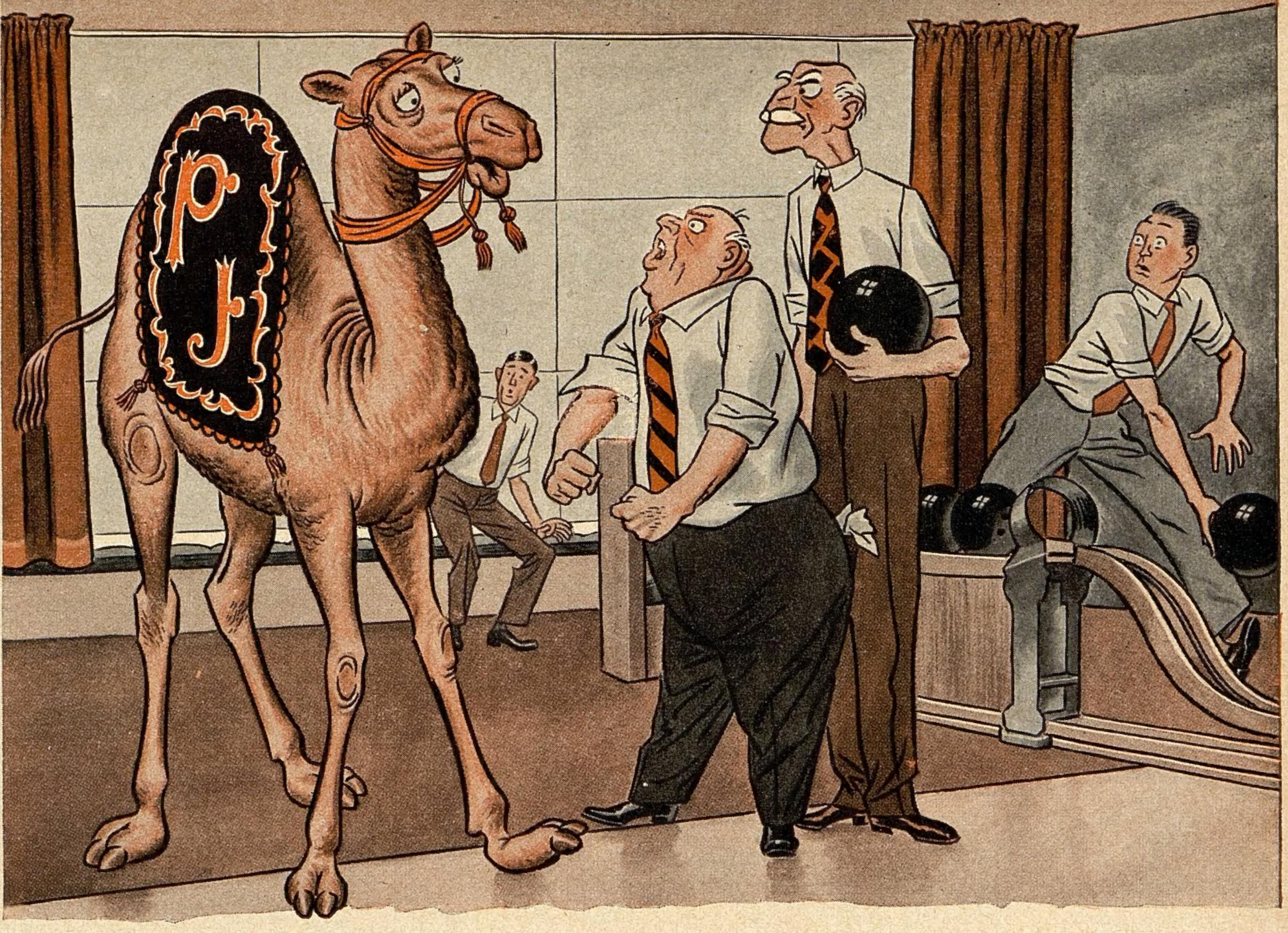
Charge admission and make a book from remarks by the audience. All this might take the ambition out of some other would-bes.—*L. H. Atwell.*

PRAISE THE LORD!

St. Michaels, Md.—Being a veteran rifleman, I became interested in the guerrilla phase of Home Guard training while at Tillamook, Oregon. Observed and studied similar outfits while returning to the East Coast. Was asked to teach the boys, men subject to draft, and local Minute Men how to shoot, only to be balked by the lack of .22 rim-fire cartridges—none can be purchased. Came to the conclusion there is no reason why I should not teach those lads the true religion with muzzle-loading rifles, as I can still buy flints, caps, and black powder, and cast the bullets.

The members of the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association have at the very least five thousand long rifles in good working order. The lack of modern ammunition does not silence them. The ritual of loading causes the shooter to place a definite value on every shot fired; none are wasted. The slow lock-time accentuates the importance of learning how to "carry through," keep on aiming until the recoil breaks the line of sight—a vital factor difficult to teach with modern arms because of their extremely fast lock-and-primer time.

The reaction of the men I am instructing causes me to believe it is possible to train a Dan'l Boone Division, men who will not waste the ammunition passed them, their motto being, A scalp for every cartridge.—*Roy S. Tinney, Life Member, National Rifle Association and National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association.*



"How would you like a punch on the nose?"

MAN: Listen, my intrusive Oriental: Once there was a man. He was like you, my friend. He stood up and talked when he should have sat down and listened. Now his nose is broken. Do I make myself clear?

CAMEL: Pardon, Prince. But were you not talking about whiskey?

MAN: Well, my Libyan Limousine, and what if we were?

CAMEL: Sahib, I am the Paul Jones Camel. I am considered an authority on whiskey. Indeed, I am the living symbol of that quality in whiskey which connoisseurs admire—the quality of *dryness*, Effendi!

MAN: *Dryness,* Camel? In *whiskey?*

CAMEL: Assuredly, Pride of the Alleys. For in the peerless Paul Jones it is this *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, which brings out the full flavor of this superb whiskey. The *full* smoothness and richness!

MAN: Sure. Okay, Knuckle-knees. But we're not interested in any expensive whiskies around here.

CAMEL: Ah, but Master, this *dry* Paul Jones is *not* expensive! Indeed, it is most modestly priced.

MAN: Fuzzy . . . Fuzzy, my fiddle-footed friend, listen: Once there was a man. He stood up and talked when he should have sat down and listened to a camel. Well, he apologizes to you, Fuzzy. Profusely. And right now he'll be off to enjoy the wonders of a *dry* whiskey—Paul Jones!

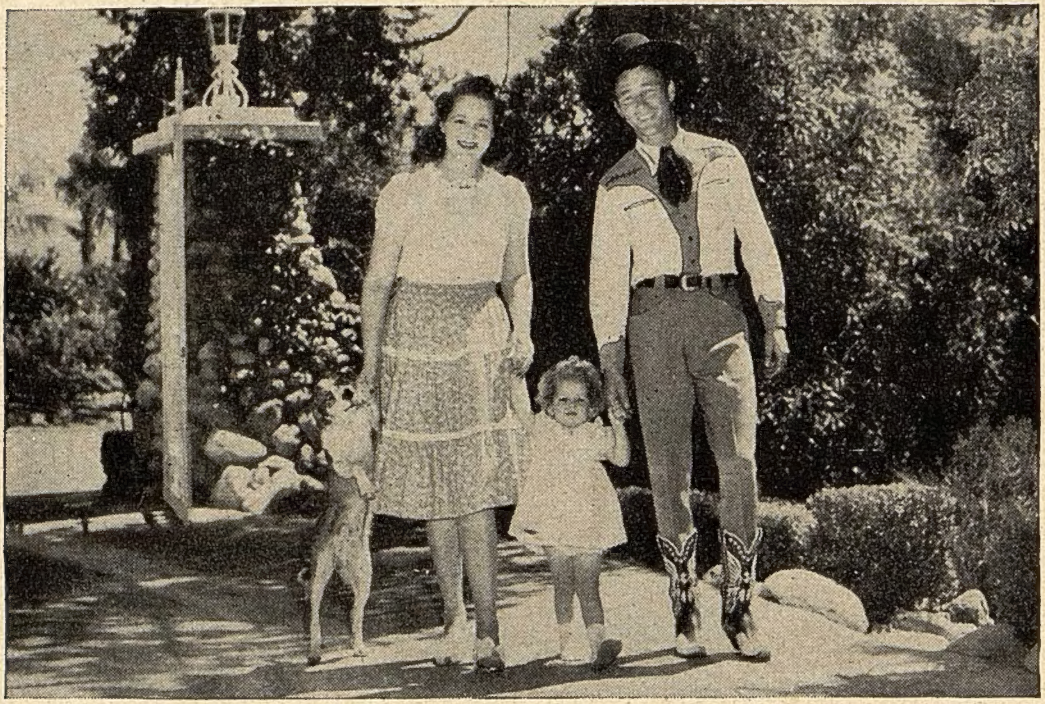
The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

Paul Jones
DRY
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

ROY ROGERS' WIFE TELLS WHAT HE'S REALLY LIKE!



The whole Rogers family, with the exception of Trigger, snapped as they enjoy a stroll at their Encino, Cal., home.

Roy Rogers—acclaimed the greatest champ ever seen in Madison Square Garden's rodeo—already is riding high, wide and handsome as a movie star.

His dazzling horsemanship and roping thrill every man and boy who ever dreamed of being a cowboy. And his sentimental lullabies make women think he's wonderful! Roy is perfect on the screen and in the rodeo . . . but what is he really like away from crowds and cameras?

His wife knows . . . and in the current issue of Screenland she tells the inside story of the real Roy Rogers.

It's a great story. You'll enjoy every word of it!

In Addition SCREENLAND PRESENTS THESE SCOOPS!

- **WHAT BING CROSBY AND BOB HOPE HAVE DONE TO ME—BY *DOROTHY LAMOUR***
  Crosby and Hope give Dottie a hectic time on and off the movie set.
- **HOW TO KISS A SOLDIER!**
  A frank review of conditions under which soldiers are dating—plus Marjorie Woodworth's plan for entertaining most soldiers.
- **I'M PROUD TO BE A WAR WIFE!**
  Annabella (Mrs. Tyrone Power) says, "I'm proud of Tyrone, and I'm glad he enlisted (in the Marines)"—and she explains WHY.
- **GENE TIERNEY'S NEW HOME**
  First photographs of Gene Tierney and her husband in their beautiful new home, showing the charming interior and furnishings.
- **NATURAL COLOR GLAMOR PORTRAITS OF:**
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THIS WEEK

NOVEMBER 21, 1942

EDITORIAL ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Man Without a Party
Paul Hunter 3

AMERICA FIGHTS ★ ★ ★ ★

You and the Draft Board
By a Member of One 8
They Fight with Film
Robert T. Furman, Jr. 14
This Man's War
Old Sarge 28
Rough Stuff?—The Yanks Are Tops!
Allen May 30
War Has a Silver Lining
J. C. Furnas 34
Sabotage in the U. S. A.—Part IV
Alan Hynd 42

PUBLIC OPINION ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vox Pop 4

STORIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Casualty—One Deb
Mabel Brown Farwell 11
The Saint Steps In—Part III
Leslie Charteris 18
Orchids from Bataan
M. O'Moran 48
"Turn Off That Radio!"—Liberty's Short Short
Frank Richardson Pierce 56

LIVING ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Spare the Rod?
Helen Steers Burgess 24

FUN ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (Unabashed) 38
Can You Top These? 54

MOVIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Candid Close-ups of Pictures and Personalities
Beverly Hills 36

FEMININITY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To the Ladies
Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 57

MISCELLANY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Twenty Questions 27
Teletype Tips 58
Just Between Ourselves
The Editors 58
Crosswords 59

Paul Hunter, Publisher.

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COVER BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

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NEXT WEEK

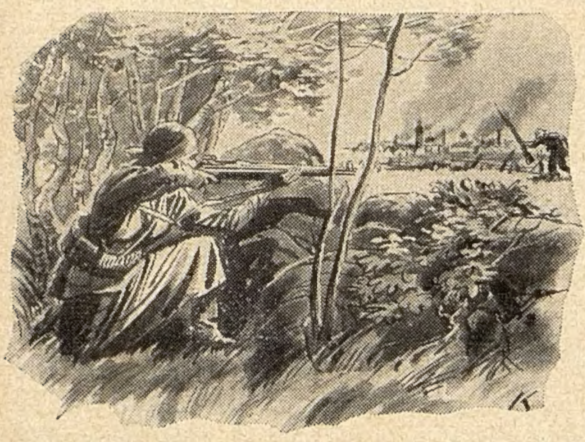
NOVEMBER 28, 1942

THE AXIS WOULD BLITZ THE WORLD—CAN THEY?

The question right now is where they will strike next. Can Hitler still be striking by a known plan, a blueprint that would enable us to call his next shot? PIERRE VAN PAASSEN is certain that he still is, and that it still is the geopolitical blueprint made for him in Munich. Why this is probable, how it squares with failures to call other Axis shots, and what it warns us of today, MR. VAN PAASSEN will show you most impressively.

CAN A WOMAN KILL —AND REMAIN A WOMAN?

What sort of person is this young Red Army lieutenant, Lyudmila Pavlichenko, who bagged 309 Nazis, fought a three-day duel of nerves with an enemy sniper, was invited by the Germans to desert to their side? Next week, in an interview with ALICE HUGHES, she reveals her amazing personality as well as her hair-raising experiences. It's a thrilling story, one you won't want to miss!



ACCIDENTS THAT HAVE AIDED THE ENEMY

Hitler and Hirohito might well strike off medals for workers in America's vital industries whose avoidable accidents have lost us 480,000,000 man-days since June, 1941. Carelessness is one of our most dangerous saboteurs, as TED SHANE proves with a staggering array of facts. It's an article all of us—in and out of war industries—should read and remember.

AND: Some sparkling fiction by GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN, PHYLLIS DUGANNE, COREY FORD, and PHYLLIS MOORE GALLAGHER; generous installments of the serials; some more articles by WALTER KARIG and others.

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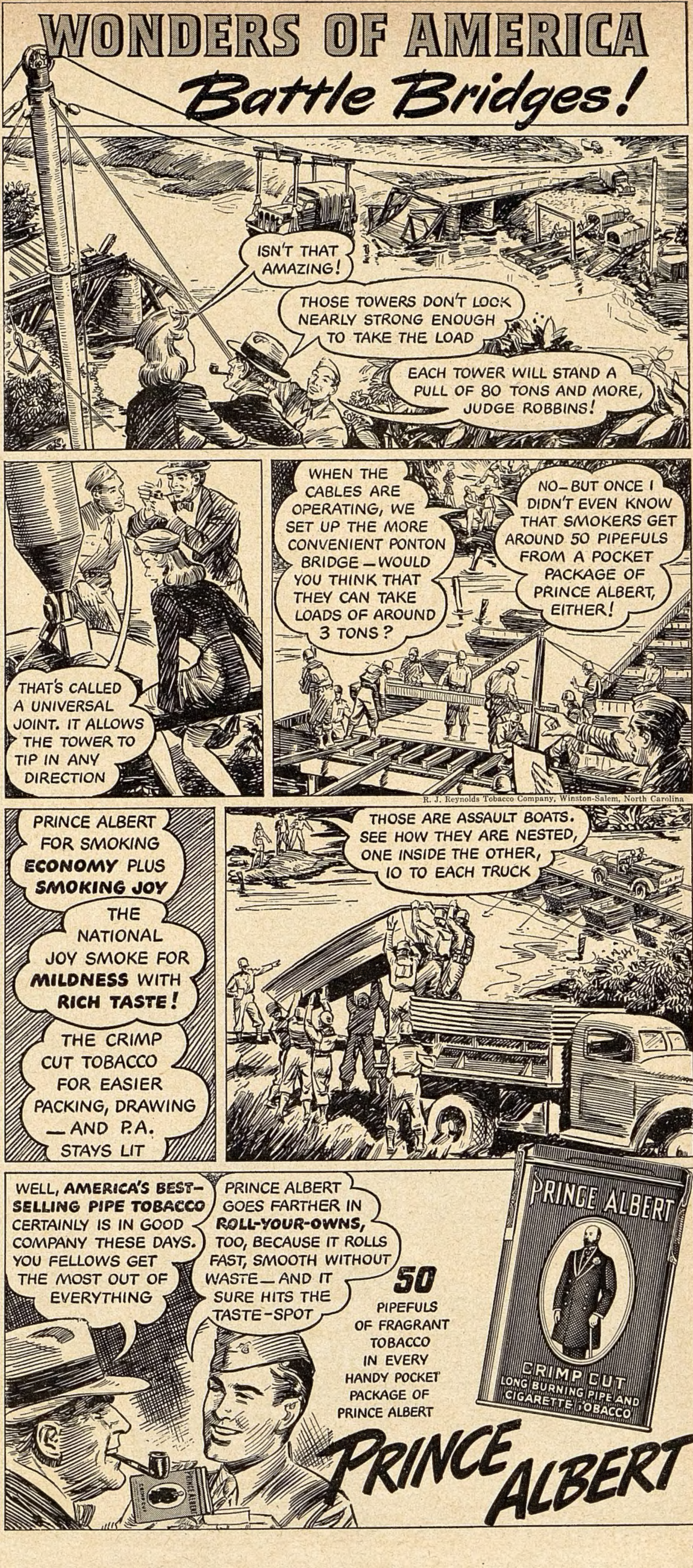

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Battle Bridges!
ISN'T THAT AMAZING!
THOSE TOWERS DON'T LOOK NEARLY STRONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THE LOAD
EACH TOWER WILL STAND A PULL OF 80 TONS AND MORE, JUDGE ROBBINS!
THAT'S CALLED A UNIVERSAL JOINT. IT ALLOWS THE TOWER TO TIP IN ANY DIRECTION
WHEN THE CABLES ARE OPERATING, WE SET UP THE MORE CONVENIENT PONTON BRIDGE—WOULD YOU THINK THAT THEY CAN TAKE LOADS OF AROUND 3 TONS?
NO—BUT ONCE I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT SMOKERS GET AROUND 50 PIPEFULS FROM A POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT, EITHER!
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
PRINCE ALBERT FOR SMOKING ECONOMY PLUS SMOKING JOY
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE FOR MILDNESS WITH RICH TASTE!
THE CRIMP CUT TOBACCO FOR EASIER PACKING, DRAWING—AND P.A. STAYS LIT
THOSE ARE ASSAULT BOATS. SEE HOW THEY ARE NESTED, ONE INSIDE THE OTHER, 10 TO EACH TRUCK
WELL, AMERICA'S BEST-SELLING PIPE TOBACCO CERTAINLY IS IN GOOD COMPANY THESE DAYS. YOU FELLOWS GET THE MOST OUT OF EVERYTHING
PRINCE ALBERT GOES FARTHER IN ROLL-YOUR-OWNS, TOO, BECAUSE IT ROLLS FAST, SMOOTH WITHOUT WASTE—AND IT SURE HITS THE TASTE-SPOT
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT

You AND THE DRAFT BOARD

BY A MEMBER OF ONE

A forthright article on the draft that gets down to cases

ON the wall of my home hangs a steel-engraved certificate which reads in part:

"The President of the United States of America reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, fidelity, and abilities of John Blank, I do appoint him Member of Selective Service Board No. 0."

Some nights, when I come home after three or four hours of work, I glance at it and wonder if the President's confidence is misplaced. We have over ten thousand men under our jurisdiction, half of whom call us a tough board and imply that our ability and patriotism are represented best by the minus sign. At least, that's the impression we get from the neighborhood gossip which comes to our ears! There are, of course, many quiet and serious citizens. They are always brief and to the point:

"I'd like to have permission to enlist. The recruiting officer told me to get a Form 190 from my draft board."

"Just a minute till I look over your questionnaire. . . . Why, you're in 3-A!"

"That's right, I was, but we've made a few readjustments."

Then follows a modest explanation of how a young wife has returned to her parents for the duration, or of other family sacrifices—seldom detailed—which provide for the support of the registrant's parents or other dependents. Family matters have been settled at home, and there's little occasion for the board to inquire into private affairs.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES

In our comparatively poor district the Allowance and Allotment Bill solved many problems. "If I enlist, can I make an allotment the same as I could if I were drafted?" and "How much will my dependents get?" were the questions most frequently asked.

The only cases which make work for the draft boards are those of the connivers and evaders. Patriots are no trouble to any board—and there are plenty of them! However, it's the troubles you'll be interested to hear about.

Our board is composed of a Jew, a Catholic, and a Protestant—all over draft age—and we are located in the manufacturing-residence section of one of the country's largest cities.

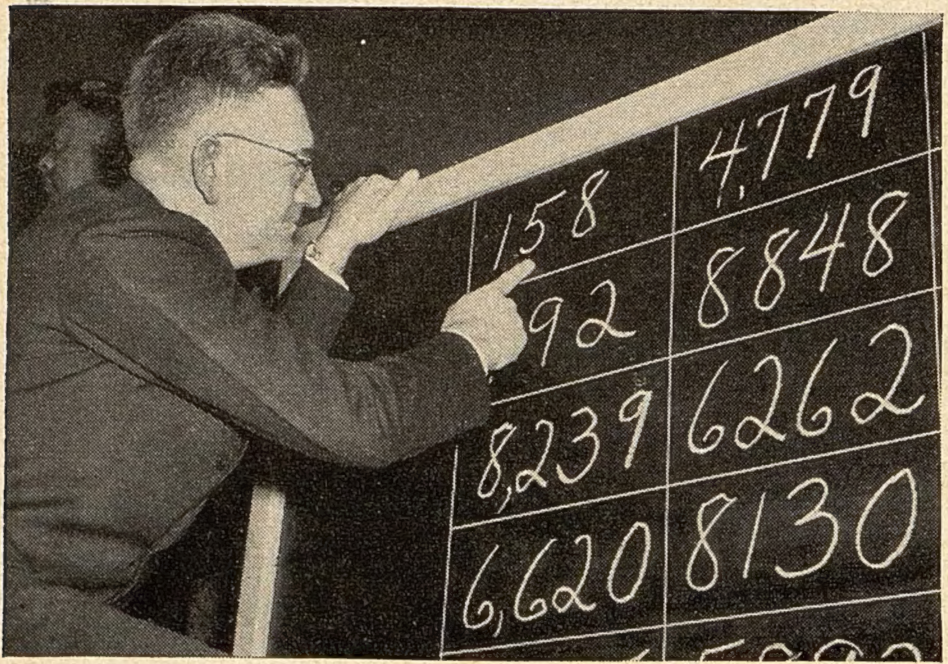
During the early days, with the American complacency then current, we cleaned up a few street corners by putting some youngsters in the army for a year's training. Two of us had been in the service and we knew that it wouldn't hurt them. Most, after they got in, liked it. Defense training schools—good and bad—attracted a few of the more ambitious. Others got married somewhat hurriedly and thus qualified for a 3-A classification. But nobody got excited. We just ambled along and tried to fill our quotas.

The Pearl Harbor reveille woke us up. Quotas jumped and *had* to be met. New regulations and directives from headquarters poured in. Men in 3-A who had married when their selection was imminent were immediately reclassified. Only essential or genuinely experienced men in industry were deferred.

Then we began to put the questionnaires under the microscope. One young fellow's salary was $30 a week. On this he supported his parents—too old to work—maintained a car, and paid $50 a month rent. Called before the board, he recollected that his father, a retired civil service employee, had a $2,000 pension. Neither the car nor the pension was mentioned in his questionnaire, but the amount of rent had made us suspicious. We were beginning to get smart. A conscientious board must follow every lead and exhaust every clue. But don't think they enjoy cross-examining a weeping mother trying to protect an untruthful son who wants to stay out of the army.

A case that comes up in some board every day is that of the lad whose parents are, according to his sworn affidavit, wholly dependent upon him for support and who gives his mother almost his entire salary. We place him in 3-A. Shortly we learn that he has married and set up his own home; or perhaps he sends us an occasional change of address and forgets to mention the marriage until we ask him

General Hershey points out the first number drawn in the lottery.



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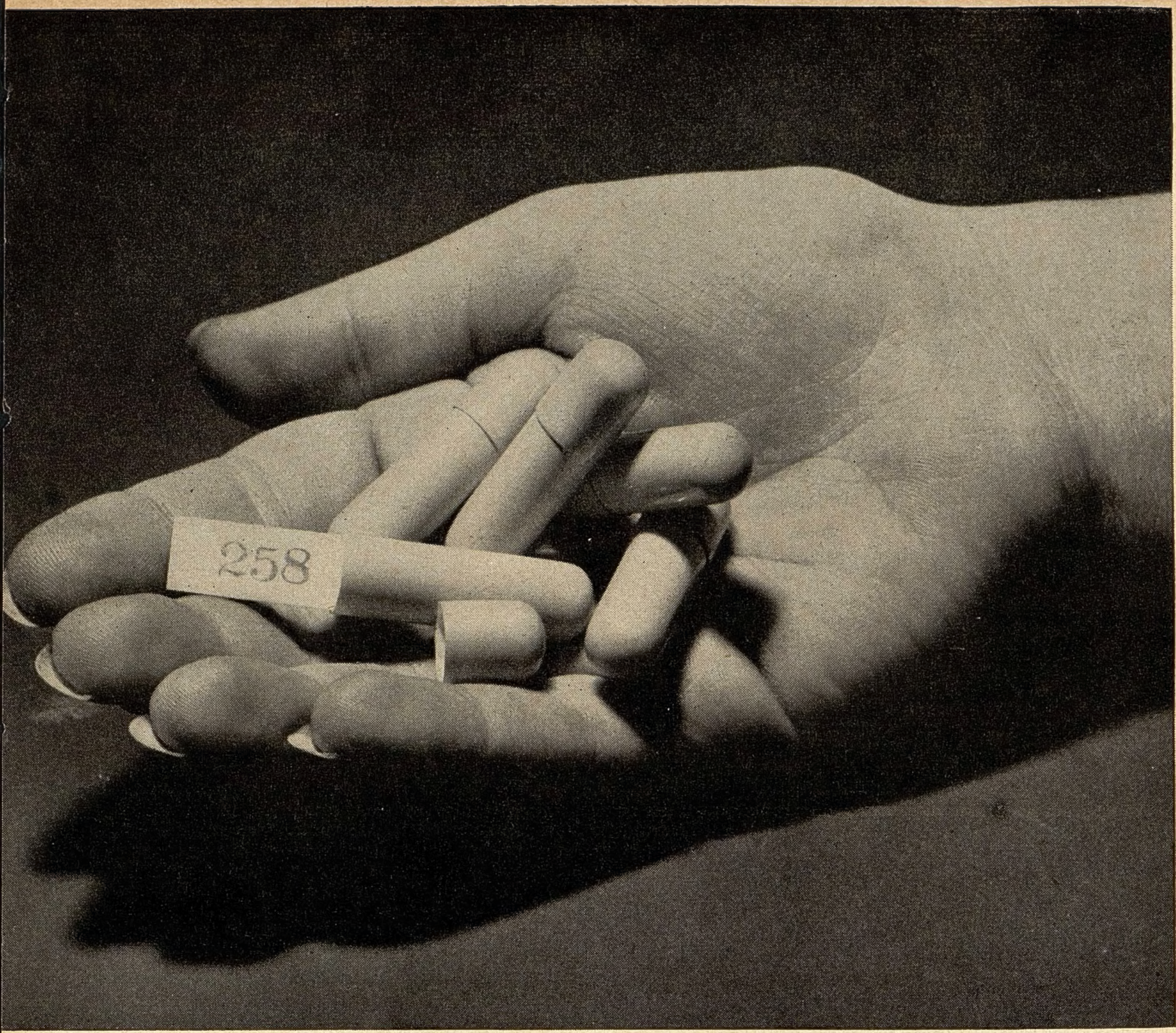
Young inductees take the oath of enlistment at Governors Isl



Each lottery capsule has a numbered card in it. The first number drawn in 1917 was 258.

to come in and explain his present domestic status. Then it becomes a question whether or not his parents were ever bona fide dependents. What do you think? If they were not, he belonged in 1-A from the start.

Selective Service regulations are as inflexible as the Ten Commandments but not so negative. They say, "Thou shalt," and we do. But the rest of you, never knowing all the facts behind each induction, blame the draft board.

"Henry," says Mrs. Brown, "I think it's a shame! That dratted draft board is inducting Mr. Jones. You know, he's that man with those two nice children down the street. I don't know what his wife's going to do. She'll get only seventy-two dollars a month while he's away. I never saw such men in all my born days. They're absolutely heartless."

But only part of that is true. Mr. Jones *is* awaiting induction. But even the snoopy Mrs. Brown will never know—at least, not from the draft board—that the Jones ménage is a common-law arrangement; the children are not his. Under our regulations, a relationship is not legal unless it has been sanctioned by state laws.

Put this in your book: Before a man is inducted the draft board frequently knows more about him than most of his friends do, and the selectee always knows *why* he is being inducted.

One of the questions which the average board cannot answer to the satisfaction of the outsider is: "How is it that young So-and-so isn't in the army? My boys have been taken—how about him?" For one thing, there are more than a hundred non-remediable physical defects which disqualify registrants for either general or limited military service, and they are the secret of the board's doctors, the board, and the registrant. A positive Wassermann automatically places a man in 4-F until his malady has been cured. To the casual observer he may be 1-A material.

Sometimes newspaper stories add to our grief. There was one which carried the headline: Single Men in Draft Will Go First—Husbands Exempt Until Every Board Has Called All Single Men on List. The "late-marriage" registrants (those who married when their selection was imminent, or after December 8, 1941) construed this to mean that the law had been changed, and came running to us, thinking their deferment was in order. The hopes of many brides hit a new low when we had to disillusion them. A few maintained that the story *was* true but that our tough board wouldn't comply with the law. Two days later the correction was published, under a smaller headline: No Deferment for Men Wed as Draft Neared—Those with Children to Get No-Dependent Status. But the damage had been done.

Sometimes the brass hats themselves cross wires. On a Tuesday in September, General Hershey told a Congressional committee that married men with children would be called to the colors in the last quarter of 1943. The following Friday, Colonel McDermott, Director of Selective Service for New York City, stated in a radio address that men with children were not likely

Secretary of War Stimson drawing the first number in the lottery of October 29, 1940, with President Roosevelt looking on. It was America's first peacetime draft lottery.

to be called into military service for "a long, long time, if ever." Thereupon General Hershey decided, a year in advance, that reclassification of married men would begin on October 1, 1943. Who knows?

A big bother to every board are the "sea lawyers," as we used to call them in the navy. They're the know-it-all lads who know only the wrong answers and delight in interpreting Selective Service regulations for their weaker-minded buddies. One young fellow who, on their advice, had clumsily falsified several answers in his questionnaire was charitably processed for induction rather than turned over to a too busy Department of Justice. When he received his 1-A card he consulted them again, and they told him to take an appeal; so he appeared at the board with his mother. She was an understanding woman, and after we pointed out the sterner course that the appeal board might take she thanked us profusely and took her son home. He's in the army now, probably still very much bewildered. Is it likely that mother is ever going to tell the true story? Well, the board won't, either.

Mr. Ramsay's case was different. Ramsay isn't his real name, of course. In his middle thirties, Mr. Ramsay had five children, no job, an inordinate appetite for bad liquor, and a relief roll number. Through Mrs. Ramsay he made regular appearances in Domestic Relations Court. Police-court judges knew him, too. We invited him to call, and bring his wife.

"How'd you like to go in the army?" we asked.

"What for?" countered Mr. Ramsay.

"Well, for one thing, you'd be getting $28 a month for yourself and your wife would receive $102 a month while you're away."

We asked Mrs. Ramsay if she'd sign a waiver of dependency.

"I would if he wants to go," said the family diplomat, and the upshot of it was that a few months ago Mr. Ramsay, sober and sobered by new responsibilities, was inducted. He'll make a damned good soldier. How that guy can fight!

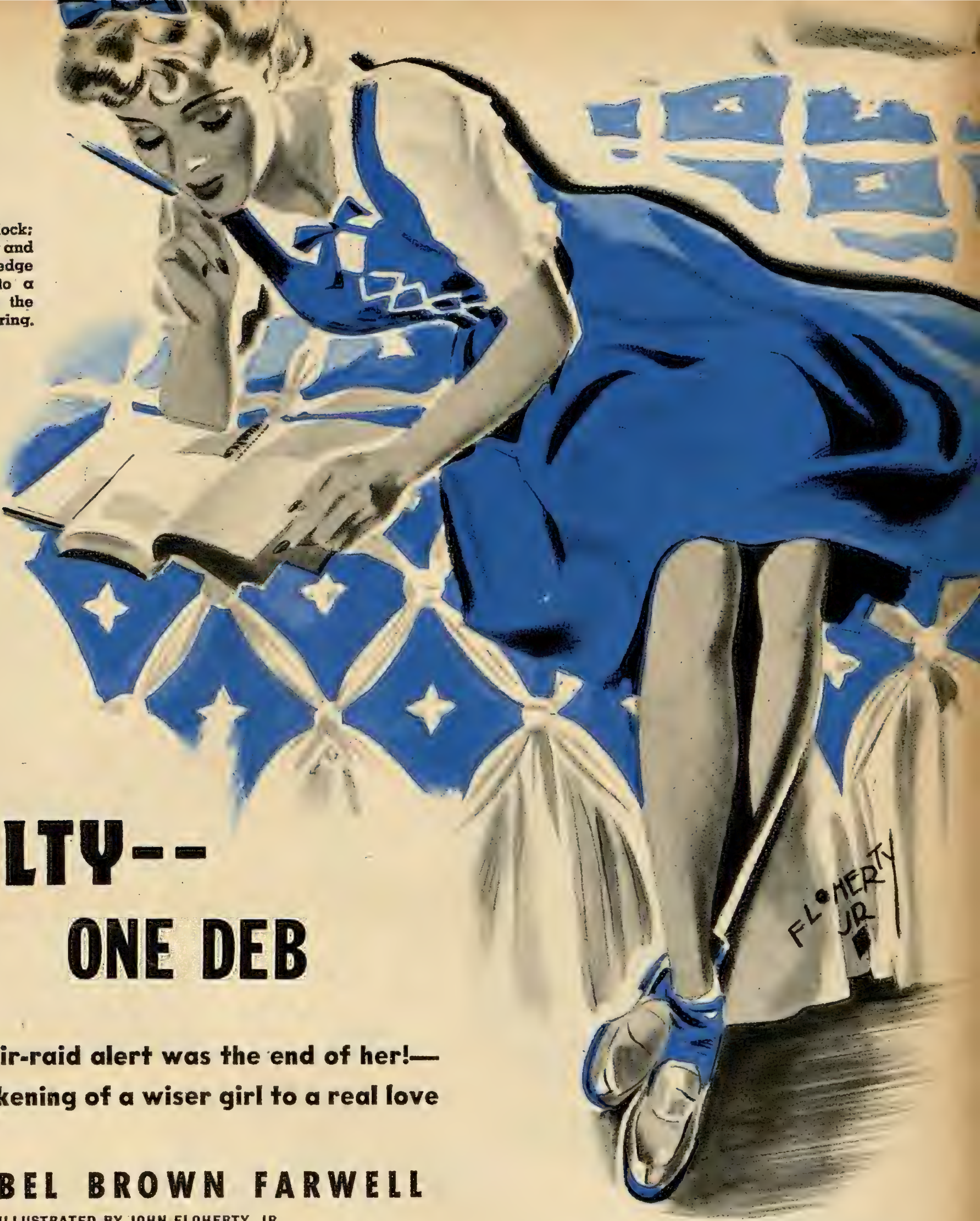
A good many registrants have, we discover, the impression that "going over the heads of the board" to take an appeal is a reflection on the board. It isn't. In handling thousands of difficult cases some mistakes are going to be made—honest mistakes. All boards realize that. Not only is it a registrant's right—it is his duty, and we tell him so, to take an appeal if he believes he should not be in 1-A.

Perplexing border-line cases we are glad to see appealed. Here's one:

An unskilled day laborer married his brother's widow and assumed the support of her five children. The marriage took place after December 8, 1941, the date after which any change of a registrant's status, *if it was not beyond his control,* must be disregarded. We had no alternative but to place him in 1-A. The appeal delay helped the situation, for in the interim the Allowance and Allotment Bill was passed, and the wife will receive an allowance of $102—slightly more than her husband's $22 weekly wage as a laborer.

The right of appeal cannot be denied and the mechanics are extremely simple. The application may be made by the registrant, any of his dependents, or his employer, provided the employer is engaged in an essential industry and has previously filed a request for occupational deferment of the registrant. No oral testimony is taken, nor does the registrant or any other person appear before the board. Lawyers and legal maneuvers are

(*Continued on page 27*)



It wasn't yet seven o'clock; but there she was—up and dressed, sitting on the edge of her bed, staring into a notebook. On the page the face of Teddy kept appearing.

CASUALTY--
ONE DEB

A practice air-raid alert was the end of her!—and the awakening of a wiser girl to a real love

BY MABEL BROWN FARWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

IT seemed a day like any other. But it wasn't. It was the day that Teddy Lloyd was coming back once more and two cousins would fight over who should have him.

Summer sunshine flooded the terrace behind the house and boldly entered the basement kitchen where Sarah and Malcolm were preparing breakfast. It got between Mr. Bushnell and his wonderful dream of the part he was playing as district attorney in maneuvering a top-ranking criminal into a witness for the state. It bathed Mrs. Bushnell's room in gentle shadows where she slept in her bed with the dimpled satin headboard. And on the top floor of the narrow brick town house it stared at a Mary Ann Bushnell it had never seen before. To begin with, it wasn't yet seven o'clock; but there she was—up and dressed. In a blue pinafore over a white blouse, rubber-soled shoes, no make-up on her young pretty face, and the glamorous golden hair that used to curl to her shoulders cut shorter now into something more efficient and less startling.

She was sitting on the edge of her bed, staring into a notebook and muttering, "Ulna and radius, lower arm; humerus, upper arm . . ." But on the page the clear face of Teddy Lloyd kept appearing—unsmiling, steady eyes behind which there was so much intelligence and humor.

And beside him, Charlotte, demure and adoring.

Mary Ann turned the page quickly, as if with that gesture she might shut out Charlotte, her cousin and adversary. Charlotte, demure and adoring to the naked eye, but an adversary of boldness and genius to the initiated. And Mary Ann was one of the initiated. She had run a losing race with Charlotte since sandbox days, when quite without effort, day after day, Charlotte had come into possession of the best shovel and the only pail that didn't leak. It wasn't pails and shovels any more—it was men; and, still without effort, Charlotte was having what

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES

Mary Ann saw first and wanted most.

On the page of the notebook a diagram somewhat resembling the paths and beds of a formal garden had been drawn. It was labeled Digestive Tract, but Mary Ann didn't see it. She was staring past it at the frightened essence of herself and giving that worm of a Mary Ann Bushnell a fight talk.

"No more a dumb deb," she told herself. "No more waiting to see what Charlotte does first."

She got up from the bed and stared with cold eyes and moist palms into the mirror. "Where's your initiative?" she inquired of the golden hair, the blue eyes, and the heart-shaped face. "Today Theodore Lloyd is coming back. If he's important to you, be smart, be fun. Don't let Charlotte take him away!"

The frightened essence of herself sighed back, "You look weak and washed," and resisted with a noble effort the lipstick which lay temptingly within reach. "Weak and washed, period," she repeated, and turned away.

She pushed open the door of her mother's room. "Good-by, Lovely and Useless," she said. And immediately all the gentle shadows in the room jostled each other and vanished.

Mrs. Bushnell put a hand over her eyes to shut out the horrid light. "Go away," she whispered. And then she was awake and sitting up. "Darling, what is it?"

"Merely good-by. I'm off to the war."

"Of course, dear. I'd forgotten." She scrutinized the figure before her. "But, darling, fluff out your hair a bit and put a dab of color on you somewhere. You're so unfeminine!"

Mary Ann reached down and kissed her mother's cheek lightly. "The emphasis, my pet, is on efficiency, not sex!"

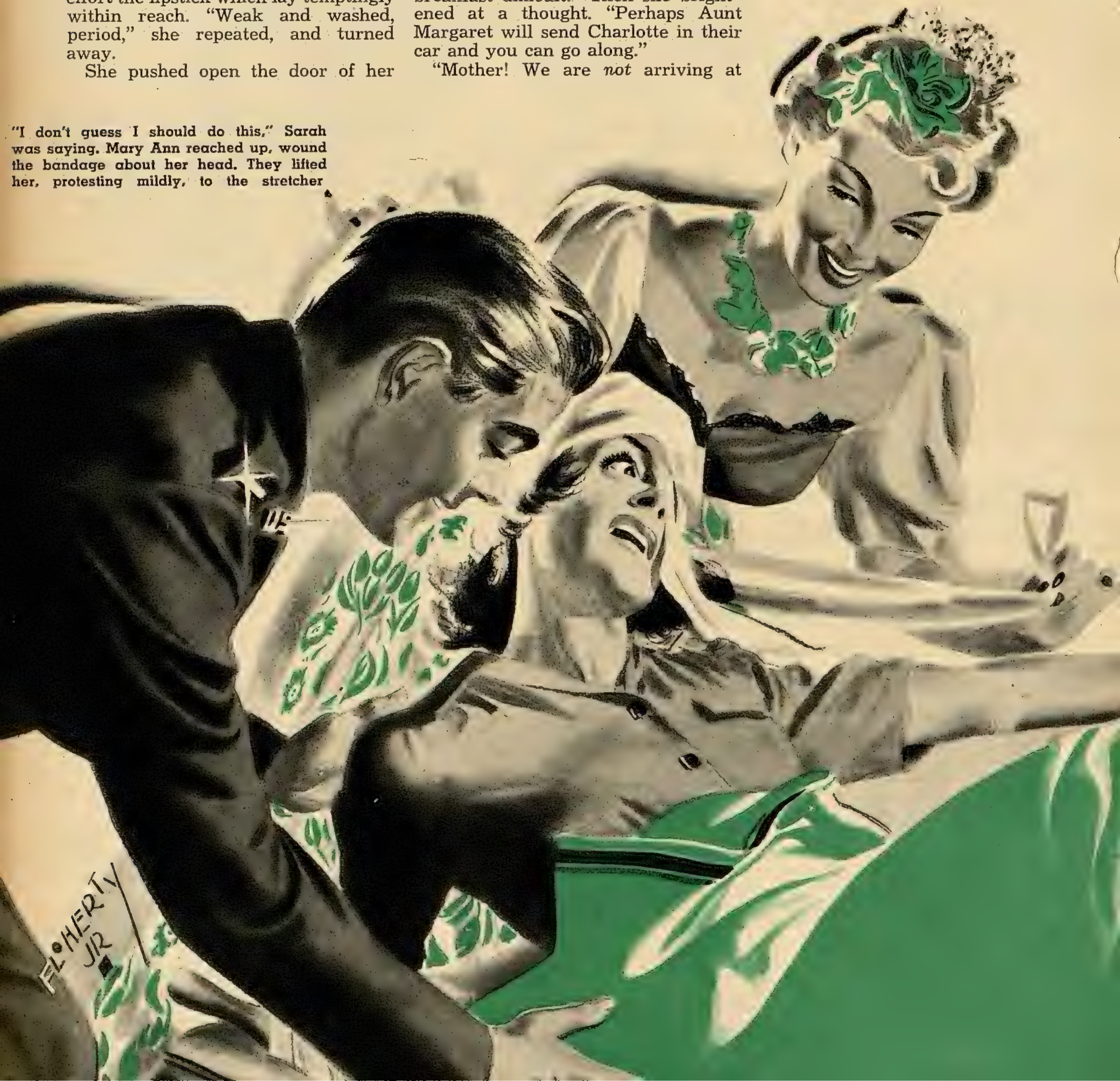
"Yes," Mrs. Bushnell said; "but I hope it won't be too dreadful. I'm sorry Malcolm can't take you in the car, but that would make serving breakfast difficult." Then she brightened at a thought. "Perhaps Aunt Margaret will send Charlotte in their car and you can go along."

"Mother! We are *not* arriving at the hospital surrounded by a chauffeur and limousine!"

"I suppose not," the mother sighed. "But be home in plenty of time to get that horrid hospital smell off before dinner. Don't forget Theodore Lloyd's coming tonight, and we have to eat early because he speaks at eight."

Mary Ann blew her mother a kiss and shut the door carefully behind her. As if she could forget that Theodore Lloyd was coming tonight! That showed how blank parents could be. Couldn't they see he was the person she was doing this hospital business for? So that when he turned to her and said, "And, Mary Ann, tell me about yourself—what have *you* been doing?" she *would* have something to tell him, something which would make him see her whole and useful and adult at last.

She thought about him while she



"I don't guess I should do this," Sarah was saying. Mary Ann reached up, wound the bandage about her head. They lifted her, protesting mildly, to the stretcher

gulped her fruit juice and coffee. He was thirty-one years old. He'd been everywhere in the world and people paid him to tell them what he'd seen. They sat quietly and let him put a world together before their eyes. Africa, Trinidad, Brazil via Clipper from London—just to say the words was exciting.

Malcolm, gray hair, white coat, and perpetual smile, came into the dining room. "Will you have an egg this morning?"

"No, Malcolm; I'm too excited to eat. Call up Charlotte, will you, and say I'll meet her at the Copley subway in six minutes flat."

Mary Ann saw Charlotte before she reached the bottom of the subway stairs. Any one would have seen her —a tall lithe girl in white, dashed by a cherry-red cap on her dark curls and cherry-red lipstick on her beautiful mouth.

"Scum!" Mary Ann greeted her. "You won't get away with it!"

Charlotte grabbed her. "Come along! I'll rub it off before we get there. I'm nothing but a jellyfish. How are you?"

"A jellyfish full of tibia and fibula and an alimentary canal."

Charlotte found them seats in the swaying car. "Don't tell me you studied that stuff! I never looked at anything but the hospital instructions. Tell me, Miss Bushnell, how do you prepare an ether bed?"

MARY ANN looked vague. "An ether bed—" There was Charlotte knowing all the right things, being smart, being the kind of person Mary Ann had promised herself *she* would be today. "I don't know why I ever told you I was going to be a nurses' aide. If you weren't my cousin I wouldn't ever—"

"Don't be nasty, darling. You know you couldn't live without me."

Mary Ann knew only too well. Today, for instance. But she said, "There are times!"

"And other times," Charlotte reminded her. "When I say the name of James Thorpe Third, doesn't that ring a bell for you? How many times have I rescued you from his ardent attentions?"

"Only because you wanted them for yourself. And in that particular case you could have had them. But Jimmy Thorpe is one man who knew how to resist you, darling."

"O. K." Charlotte laughed. "We needn't quarrel over him—he's tucked safely away in camp somewhere for the time being. But what about tonight?"

"Tonight?" Mary Ann held her breath in dread. "Don't tell me mother has asked *you* tonight!"

With a shapely nail Charlotte traced a deliberate circle on her knee before answering. "In a way, you might say I invited myself. But Teddy called me last night from New York. You see, I knew he'd be here—"

"You know I adore Teddy Lloyd. You know I always have."

"That's something I've meant to talk to you about for a long time," Charlotte said quietly, "because I adore him, too."

HERE they were back in one of their old hair-pulling contests—both wanting the same thing, neither willing to give an inch, but Charlotte somehow imperceptibly pulling a little harder, so that in the end she won. Teddy Lloyd had called her from New York. Mary Ann thought of bitter words to say, but she didn't say them.

"Let's be friends," she said instead. "Let's not get all mixed up. Let's not fight about any one or anything all day. We'll be good nurses' aides this morning, and tonight we'll have fun together. No tricks, no sly slaps—"

Charlotte smiled. "Why not?"

"You subdue me completely, darling, usually, but not this time, I'm convinced."

"Who else is coming?"

Mary Ann shook her head. "Daddy will find some one." She thought of the men, young and old, he was always bringing home. Because he was permanent treasurer and agent of his college class, there was always some one who needed an introduction to the right person, or whose son was staying in town, or whose nephew was. That's how they'd met Teddy Lloyd years ago—well, five years ago, when Mary Ann was having her teeth straightened and going strong for jingly bracelets—when she was fourteen, with a bushy bob and always romping with the dogs. She knew now what a sprawling mutt she must have been! It was daddy who had somehow interested an agent in Teddy Lloyd and got him his first booking as a lecturer.

"Write to me, will you, Mary Ann?" he'd said, and she had. The surprising thing was that he had answered—from odd places all over the earth. She had seen him once every year since, and had lived for those times. Somehow Charlotte had always been there too; but tonight Mary Ann had hoped would be different.

"The girl Teddy marries," Charlotte was saying, "will have to have initiative all her life."

"That doesn't keep me from hoping," Mary Ann told her. And now mother was letting Charlotte come tonight. That showed how awfully unaware parents could be! Here was a day that she had dreamed of for months, and instead of being a lovely quiet time, it had to be shared with Charlotte. No, not shared—fought for.

"Come on," Charlotte said. "Our stop."

The car left them practically at the hospital entrance. It was big and austere. Charlotte was fumbling in her purse for a paper handkerchief. "Off with the lipstick!"

They found the charge nurse waiting for them. "Miss Amory," she said, "and Miss Bushnell are to report to Ward B."

"Remember," Charlotte cautioned, going up in the elevator, "not to let them bite on the thermometer—a hot-water bottle one third full when placed on the abdomen, half full to heat the bed—"

"Please!" Mary Ann shuddered. "I'm unraveled as it is."

When they got out, they saw ahead of them a long ward with people in beds down either side—people with arms and legs and eyes, entirely unlike the stuffed dummies they had been practicing on for the last three weeks.

Mary Ann was really jelly now, but she remembered that she was doing this for Teddy Lloyd, and that brought her into the clear again, so that she could listen to what the woman in a graduate nurse's uniform was telling them: "And remember that a nurses' aide never assumes independent nursing responsibility."

"No," Mary Ann said.

"Miss Bushnell, you're to make ten beds, give three bed baths, and feed the three with fractures. Report to Miss Miller."

MISS MILLER was young and pretty and capable. "We'll start with Mrs. Dealy, up at the end," she said. "She's been bathed. I'll watch you make the first bed."

Mary Ann Bushnell, dumb deb, treated Mrs. Dealy like a fragile piece of china; she listened to Grandma Murray's complaints about the lumps on her back from the damn' old mattress, studied a picture of Mrs. Dellapino's sailor son, took temperatures, found toothbrushes and combs, and was amazed at the things patients kept under their pillows. She bent and turned and twisted, made square corners, and wrote each item down in the journal of her mind for Teddy Lloyd.

After the last hand-fed breakfast she straightened up, and saw Charlotte standing at the other end of the ward talking to Miss Miller and a young man in a white coat with a stethoscope hanging over his shoulders. Charlotte was looking demurely at him in that little-girl way that practically nauseated Mary Ann. But it worked. She saw the doctor smile gently at Charlotte.

"Charlotte polishing up the apple," Mary Ann muttered to herself. "She'll probably finish the day with a cum laude." Well, she didn't care! Or did

(*Continued on page 38*)

Real battle pictures are fine morale builders. Here's one of a Jap cruiser after it was bombed by our planes at the Battle of Midway.

THEY FIGHT WITH FILM

Movie scenes of actual battles are being used today to teach our army and navy boys how to win the war

BY ROBERT T. FURMAN, JR.

AN American attack. M4 tanks roar across open fields toward an enemy stronghold in a densely wooded area beyond. Low-flying planes in formation hammer the woods with bombs and spray emplacements with machine-gun fire. Behind the hard-hitting M4s the infantry moves up on the double, taking advantage of every bit of cover the terrain offers. On a hill to the right of the American attack, hidden in the thick foliage, a motion-picture-camera crew coolly photographs details of the action developing below. This is no Hollywood crew, nor is it an intrepid newsreel reporting job for the General Staff. It's a part of a tremendous motion-picture program which the army regards as vitally important to modern military success.

Days or weeks later, perhaps thousands of miles away, the men who direct the tactics and strategy of the American offensive will sit in a darkened room and see this same attack unfold before their eyes. They'll be able to look at it again and again until they understand just why the operation succeeded or failed. They can make an intensive study of such things as timing, co-ordination, and behavior of units under fire. In the last war Headquarters had to piece together a picture of field operations from a mass of reports sent in by front-line officers and field observers. This time Signal Corps cameras are literally bringing the battles to the generals. The brass hats have a front-row seat for the "shows" they put on.

And, of course, this applies to maneuvers in this country too. When the men in training take part in the large-scale combat practices in the Carolinas and Louisiana, many of them will be in the movies for the first time. Signal Corps camera crews are on the job grinding out reel after reel of film so that the experts can check up on every detail, from the behavior of individual soldiers to grand strategy. It's the same technique football coaches have been using for years. They film their own team and their opponents in action, then run off the pictures for the players, pointing out the strength and weaknesses of both sides. The coaches say it's the greatest training development of all time. The army feels the same way about it.

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES

The battle pictures the General Staff uses for analysis and review are also a part of the training program for young officers. Any experienced army man will tell you that there's no substitute for actual combat experience, yet our expanding army has had little chance to know what it means to be under fire. So the army uses sound pictures as the next best thing. In the training theaters the battle develops on the screen while the sound track thunders out the symphony of war, the whine of dive bombers, the whistle of shells, the rattle of machine guns, and the heavy thunder of artillery and bomb explosions. When the real thing comes to these officers who have been through many a "movie" battle, they'll have a pretty good idea of what to expect.

Battle pictures are fine morale builders too. During the Battle of Midway a navy camera crew was at the island photographing the Jap bombing attack on the base and airfield. John Ford, director of such Hollywood masterpieces as The Informer and Stagecoach, directed the film operations from an exposed position on the fire-control tower of a battleship, the highest spot he could find.

He got off with a wound in his arm, and his crew photographed some of the most dramatic color shots ever taken. There were pictures of Japanese Zero fighters roaring in like angry hornets, American planes taking up the challenge, the continuous fire of antiaircraft guns, bomb explosions, and crackling flames.

No navy communiqué could ever tell the vivid story these color films brought back to the States. When the films were put together and run off for sailors and marines here at home, the universal reaction as the boys came out of the theater was, "We'll get those so-and-so's and it can't be too soon." There's nothing like seeing your fellows tackle the enemy to make you want to get at him yourself.

When President Roosevelt saw these Midway pictures he was so impressed that he asked that they be shown in regular theaters all over the country. In these days of total war every man, woman, and child can benefit by "good reporting" of American accomplishments under fire.

But, important as they are, these reportorial pictures of battles and maneuvers are only a small part of army film activities. A tremendous program of training films is under way, designed to speed the martial education of every man in the army, from raw selectee to ranking specialist. In fact, when the selectee arrives in camp, one of the first things he does is to go to the movies. He sees a film entitled Military Courtesy and Customs of the Service. Designed to familiarize new men with such things as rank, when and how to salute, it is one of the army's hundreds of training films which now play a vitally important part in the education of every soldier-to-be. Platoon Drill, Identification of Aircraft (there are twenty or thirty reels of these), and Know Your Enemy are the titles of a few of the pictures which all the men in the army see.

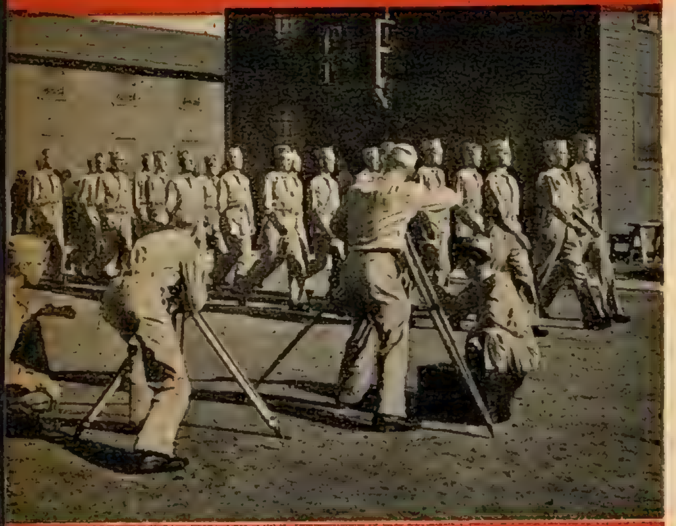
As the men begin to specialize, they study film after film on their specialty. There are pictures on How to Drive a Truck, The Theory of Aerial Gunnery, Cavalry Command Crossing an Unfordable Stream, Tank Driving, even The Care of Animals for the few mule skinners who still remain, and The Interrogation of Prisoners for officers. In fact there is, or will be, a film on every activity in the service—and that's a lot of films. One thing the army agrees on absolutely is the importance of these instructional pictures. They're the answer to the training officer's prayer for a faster way to turn civilians into soldiers.

The reason for the phenomenal effectiveness of training films is in the medium itself. Motion pictures demand and get attention, and if they're well made, they can arouse interest even in dull subjects. Psychologists know that once a man's attention and interest are captured he'll absorb and retain what he is told.

Next time you go to the theater make this test of the power of the movies to hold attention. Try not to look at the picture for a full minute. It's almost impossible not to peek because all the elements which demand attention are up there on the brilliantly lighted screen. The sound track is demanding that you look so that you can understand the whole meaning of what you hear. In the darkened theater there are no distractions. The screen is the only place where something is happening, and the bright light and action pull your eyes to it

A realistic battle scene for an infantry-training film is shot on the giant main stage at the Signal Corps Photographic Center's big studio on Long Island.

location, a Signal Corps Photographic Center ld crew works on a film of a tank in action.



oldiers learning to operate motion-picture cam- ras take practice shots of their classmates.

anks and soldier actors get ready for a scene efore the camera. Below: Soldier-draftsmen now nimate machine parts instead of Mickey Mouse.

irresistibly. There may be a few tired husbands who can sleep through a dull feature now and then, but, generally speaking, every one at the movies sees everything that happens on the screen. And the same is true in the army. Some of the boys may look out of the window when an instructor is giving a blackboard talk, but when movies do the job, they keep their minds on their work.

Another great advantage of the educational film is that it always tells its story in exactly the same way. It never feels tired, never forgets a point; it doesn't do a good job today and a poor one tomorrow, as an army instructor might. In other words, the human element in teaching is minimized. The fact that the lecturer on aerial navigation at one training field may not be as good as another somewhere else isn't nearly as important when a good part of the instructional job is entrusted to a sound picture. The army training experts can work over these pictures until they present a subject exactly as they want it presented. Once the picture is finished, it never varies. The men get the material just as the army wants them to get it, every time.

Of course pictures are not expected to do the whole training job in any subject. In teaching tank driving, for example, the soldier first sees the training picture. This is a detailed sound and picture story of the basic elements of the job and an exposition of such details as controls and how to use them, how to sit, what to expect, speeds for different types of terrain, etc. After seeing the film, he goes out to watch an actual demonstration of tank driving in the field. Then, under the guidance of an instructor, he takes over the controls and drives himself. And finally, back in the post theater, he sees the film again to check his mistakes and round out his mental picture of the correct procedure.

TRAINING films are an activity of the Signal Corps. Under the direction of Chief Signal Officer Major General Dawson Olmstead, the army's program has grown by leaps and bounds. Even before Pearl Harbor, training-film activities outgrew the facilities at Signal Corps Headquarters at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and the army took over a tremendous studio in Long Island City, once the home of Paramount Pictures. This newly renovated studio is the real thing, with space and complete facilities which would do credit to Hollywood. You could put a football field in the main sound stage and still have plenty of space left over for stands for the cheering section and the old grads.

And a good part of the personnel has the same Hollywood flavor. Jeffrey Lynn and William Holden are stationed out there, and so are many of Walt Disney's animators. Carl Laemmle, Jr., who used to run Universal Pictures, is now in uniform, and Jesse L. Lasky, Jr., is working in an office almost next door to where his famous father sat behind an oversized desk directing the destiny of such stars of the silent-picture days as Pola Negri, J. Warren Kerrigan, and Ruth Chatterton.

But the army has adopted only the time-proven working methods of Hollywood, not the frills and the froth. Klieg lights and cameras, sun arcs and "mikes," even the tiny spotlight known familiarly as a "Mickey Mouse," are all part of a deadly serious business. Work on the sets proceeds with precision, for almost without exception the studio personnel are draftees or volunteers who have a background of motion-picture experience in civilian life. The army insists on high technical standards even down to careful make-up for the men involved. The trainees who will see these pictures are accustomed to Hollywood quality. Anything less would detract from their effectiveness.

FROM cutting rooms to prop department this army studio has everything—except glamour and girls. This is one studio that's almost completely a man's world. In one corner is an antiaircraft gun emplacement complete with sandbags and a tough-looking crew. It's a part of a film on the loading and firing of antiaircraft guns. Farther along, one whole end of Stage A is a beach set, sand dunes, eel grass waving in the breeze of a wind machine, and in the background a cloud-flecked sky of painted canvas. Up over the dunes comes a company of hard-bitten Yanks, bayonets set, eyes flashing. It's a scene for a picture on landing operations.

One set which remains permanently standing is a garage with a complement of various kinds of army trucks, jeeps, and tanks. Here they turn out scores of maintenance films which leave no detail of these essential army vehicles unexplained. An important part of the strength of the German Army has been its ability to keep mechanized equipment moving and repair damage quickly in the field. The American Army Command is determined that our soldier-mechanics are not going to be second best at this game.

These maintenance films, which cover not only mechanized vehicles but planes, guns, and every kind of ordnance, are educational master-

More tank tactics are recorded on celluloid to teach beginners about mechanized warfare.

pieces. Some explain the basic theories of such things as gas engines, aerodynamics, and ballistics. Others get right down to cases and show how to dismantle and repair an antitank gun, how to install a new tank tread. Every eye-straining detail is brought out with extreme close-ups which can transform tiny nuts into three-foot giants on the screen.

Then there's the animation technique, the same which Walt Disney uses to bring Mickey Mouse, Pluto, and Donald Duck to life. The army uses it to teach. By animating diagrams, machine parts, or troop movements they can show things which no camera could ever photograph. They can split a rifle in two, show the firing pin hit the shell, the explosion, and the bullet moving through the barrel, propelled by white-hot gases. They can show a tank disintegrate as it is hit by a 105-millimeter shell. They can show how air cools an airplane engine, or even what happens inside a fifty-millimeter cartridge as it is fired.

In fact, so important is animation to this type of work that a good part of Disney's Hollywood staff of 550 is working on instructional films. He is making a few for the army and more than fifty for the navy which, like the army, has a sizable training-film program, most of it in the hands of civilians under close supervision.

The many one-time Disney animators now in uniform at the Signal Corps studio no longer give Minnie her shy grin or Donald Duck his superior strut. Instead, they study the problem of bringing the inside workings of our mechanized army to life and making every last detail clear as crystal to would-be mechanics or gunners.

ANOTHER extremely important aspect of the animator's work is the training of officers in strategy. The tactics of the great battles of history which are considered a part of every officer's training are brought to life with moving arrows and troop masses in color as the sound track explains the whole action in detail. Hannibal's defeat of the Romans at Cannae and Wellington's movements at the Battle of Waterloo become living engagements, not just a static blackboard talk from which the eyes even of brass hats might wander to scenes outside the classroom window.

The army had three or four silent training films back in 1917, but it wasn't until 1929 that a thorough study was made of their potentialities and the beginnings of a real program instituted. A number of officers were sent to Hollywood to study, and it was these men who returned to plan and direct the new activity. Colonel Melvin E. Gillette, now head of the Signal Corps Long Island studio, was one of the men the army sent to Hollywood. In addition to the Long Island City studio, training films are being made in Hollywood and specialized pictures for the Air Force are produced at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio, by Colonel F. W. Hoorn, Signal Corps, trained in Hollywood.

IN Hollywood all of the major producing companies are turning out some training films through an arrangement with the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. Colonel Darryl Zanuck, formerly in charge of production for Twentieth Century-Fox, is directing this work. Incidentally, it was Zanuck who went to England to co-ordinate the exchange of American and British training films and to secure actual war material for our General Staff.

And Britain and America aren't the only ones who are exchanging films these days. Strange new sounds are coming out of the Long Island City recording studios, where they're re-recording many of the army's films in Chinese, in Russian, in Spanish, in Portuguese. It's a part of a big film-exchange program among the United Nations to assure an understanding of respective methods and provide the split-second co-ordination which is so essential in combat zones.

For example, along with the mechanized equipment and ordnance that go to Russia are complete sets of films on maintenance so that the Muscovite mechanics can learn the ins and outs of American equipment in the shortest possible time. And the same is true for China. The Chinese receive not only maintenance films but training films on many other subjects such as aerial gunnery, how to drive a truck in the mud, barbed wire entanglements, bayonet drill, etc., to help them whip their vast army into shape. The Spanish and Portuguese films are for the Latin-American countries, many of which are helping to train their armed forces. American training films, speaking the language these people understand, are helping them to throw their full weight into the war effort.

In fact, films are everywhere these days. They're the liaison between those who know and those who need to know, be it raw privates or colonels, individuals or nations. Thousands of cans of film on every conceivable subject are riding with the guns and tanks and planes to the far corners of the world. They bring American "know how" to the millions who are entrusted with the greatest job of all time, winning a victory for the United Nations!

THE END

Service men studying at the Signal Corps Photographic Center studio learn to take movies

The training film being taken here will teach recruits how the Quartermaster Corps operates

Another shot—and a trick one—for a Quartermaster Corps training film. Below: This camera crew is photographing a Military Police project.

THE SAINT STEPS IN

An empty house arouses grim forebodings and Simon goes into action

BY LESLIE CHARTERIS

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

"DON'T try to see Imberline," read the warning note which Madeline Gray, in a Washington bar, showed Simon Templar, that gentleman adventurer known as the Saint. It had been sent to her, she said, to prevent her from keeping her appointment that evening with Mr. Imberline of the WPB whom she wanted to see about a synthetic rubber her father had invented and which he was anxious to give to the government. Would Simon help her?

Simon did, when ruffians attempted to kidnap her near Imberline's house. A passer-by who joined in the fight turned out to be Walter Devan, employed by the Quennel Chemical Company which Madeline and her father had vainly tried to interest in producing the synthetic rubber.

Later that evening, when the Saint and Madeline were having drinks in his suite, a bullet crashed through the window near Simon's head. He knew then that some person, or persons, would go to any lengths to prevent his helping the Grays. He received a visit that night, too—from Andrea Quennel, beautiful daughter of Hobart Quennel of the Quennel Chemical Company. Andrea got to Simon by posing as a newspaper woman, then confessed who she was and said she had been curious to meet him. Was she merely an enterprising nitwit, the Saint wondered, or was she trying to find out something?

After Andrea left, he arranged for a private plane to take him and Madeline to her father in Connecticut. Madeline tried to telephone home but could get no answer. The Saint had a chill premonition that something was very wrong.

PART THREE—THE SAINT BUYS A DRINK

SIMON TEMPLAR checked his watch as the Beechcraft sat down on the runway at Armonk airport. One hour and fifteen minutes from Washington was good traveling. The pilot who was to take the ship back, who hadn't asked a single question all the way because he had been taught not to, said: "Good luck." Simon grinned and shook hands, and led Madeline Gray to a taxi.

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES

As they turned east toward Stamford he was still considering the timetable. They could be at Calvin Gray's house in twenty minutes. Making about an hour and thirty-five minutes altogether. Only a few minutes longer than one of the regular air lines would have taken to make New York, even if there had been a plane leaving at the same time. Furthermore, he had left no loophole for the Ungodly to sabotage the trip or interfere with him in any way before he got to his destination. They couldn't have intercepted him at any point, because they couldn't have discovered his route before it was too late.

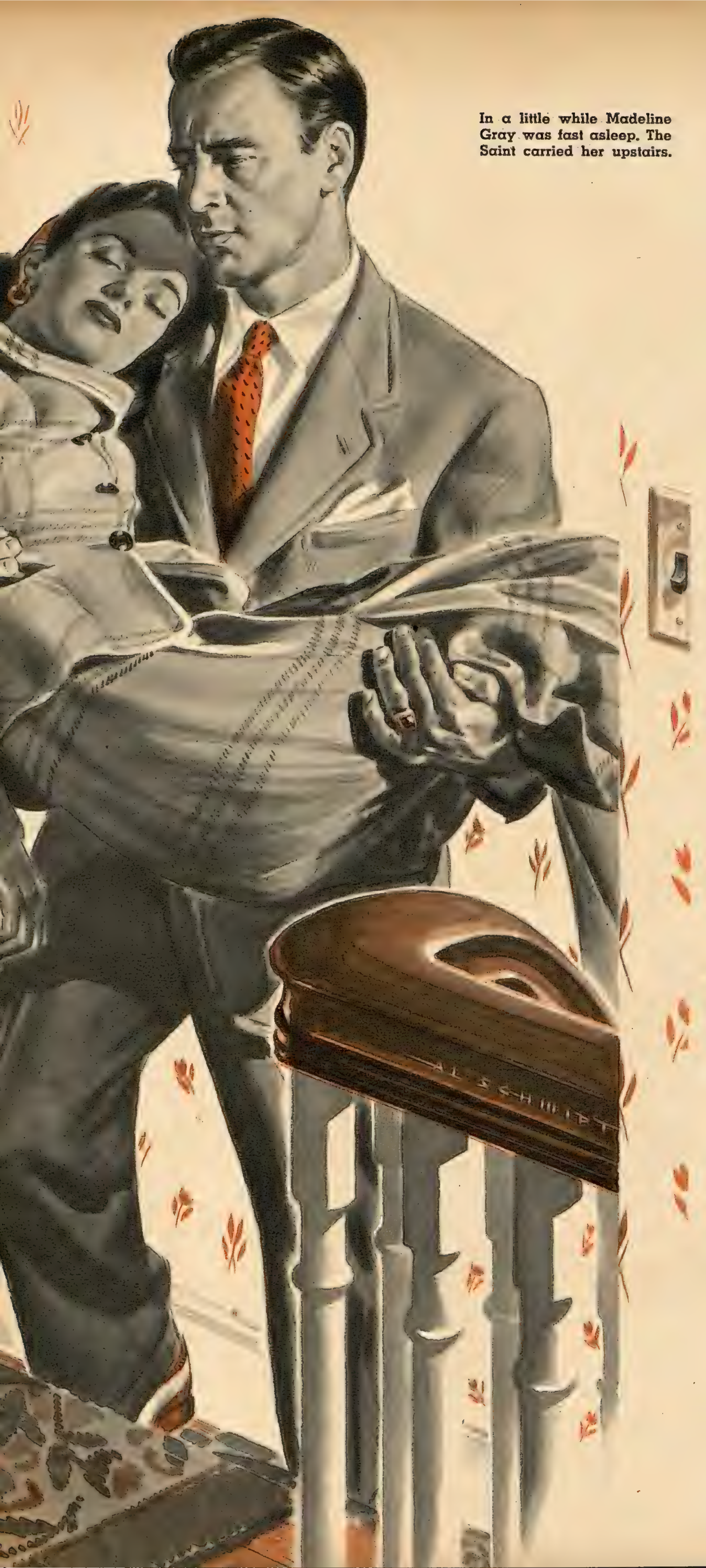
As for any other connections that the Ungodly could have used, it would have taken an hour to drive from New York to Stamford, or fifty minutes on a fast train—ignoring such delays as phone calls to start the movement, or the business of getting a vehicle to drive in, or the traveling to and from railroad stations and the inconsiderate tendency of railroads not to have trains waiting on a siding at all hours ready to pull out.

He had tried to explain some of this to the girl while they were flying.

"If anything *has* happened to daddy," she said now, "there were people there already."

"Then, whatever happened has happened already," he said, "and nobody on earth could have caught up with it. I thought of phoning somebody to go out from New York, but they mightn't have gotten here any sooner than we have. I could have phoned the Stamford town police, but what could we have told them? So the telephone doesn't answer. They'd have said the same as I said. By the time we'd gotten through arguing, it could have been almost as late as this by the time they got started."

"Maybe I'm just imagining too much," she said.



In a little while Madeline Gray was fast asleep. The Saint carried her upstairs.

He didn't know. He could just as easily have been imagining too much himself. He had spent a lot of time trying to get his own mind straight.

He said, because it helped to crystallize his ideas to talk aloud: "The trouble is that we don't even know who the Ungodly are, or what they're working toward . . . Suppose they are private crooks. An invention like this could be worth a fortune. They'd want to get the formula—just for dough. All right. They might kidnap you, so that they could threaten your father with all kinds of frightful things that might happen to you if he didn't give them the secret. They might kidnap him, and try to torture it out of him."

He felt her flesh tighten beside him.

"But there have also been these accidents you told me about. Wrecking his laboratory. Sabotage. It's a nice exciting word. But where would it get them—in the end?"

She said: "If they were spies—"

"If they were spies," he said, "they wouldn't be blowing up a laboratory. They might break into it to see what they could see. But they wouldn't destroy it, because they want the work to go on. They just want the results. And if they wanted to kidnap you or your father to squeeze a formula out of you with horsewhips and hot irons—they'd have tried it long before this. You wouldn't have been hard to snatch."

"Well," she said, "they could just be saboteurs. They warned me not to try and see Mr. Imberline. They might just want to stop us getting anywhere."

"Then both of you would have been crated and under grass by this time," he said cold-bloodedly. "Killing is a lot easier than kidnaping, and when you get into the class of political and philosophical killers you are talking about a bunch of babies who never went to Sunday school. That's the whole thing that stops me. What goes with this pulling of punches—this bush-league Milquetoast skulduggery?"

HE went on nagging his mind with that proposition while the taxi turned up the Merritt Parkway and presently branched off again to the right up a meandering lane that brought them to a stone gateway and through that up a short trim drive to the front of a comfortably spacious New England frame house. He had a glimpse of white shingled walls and green shingled roofs and gables as the taxi's headlights swept over them, and he saw that there were lights behind some of the curtains. For a moment her hand was on his arm, and he put his own hand over it, but neither of them said anything.

She opened the front door while he was paying off the driver, and he carried their bags up the path of light to the hall and joined her there.

She called: "Daddy!"

They could hear the taxi's wheels crunching out off the gravel and the hum of its engine fading down the

HORROR STORY MAGAZINE
EDITOR
INFORMATION
JACK MARKOW

"The editor will see you now."

lane, leaving them alone together in the stillness.

"Daddy," she called.

She went through an open door into the living room, and he put the bags down and followed her. The room was empty, with one standard lamp burning beside the piano.

She went out again quickly.

He stayed there, lighting a cigarette and taking in the scene. It was a livable kind of room, with built-in bookshelves and plenty of ash trays and not too fancy chintz covers on the chairs, a pleasant compromise between interior decorating and masculine comfort. There were no signs of violence or disorder, but there were rumples in various cushions where they had been sat on. There was a pipe in one of the ash trays by the fireplace; he felt the bowl, and it was quite cold. He wondered how long a pipe bowl would stay warm after it was put down.

A telephone stood on the same table. He picked it up and heard the familiar tone of a clear line. Just to make sure, he dialed a number at random and heard the ringing at the other end, then the click of the connection, and a sleepy male voice that said "Yes?"

"This is Joe," said the Saint momentously. "You'd better start thinking fast. Your wife has discovered everything."

He hung up, and turned to Madeline Gray as she came back into the room.

"The phone is working," he said casually. "There's nothing wrong with the line."

"Come with me," she said.

He took her arm and crossed the hall with her. They looked into the dining room. They went on into the kitchen. It was spotless, inhabited only by a ticking clock on a shelf.

"I've been here," she said.

"Would he have had dinner?"

"I couldn't tell."

"What about servants?"

"We haven't had any one living in for a couple of weeks, and we weren't going to do anything about it until I got back from Washington. Daddy couldn't have been bothered with interviewing them and breaking them in. I got him a girl who used to work for us who got married and lives close by. She could have got him his dinner and cleaned up and gone home."

After that there was a study lined with ponderous and well worn books, and featuring a couple of filing cabinets and a big desk littered with papers as the principal movable furniture. It was fairly messy, in a healthy haphazard way.

Simon went to one of the filing cabinets and pulled open a drawer at random. The folders looked regular enough to any one who hadn't lived with the system.

He turned from there to glance over the desk. He saw only a disarray of letters, circulars, cryptic memoranda, abstruse pamphlets, and assorted manuscript.

"How does it look to you?" he asked.

"About the same as usual."

"You must have lived with some of this stuff. Does any of it look wrong?"

She skimmed through the filing drawer that he had opened, and turned over some of the papers on the desk. After that she still looked blank and helpless.

"I couldn't possibly say. He's so hopelessly untidy when he isn't being fanatically neat."

Simon stared at the desk. He didn't know Calvin Gray's habits, or anything about his work and interests. He knew that it was perfectly possible to search files and papers without leaving a room looking as if a cyclone had gone through it.

ANYWAY, what would any one have been searching for? Nobody would have been expected to keep a precious secret formula in an open filing cabinet or sandwiched between tax demands and seed catalogues on top of a desk. . . . And still he had that exasperating feeling of underlying discord, of some factor that didn't explain itself or didn't connect, as if he was trying to force everything into one or two wrong theories when there was still a right theory that would have accommodated everything, only he had been too blind to see it yet.

"Let's see everything," he said shortly.

They went upstairs and saw bedrooms. Madeline Gray's room. Calvin Gray's room. A couple of guest rooms. Bathrooms. Everything looked ordinary and orderly.

"So he isn't here," said the Saint. "There's no blood and no smashed windows and no dead bodies in any of the closets. He went out and left the lights on. Why shouldn't he go out and leave the lights on?"

He didn't know whether he was trying to console her or whether he was arguing with himself. He knew damn well that it was perfectly simple to kidnap a man without wrecking his house. You just walked in on him and stuck a gun in his ribs and said, "Come for a walk, pal." And nine times out of ten that was all the commotion there was going to be.

"There's still the laboratory," she said in a small voice; and he caught at that for the moment's reprieve.

She took him out of the house, and they walked by a winding path through tall slender trees whose delicate upper branches lost themselves in the darkness beyond the glow of his pencil flashlight.

The laboratory had been invisible from the house and the driveway, and they came on it suddenly in a shadowy clearing—a long white modernistic building with a faint glow from inside showing through the slits of the Venetian blinds. She led him to the door and they went into a tiny hall. A door that stood ajar on one side disclosed tiled walls and a washbasin and shower.

Beyond the little hall the laboratory was a long sanitary barn with a single lamp burning overhead and striking bright gleams from glass tubes and retorts and long shelves of neatly labeled bottles and porcelain-topped benches and stranger pieces of less describable apparatus. But nothing was broken, and everything seemed reasonably in order. Only there was no one there.

"Does this look all right too?" he asked.

"Yes."

He surveyed the details as meaninglessly as any other layman would have surveyed a chemical laboratory. If you were going to produce any brilliant observation in a setting like that, you had to be a master chemist too. And he wasn't. He wondered if any detective really ever knew everything, so that he could immediately start finding incongruities in any kind of technical set-up, the way supersleuths always could in stories.

"You could make rubber here?"

"Of course. I could show you now," she added.

It didn't seem important, but it was another escape.

"Show me," he said.

She went and fetched bottles from the shelves. Some of them were unlabeled. She measured things in beakers and test tubes. She carried mixtures to a table where an elaborate train of processing gear was already set up. She poured a quantity of sawdust from an old coffee can into a glass bowl, lighted a burner under it, and began to blend it with various fluids. She looked as prosaic and efficient and at home as a cook mixing pancakes.

IT was useless for the Saint to try to look wise and intelligent about it. He had more than the average background of ordinary chemistry, as he had of a hundred other unlikely subjects, but things went on in this production line that were utterly out of his depth. He saw fluids moving through tubes and coils and bubbling in flasks, changing color and condensing and precipitating, and finally flowing into a small peculiar encased engine that looked as if it might house some kind of turbine, from which came a low smooth hum and a sense of dull heat. At the other end of this engine projected a long narrow troughed belt running over an external pulley; and over this belt began to creep a ribbon of the same shiny pale translucent orange-tinted stuff that she had shown him in the dining room of the Mayflower. She tore off the strip when there was about a couple of feet of it, and gave it to him; and he felt it between his fingers and stretched it as he had done before. It was still warm and smelled a little like wet leather and scorched wool.

"It seems like a wonderful thing," he said. "But it looks a little more complicated than the bathtub proposition you were talking about."

She was methodically stopping the machinery and turning off burners.

"Not really," she said. "In terms of a big industrial plant, it's almost so simple that a village plumber could put it together."

"But even a simple plant on a large scale costs a lot of money. Does your father want the WPB to go into production on their own, or is he rich enough to start off by himself?"

"We aren't quite as rich as that. But if the government went into it they'd give us a loan, and it wouldn't be any problem to raise the private capital. In fact, we'd probably have to hire guards to keep the investors away." She smiled at him wanly. "It's too bad I didn't meet you before, isn't it? You could have come in on the ground floor and made a fortune."

"I can just see myself at any board meeting," he said.

Then they were really looking at each other again, and the fear was back in her eyes and he was afraid to laugh at it any more.

"What do you think has happened?" she asked; and he straightened up and trod on the butt of his cigarette.

"Let's go back to the house," he said roughly.

They went out, putting out the lights and closing the door after them. As they went through the tall arched tunnel of leaves, again her hand slid into the crook of his elbow, and he pressed it a little against his side from sympathy, but he was still thinking coldly and from a distance. He said: "Did you lock the door?"

"I don't have the key."

"When we got to the house, how did you let yourself in?"

"I just went in. The door wasn't locked."

"Isn't it ever locked?"

"Hardly ever. Daddy can't be bothered with keys—he's always losing them. Besides, why should we lock up? We haven't got anything worth stealing."

"You said things had happened to the laboratory before."

"Yes, but it's got so many windows that anybody could break in if they really wanted to."

"So anybody could have walked in on your father at any time tonight?"

"Yes."

THERE wasn't any more to say. They went back into the house and into the comfortable living room with the cold pipe in the ash tray, and passed the time. He strummed the piano and parodied a song or two very quietly, and she sat in one chair after another and watched him. And all the time he knew there wasn't anything to do. Or to say, at that moment.

It got to be later.

He took their bags upstairs, and put hers in her room and chose himself a guest room opposite, with a door directly facing hers across the corridor. He opened his own bag before he came down again and fixed drinks for both of them. Into her drink he put a couple of drops from a phial he had brought down with him.

Very quickly the hot bright strain went out of her eyes and she began yawning. In a little while she was fast asleep. He carried her upstairs and put her in her bed, and then he went across to his own room and took off most of his clothes and lay down on the bed with his automatic tucked under the edge of the mattress close to his right hand, and switched off the lights. He didn't think it was at all likely that the Ungodly could get around to organizing another routine so soon, but he always preferred to overrate the opposition rather than underrate them. He was awake for a long time; and when he finally let himself sink into a light doze the first pallor of dawn was creeping into the room and he knew that he had been wrong about the bush-league skulduggery and that Calvin Gray was not coming home unless somebody fetched him.

THE F. B. I. man from New Haven, whose name was Jetterick, said: "This Mrs. Cook says she served Mr. Gray's dinner at seven, and then she washed up and went home about eight thirty. At that time he was reading in the living room."

"He didn't say anything about going out?" Madeline asked.

"No."

"Was there any reason why he should?" asked the Saint.

There wasn't any answer to that.

This was about noon the next day. The telephone rang and Simon picked it up. It said: "Mr. Templar, please. Washington is calling."

"Speaking."

"Oh, good," said a different voice. "Hamilton. I wondered if I'd find you there. About those dossiers you asked for. I happen to have a man flying to New York—he's leaving right away. If you're in a hurry for them, he can send them on from New York by messenger, and you'll have them this afternoon."

"That's fine," said the Saint. "Tell him to leave them with the bartender at the Roger Smith Hotel in Stamford. And thanks a lot."

He hung up, and the others were looking at him. He shook his head.

"Just something for me," he said.

Jetterick rubbed his clean hard chin and said: "There haven't been any threats before?"

"No. Only the notes in Washington that we told you about."

"So far, there hasn't been any demand for ransom, you say."

"Kidnaping for ransom," Simon pointed out, "doesn't connect with two or three attempts to sabotage a laboratory."

"Was the sabotage proved? Did you go to the local police about it?"

"Yes," Madeline said. "But they didn't find anything."

"Accidents do happen in chemical laboratories, don't they?"

"Sometimes. But—"

"Didn't your father ever stay out at night. Why shouldn't he have gone to New York—met some friends—decided to stay over in town—"

"You know as much as we know," said the Saint. "We've told you the whole story as we have it. You take it your own way from here."

Jetterick looked at him impersonally.

"If it were any one else but you," he said, "I'd have to tell you to take it easy for the rest of the day at least. I'm understaffed and overworked anyway. However, I'll get a couple of men here to go over the place with microscopes. If there are any fingerprints or anything else that might help, they'll find them. Is that O. K.?"

"Of course."

"Can I use your phone?"

He did so.

"Is that all you can do?" Madeline asked.

"Get me a photograph and give me a description of your father. We'll list him as missing. If you do receive any communication about him, that'll give us something more to work on. Until then, I can't make any promises. There's a lot of space on this continent, and if a man is deliberately being hidden he can take a lot of finding."

"You'd better have some lunch with us before your men get here," said the Saint.

He went into the kitchen to organize a cocktail, and the girl followed him in there and watched him. Presently she said: "It was nice of you to put me to sleep last night—I suppose I'd have been up all night if you hadn't. But now, I've got to know. Do you think there's any chance of finding daddy?"

"There's always a chance of anything," he said, stirring his mixture methodically. "But, as Jetterick said, this won't be easy. This is an awful quiet neck of the woods. Two or three men could easily come here and do their dirty work and go away again without ever being seen by any one within miles of here."

Her eyes were stony and searching.

"If you're keeping anything back, I've got a right to know it. What do you think the truth is?"

He put down the shaker and faced her bluntly, and yet as kindly as he could.

"I THINK that I'm entirely responsible for whatever has happened to your father. I still don't know what makes it tick. But there's a pattern. Look. You've had incidental sabotage and threats. They didn't stop you. Last night I began to think that kidnaping your father, and the attempt to kidnap you, were a sort of co-ordinated maneuver—they could have been timed to happen about the same time, and you'd both have disappeared the same night, only in different places. But that doesn't work."

"Why?"

"The note you got in the Mayflower—'Don't try to see Imberline.' Your appointment with Imberline was a phony, a plant to take you to a place where you could be kidnaped. Therefore why try to stop you keeping the appointment? Only for one reason. The Ungodly were still trying to weasel on their ungodliness. They still didn't want to go right in up to their ears. But you weren't scared off. You spoke to me. They told me to mind my own business, but they must have guessed even then that I wouldn't. They still might have thought they could put on some act and scare you off, but when I crashed on to the battlefield even that last hope was shot. At last they had to start really playing for keeps. You did all that when you dragged me in, and now it remains to be seen whether I can make it worth while." His lips set in a sardonic fighting line. "I'm sorry, kid, but at the moment that's how I think it is."

HE was taking more blame than he need have, for it was obvious that a kidnaping of Calvin Gray could not have followed so quickly unless the plans had been laid in advance and there had been men waiting in the vicinity of Stamford who only needed a telephone call to set them in motion; but it made him feel better to take all the responsibility he could inflict on himself. It helped to build up a strength of cold anger that was some antidote to a groping helplessness which was not his fault.

He was impatient for the time when he could reasonably go in to Stamford for the dossiers that were on their way from Hamilton—even that had a temporary air of positive action, whether it would actually lead anywhere or not—and he drove in in Madeline Gray's car while Jetterick and his technicians were still prowling and combing through the house and grounds. He had figured out the approximate time when the messenger should arrive, and he estimated that the F.B.I. unit would still be busy for long enough to provide a guard for the girl while he was away.

He had guessed so well that the bartender still had the envelope in his hand when Simon asked for it.

"Fellow only just this minute walked out," said the bartender sociably.

HERMAN KRAUS

"Do I get anything extra? I hit the pin boy!"

Simon weighed the package in his hand and teased the flap with his thumb, but something decided him against waiting to read it there. His mind would be uneasy and divided all the time he was away.

He put it in his pocket and went out, and looked straight at an open green convertible that swerved in to the curb toward him with a blonde blank-eyed goddess waving to him from behind the wheel.

He walked over to the car quite slowly, almost as though he were uncertain of the recognition; but he was absolutely certain, and it was as if the pit of his stomach dropped suddenly and climbed up again.

"Hullo, Andrea," he said.

She wore a soft creamy sweater that clung like suds to every curve of her upper sculpture, and her lips were full and inviting.

"Hullo," she said. "Surprised?"

"A little," he admitted mildly.

"We flew up this morning. Daddy had some business to attend to in New York, so I came up to Westport. I was on my way over to see you."

"That was nice."

She made a little face.

"Let me get parked, and you can buy me a drink."

SIMON stood aside, and she berthed the car adroitly. After the first shock of seeing her he felt relaxed again, completely relaxed now, with a curious kind of patience that hadn't any immediate logical connection.

He took her into the bar and ordered drinks. At that hour they were the only customers there.

She said: "How are your protégés?"

"Fine."

"You haven't found out any more?"

"No."

"When am I going to do something for you?"

"I don't know."

He was conscious of his own curtness, and he said: "How long are you going to be around here?"

"Maybe not very long. We've got a place at Pinehurst, North Carolina, and daddy wants to spend some time there as soon as he can get away. He wants me to go down and see that it's all opened up and ready." She turned the stem of her glass. "It's a lovely place—I wish you could see it."

"I wish I could."

"The gardens are gorgeous, and there's an enormous swimming pool, and stables and horses. The riding's wonderful. Do you like to ride?"

"Very much."

"We could have a lot of fun if you came with me. Just the two of us."

"Probably."

Her eyes were big and docile, asking you to write your own meaning in them.

"Why couldn't you?"

"I've got a job to do," he said.

"Is it that important?"

"Yes."

"I know it must be. . . But is it going on forever?"

"I hope not."

"Mightn't it be over quite soon?"

"Yes," he said, "it might be over very soon indeed."

"Then you really do know who all your villains are—what it's all about, and who's doing everything, and so on? I mean, did you find your Axis agents or whoever they are?"

He lighted a cigarette and looked at her lazily.

"Yes," he said. "I've been rather slow up to now—I don't know what's been the matter with me. But I think I'm just coming out of the fog. And I think things are going to be very interesting."

Her gaze went over his face for a little while; and her mouth looked soft in an absent-minded way, or perhaps it was always like that. She lighted a cigarette herself, and there was a silence that might have held nothing at all.

"DADDY'S coming up this evening," she said.

"Oh, is he?" Every one of the Saint's inflections and expressions was urbane and easy; only the soaring away of his mind had left a shell of the forms and phrases.

"Why don't you come and have dinner with us?"

"I'd love to. But I've got my job."

"Can't she take care of herself at all?"

"Not tonight."

"Are you—more than professionally interested?"

He caught the flash in her words, but he didn't let it bring a spark back from him.

"I'm sorry," he smiled. "I just couldn't get away alone."

She said: "Daddy asked about you. I broke down and told him about our talk last night. He phoned me after lunch about coming up this evening, and he said he had something he'd very much like to tell you."

It was only the fleeting touch of impalpable fingers on the Saint's spine.

"What was it about?"

"He didn't say. But he wanted me to be very sure and tell you. And he doesn't make much fuss about anything unless it's important."

"Then we'll certainly have to get together on it."

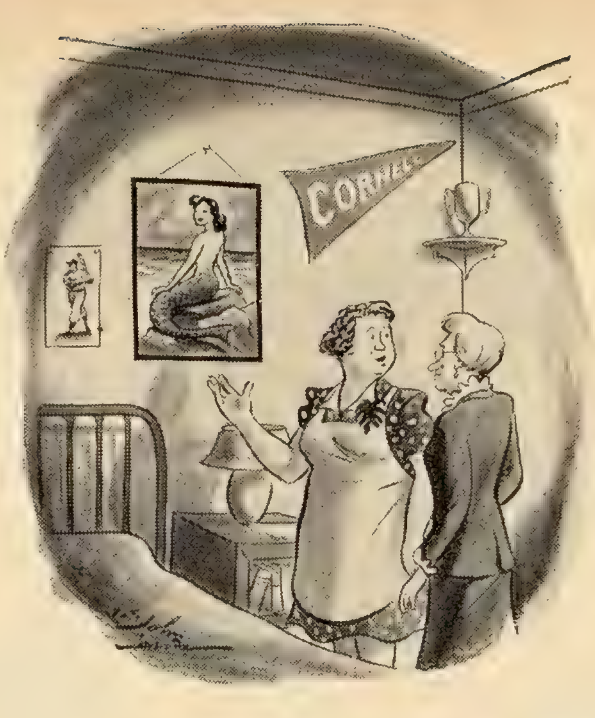
The Saint tilted the last drop out of his glass—he had been spinning it out because he didn't want to start on another. He had had it that clearly in the back of his mind that he had to get away, but the rest of his attention had seen too many sudden new horizons for that alarm to ring as instantly as it might have. Now he looked at his watch, and was abruptly reminded of the soft slipping of time.

"I'm sorry, darling," he remarked. "I always seem to be giving you a sort of bum's rush, and here it is again."

"I'm sorry too," she said. "I think you're wonderful."

He put down money for the drinks, and they went out, and he opened the door of her car for her. She got in and adjusted her skirt without any particular haste.

"If you find you can get away tonight," she said, "you've only got to call us. We don't dine till eight, and any time up till then. . . . Will you do that?"



"I think it's some one he met at sea. He's on a submarine, you know."

"Yes," he said, with just the right amount of politely meaningless promise, and watched her drive away with the lines around his mouth smoothed in emotionless speculation.

His mind was still preoccupied as he headed Madeline Gray's car back toward the Merritt Parkway, so that it was almost with a shock that he recognized Jetterick and his aides in a dark sedan that met and passed him out on Long Ridge Road.

Jetterick recognized him at the same time, and the two cars stopped a few yards past each other and backed up until the men could talk.

"What goes?" Simon asked.

"I've got to catch a train into New York, and the boys have some work to do at Greenwich. Sorry I couldn't wait any longer. We're all through at Gray's, and if we've got anything we may know tomorrow."

"I didn't think you'd be through so soon," said the Saint in a flat voice.

"We did a pretty thorough job." Jetterick put his car in gear again and stirred the engine. "We'll keep in touch."

SIMON nodded and drove on. He could give no reason for it, but his premonition was so sure that it was like extrasensory knowledge. It sat just below his ribs with a leaden dullness that weighed his foot down on the accelerator in defiance of speed limits and the conservation of rubber. He cursed himself in a quiet monotonous way; but that did no good except to pass the time. What had happened couldn't be altered. And he knew what had happened so certainly, so inevitably, that when he went into the house and called the girl and she didn't answer, it wasn't a shock or an impact at all but only a sort of draining at his diaphragm, as if he had been hit in the solar plexus without feeling the actual blow.

It was Mrs. Cook who came out of the kitchen while he was calling, and said: "I think Miss Gray went out."

"What do you mean, you think she went out?" Simon asked with icy impassivity.

"Well, all those G-men went away. I heard her saying good-by to them, and then presently there was another car drove up and I think she went out. I thought perhaps you'd come back for her."

"You didn't see this other car, or any one else who came here?"

"No, sir." She was a plump and placid woman with a happily vacant mind, but even she must have felt something in his stillness and the coldness of his voice. "Why—is anything wrong?"

There was nothing that Simon could see any use in discussing with her.

"No."

He turned on his heel and went into the living room, and for some minutes he paced up and down like an automaton. He had exactly the same feeling, differently polarized, as an amateur criminal must have who has committed his first defalcation and then realized that he has made a fatal slip and that he must be found out and that it will only be a little while before they come for him; that he has changed the course of his own life in a blithe moment and now the machinery has got him and there is nothing he can do about it.

JETTERICK was already on his way to lose himself in New York for an indefinite number of hours. The technicians were busy somewhere in Greenwich. Undoubtedly there would be some one at the office in New Haven, and there were other F. B. I. offices anyway; but that would mean starting all over again. And there was no more to start with than there had been before, either. You could have all the microscopes and all the organization on earth, but you couldn't do much if nobody had seen any one and nothing was left behind and there was nothing to start with. Not for a long time. And that might be much too long.

And under the handicaps of democratic justice, you couldn't make inspirational forays in all directions in the hope of blasting out something that would justify them.

Unless your name happened to be Simon Templar, the Saint, and you never had given a damn.

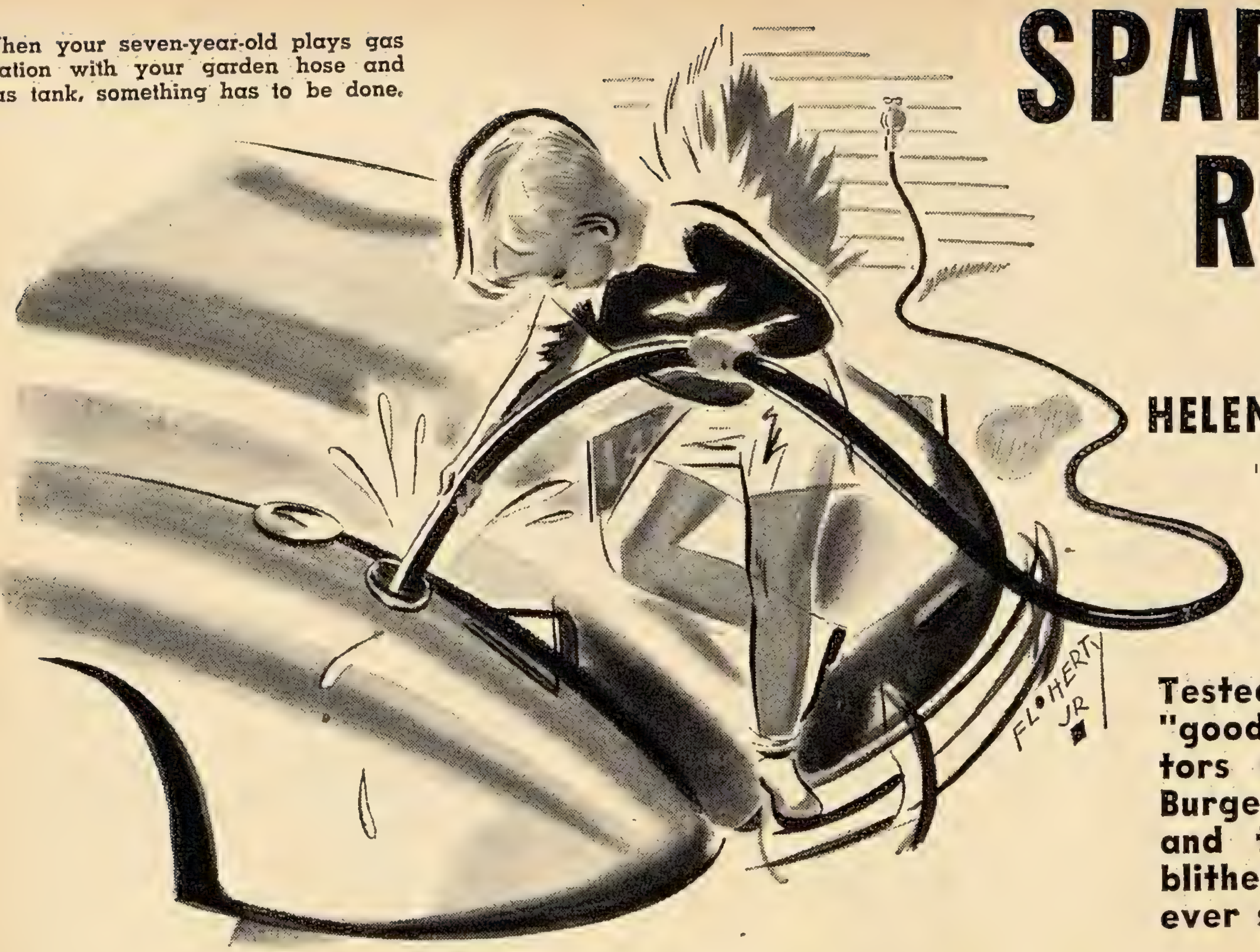
Simon thought all that out, and hammered the shape of it into his mind.

And then he lighted a cigarette and sat down with the bulky envelope from his pocket. For more than an hour he studied the contents, estimating and analyzing with the utter impersonality of a surgeon. It was six o'clock when he called Westport.

"Andrea," he said. "Thanks. I'll be over for dinner."

What has become of Madeline? Is Andrea mixed up in the plot against the Grays? It's a strange dinner party the Saint attends, and surprising happenings crowd next week's chapter!

When your seven-year-old plays gas station with your garden hose and gas tank, something has to be done.



SPARE TH ROD?

BY

HELEN STEERS BURG

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK FLOHERTY, JR.

Tested tricks for mak "good" children. The tors have examined M Burgess' finished prod and testify they are blithe a pair of scamps ever smashed a cookie

WHEN your seven-year-old shouts "Fat old poop!" at the man his father has brought home for dinner, or plays gas station with your garden hose and your gas tank, something has to be done. For the sake of your own present and your child's future, you can't ignore things like that. No doubt your first impulse will be to shoot yourself or break the brat in two. But there are a lot of other possibilities. What you do will depend on your ingenuity and what you want to achieve.

A good hard spanking in such a crisis can be of enormous benefit. To the parent, that is. There are probably instances where it has helped even the child. Certainly, if all you want is obedience, it's yours for the asking—well, not for the asking, perhaps, but in exchange for threats or slaps or going without suppers or movies.

Any parent can have an obedient child—for a time, at a price. You're bigger and stronger than your charge—possibly smarter, too—so you can make him put his tricycle away or put his rubbers on, if it's important to you.

The Nazis are getting obedience from the slave nations—for a time, at a price.

A lot of parents still operate on the principle that if you punish bad behavior and reward good behavior and do it often enough and consistently enough, you'll get a good child. You won't, of course. You'll get a good dog. Or a hothouse plant. Children can be forced in one way or another, usually by fear, not to be childish even when they are still very young. They can be forced, as plants are forced, to put forth showy blossoms out of season.

If you want something more than obedience or a temporarily beautiful effect, if you want the child to learn self-discipline, to be of some use to himself when you're not around, the process is a little more complicated. You can't show your hand. The perverse little devils won't learn if they suspect you're teaching them. But you can pull a fast one on them by scheming and contrivance.

You have to start when they're about a minute old. The baby is fed according to a reasonable schedule, not when he's hungry. He gradually disciplines himself to be hungry only at mealtime, to sleep when he's put to bed, to perform other functions at certain times instead of at random. All that is discipline. But there is no thought of punishment for failures, since we ourselves are taking the responsibility for the gradual process of learning. It is when we detail some of the responsibility for his actions to Junior himself that our authority becomes a target for him to shoot his disobedience at, and the crying need for control and guidance has arrived.

Disobedience covers a multitude of juvenile sins—nearly all of them that you have the foresight to stake off with "Don'ts." Of course a few imaginative young souls will, without warning, paint the piano with nail polish, or paste all your postage stamps on the new wallpaper; but the more familiar ways of driving mother crazy are well trodden and well plastered with taboos.

Let's not go into why children are disobedient. The fact is the little pests have dual natures. Their sweet Jekyll personalities seem to be most active at night when they are fast asleep, while the Hyde side too frequently fails to hide during their waking hours, and has to be policed. They *will* tease sister, nag mother, bite the grocery boy, and wander off the range after being expressly forbidden to.

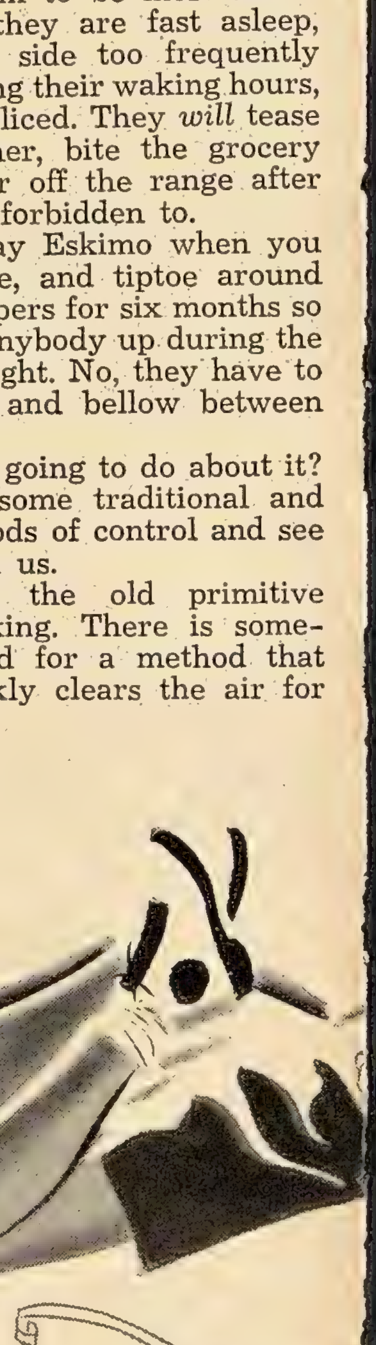
They can't play Eskimo when you have a headache, and tiptoe around and talk in whispers for six months so as not to wake anybody up during the long northern night. No, they have to play Superman and bellow between planets.

What are you going to do about it?

Let's review some traditional and additional methods of control and see where they lead us.

First, there's the old primitive stand-by—spanking. There is something to be said for a method that sometimes quickly clears the air for

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES



two overwrought persons, that assuages the child's own sense of guilt for having done the forbidden thing, and is, withal, simple enough to be understandable to him. But it has its limitations. It is by no means a panacea for all occasions for all children. It is certainly a dangerous tack to take with a sensitive child who plays more with his imagination than his toys. His dignity may be wounded far more than you intend and far more than he shows by his crying. Furthermore, while the action itself may be physically understandable to a youngster, it's asking a lot of him to understand why mother says "Don't hit" and then hits. Such a contradiction contains more seeds of distrust than of understanding.

If spanking is less dangerous for the tougher-fibered child, it is also less effective. He'll probably learn something from the experience, but it may not be what you intended to teach him. He's apt to learn that if he is going to cross the street it had better be when you don't see him; or that if he goes farther away next time, you can't find him; or maybe that the adventure was worth the consequences and will be again. If your methods of control aren't getting the desired results, perhaps you'd better overhaul them rather than the child.

The "Pass the buck" policy is even less desirable. Mother technically avoids lowering herself to the "eye for an eye" standard of punishment by delegating the distasteful task to father. But father usually has so little time to spend with his children that it is a snide trick to make him use it for disciplinary purposes rather than for establishing friendly relations. Besides, a postponed punishment doesn't have much effect because it is so hard for a child under six to remember what he did that you objected to. For him, the present is all.

The Black Magic method, by which some treasured expectancy or favorite toy is made to disappear into thin air, has the same drawback. If you punish a raid on the candy box by depriving the offender of a trip to the beach the next day or by putting his bicycle away for a week, he connects his misery more with the person who, it seems, arbitrarily imposed the punishment on him than he does with any act of his own performed in the dim, distant past of yesterday. And a child deprived of his toys or pleasures is a resentful, suspicious child, difficult to live with. It usually results in punishing you more than the child.

The Barter system—rewarding good behavior—is a politer version of the same thing. You are simply giving the child something so you can take it away if he doesn't behave. "If you act nicely while Mrs. Black is here you may have a cookie." If that line works, the child has learned to bargain, not to act nicely, and thereafter when there are no cookies, there'll be no courtesy. One sprite of six hit this false logic on the head when her mother tried to bribe her to finish her milk by promising to let her play with her toy elephant.

"What have elephants got to do with milk?" she demanded in perplexity.

THE Scarecrow method—curbing misbehavior by threats—works well on gullible gamins—until they find out the scarecrow is stuffed with straw. "If you don't stop pulling things off the counters, I'll go away and leave you in the store!" "Stop your screaming or I'll call a policeman and have him lock you up in jail!"

Your youngster won't know that you'd be the one to land in jail if you left him in a store, but he has only to repeat his offense once to discover you're a liar, and the encores after that will make your head swim. Far from having stopped the screaming, you'll get more and better screaming than you dreamed could be done.

All these tried and trying techniques for dealing with children's lapses—scoldings, threats, rewards, deprivations, and physical force—may have a temporary restraining influence on the weaker children. But the hardier specimens accept such methods and turn them to their own uses. Your threats will boomerang in the form of threats of tears and tantrums, and the child hasn't the same scruples as you may have about making good on grim promises, once he realizes his nuisance value. If he can't dominate you, he'll go into training for the day when he can, practicing meanwhile on playmates.

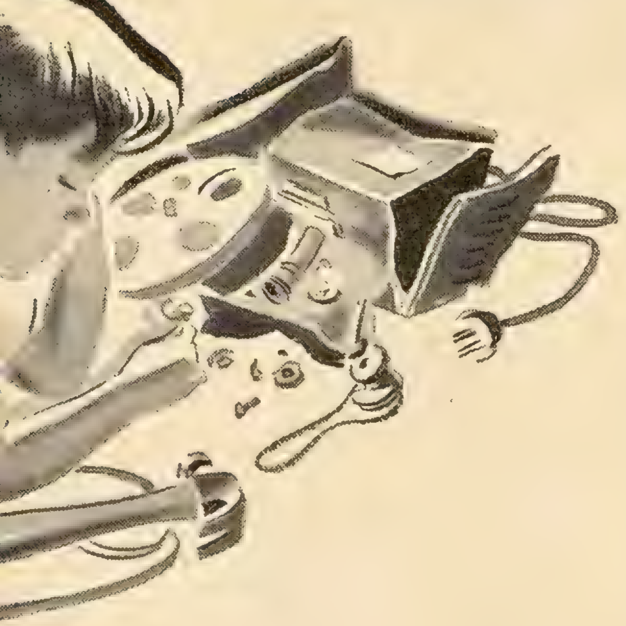
Too often these methods fail to accomplish even their immediate purpose, and they guide the child not at all toward that final objective of self-discipline. By the time you've run the gamut of these procedures, you're desperate enough to try anything. You may even go to the opposite extreme and try to control your young hopeful with love, or by reasoning with him. But there are pitfalls on that road, too.

Your child learned as a baby that there are some things you like him to do and some you don't; that when he claps his hands it pleases both of you, and when he throws his food on the floor it pleases only himself. If he loves you, he'll unconsciously want to please you and unconsciously adopt your standards. But it's a long process, with a lot of backsliding. You needn't go into ecstasies the minute young daughter exhibits a commendable eagerness to lace up her own shoes. She may be pleasing you, but she's pleasing herself as well, and as soon as it becomes less fascinating to lace her shoes, she'll sit back on her little fanny and moon at them instead.

Let the youngster's natural desire to win your approval remain a spontaneous, unasked behavior, as it should. Beware of using it as a weapon, lest you make him dependent on a false incentive which will warp his perspective. The point is to let him discover that your objectives are the ones he wants himself. Studying just to please mother or father may produce A's, but it won't produce a thirsty mind that continues to develop after parents pass out of the picture.

As for reasoning, it's useful, but not as a disciplinary device. It flatters the egos of some youngsters to be treated as reasonable beings, but that rarely makes them stop to think before they do something. Telling a boy to come out of the swimming pool because he might catch a cold if he remains in longer may get him to the showers, but if it does, he's reacting to your authority and not to the reason you have given him. He doesn't give a hang

A few imaginative souls will paste postage stamps on the new wallpaper.



Johnny was only trying to see what made the movie projector work.

whether he catches a cold or not, but it satisfies his innate sense of justice and fair play to know that spoiling his fun is serving some vague purpose and isn't dictated by mere caprice. A hundred reasons for not playing with the sewing machine and a hundred promises not to will all be overruled the next time sister is tempted to play with it. She doesn't mean to mortgage her future when she promises not to touch it—all she is thinking of is the present. The next time is an entirely different matter. Your job is not to convince her that playing with the sewing machine is dangerous but to maintain the authority of "Children mustn't touch" and to prevent the opportunity.

If you can do these two things—maintain authority and prevent opportunity—you've got the discipline problem pretty well licked.

Maintaining authority, however, isn't to be construed as showing who's boss. A clash of wills is an ugly situation and always to be avoided. The best way to maintain authority is by strategy, preferably without the youngster realizing it. Judicious compromise or assistance on your part will often solve a problem. Instead of ordering Sally till you're blue in the face to brush her hair, you might quietly step into her room and give her a little extra help. Or you might let her have the short haircut she wants even though you know it won't be becoming. Her hair has to be combed and she is old enough to have a part in it. But if you can't comb it without harsh words, you'd better figure out some other way.

You can't, of course, hope to maintain "invisible" discipline unless you are well disciplined yourself, unless you control your own temper and apologize when you lose it, unless you can co-operate with the child as well as asking him to co-operate with you. If you expect him to wait for a glass of water because you're busy at something else, then understand that when you call him he may be engaged in something just as vital to him.

Preventing opportunity calls for unobtrusive supervision. If we don't want a child to touch the candy box, we tell him so, and also keep it out of sight or reach. We keep the sewing machine locked. And, of course, when we forbid one thing, it's sensible to offer him something else.

Sometimes you can't prevent the opportunity. What then? Well, you can begin by giving yourself a Parent Quiz. Your problem may surprisingly eliminate itself before you get through.

Let's say your child has done something he shouldn't, or failed to do something he should. Ask yourself why he should mend his ways. Question: Why shouldn't Johnny play with pointed scissors or climb the trellis? Answer: It's dangerous. You can get him a safer substitute, blunt scissors or a jungle gym. Question: Why should he eat sprouts or take cod-liver oil? Answer: For his health; but your doctor may be able to suggest a more palatable way to health.

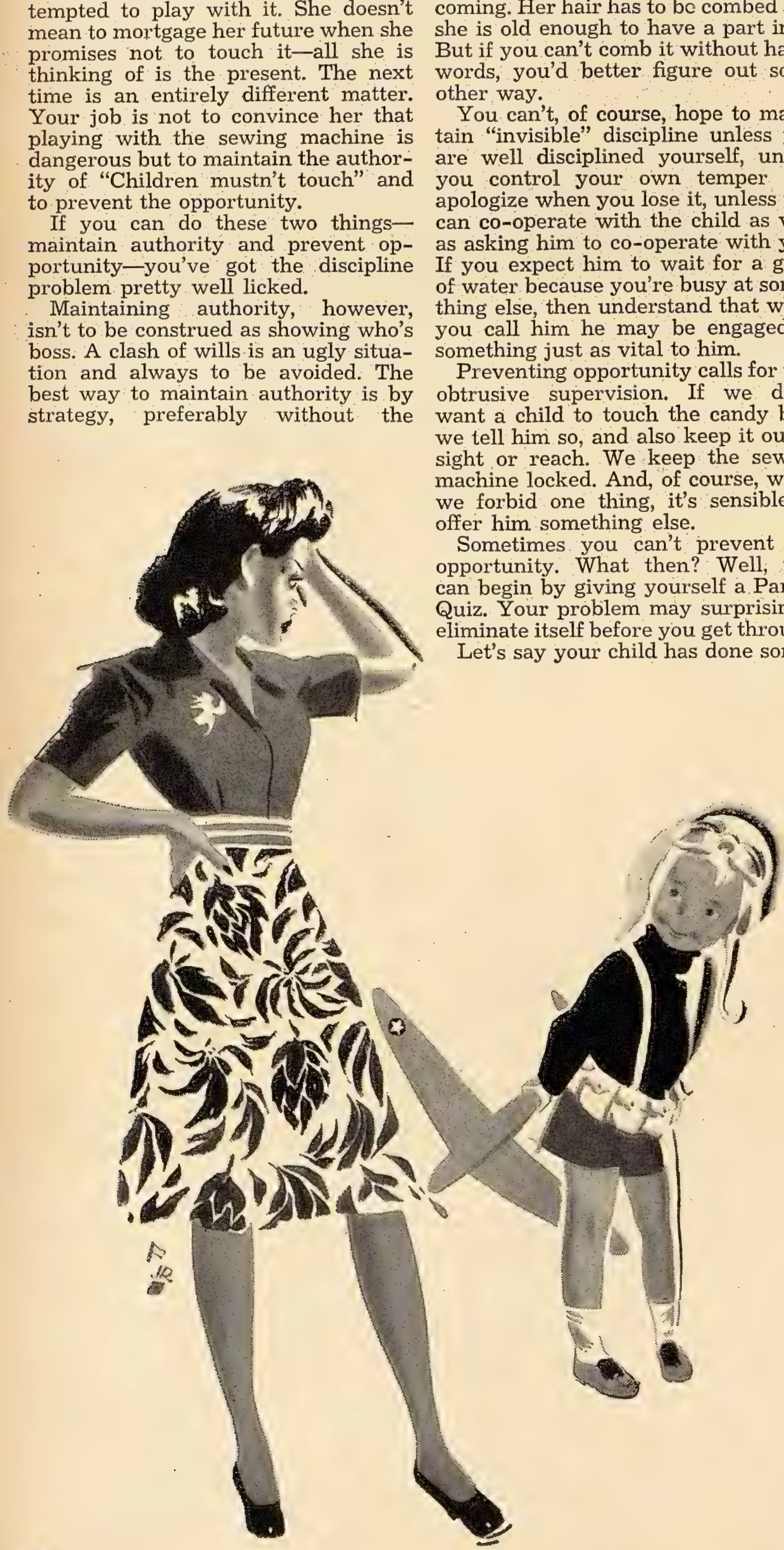
Ask yourself what has he really done *from his point of view.* Question: Did he break up a friendship, corrupt the little girl next door, or break a fifty-dollar article? Answer: No. In his own terms, he just repeated something he heard the cook say, he had a lot of unsatisfied curiosity about what a little girl looks like, and he was trying to see what made the movie projector work. All highly unfortunate episodes, but the child hardly needs to be brought into the situation except to be cautioned.

Ask yourself whether he really did something annoying, or just happened to pick an annoying time to do something—when your nerves were on edge because of a headache, a personal disappointment, or a domestic argument.

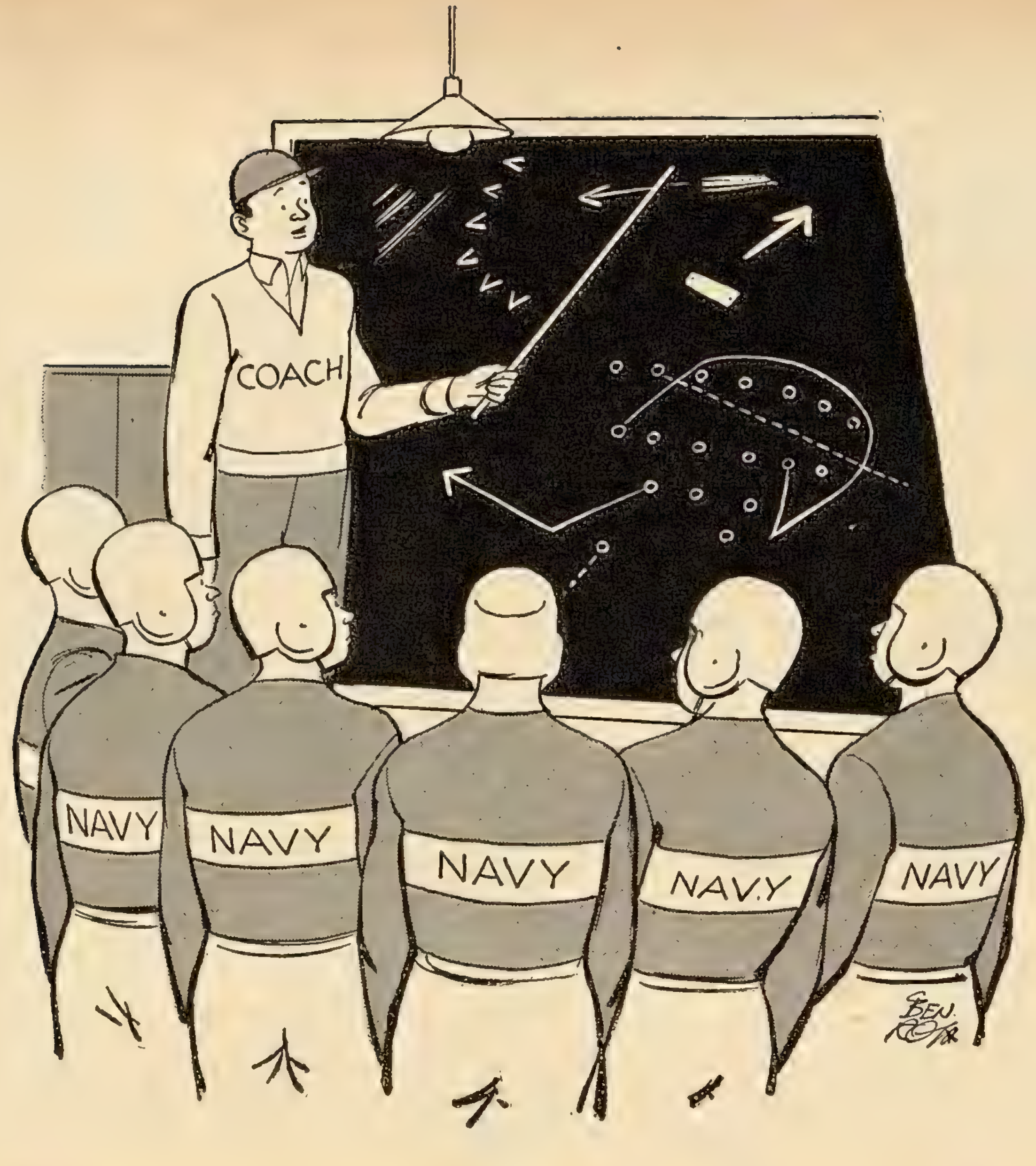
Ask yourself why he behaved as he did. Was a cold coming on? Do his ears or eyes or tonsils or glands need fixing? Has he been eating the wrong things? Hidden anxieties, jealousies, and fears have a bearing on children's behavior, too. You may need outside help to straighten out things like these, but if you merely realize their complexity it is a step in the right direction.

WHEN we see children who are charming, happy, and obedient, we can be pretty sure they have learned to be that way not through logical appeal to their brain cells, or an approach from the rear with a ruler, but by absorption through their pores of what is around them. If they have absorbed a genuine feeling of kindliness toward others from you, you needn't worry about whether they remember to say "Please" and "Thank you," for they have the roots of real courtesy. So with other qualities. Ambition, independence, and unselfishness can't be achieved by forcing outward behavior but only by slow development of the child from within. You can help by creating an atmosphere in which these qualities are apparent, and by letting your offspring see that these are not only what you want for him but what he wants for himself. Be content with slow progress. And *keep* your authority, *preserve* it—don't waste it on "don'ts" and "must nots."

THE END



A hard spanking in a crisis can be of enormous benefit. To the parent, that is. But it's asking a lot of a youngster to understand why mother says, "Don't hit," and then hits.



"While I'm at it, I may as well show you the new defense I thought of for the Canal Zone."

YOU AND THE DRAFT BOARD

Continued from Page 10

taboo. The registrant's file, containing his questionnaire, the record of interviews at the board, and all other pertinent data, are mailed to the board of appeal. Their decision is based on the same facts which the local board considered when classifying him. It is contrary to regulations for the local board to present any argument or opinion in support of its action.

Our board has been reversed in about one appeal out of five. This doesn't always mean that we were wrong. The appeal board often extends a worker's 2-B classification for two or three months to give the employer every opportunity to replace him before he is inducted.

This 2-B classification is the prize puzzle. What constitutes a necessary man? And is he more necessary to industry than to the armed forces? A skilled airplane mechanic in a manufacturing plant at $80 a week may be twice as valuable to his country at $80 a month servicing American bombers in Britain. But both he and his employer will fight his induction vigorously, and it is up to the board to determine where the need is greatest.

Some manufacturers and defense plants, caught in a maelstrom of labor piracy, seek deferments for practically every man on their pay rolls, skilled or unskilled. One contractor on government work wrote us on behalf of a husky 1-A prospect he considered "essential"—as a dishwasher!

One harassed board member was reading the deferment request for a young man inclined to be a floater, who had been on this manufacturer's pay roll only a few weeks. "The nature of his work is secret," the statement said.

"Secret, is it?" snorted the official. "The only secret is that they haven't found out yet what he can do."

GENERAL HERSHEY said recently to the American Legion:

"If Hitler landed on the beach behind this auditorium tonight there would be no question of how many men the local industries could spare for military service. There would be no question in the minds of wives then regarding the number of husbands who could be spared."

That puts it into a nutshell.

We didn't expect Pearl Harbor. Nor the German saboteurs who *did* land in Florida and Long Island. Some other things that we don't expect are going to happen before this war runs its course, so we've got to have millions of stanch fighting men, and we've got to draft practically all of them from now on.

But draft boards aren't tough. They're merely smarter, and not so easy to fool as they were two years ago.

THE END

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20 QUESTIONS

1. Of whom was Winston Churchill speaking when he said, "He is a man of massive judgment": Franklin Roosevelt, General Smuts, Stalin, or General Eisenhower?

2. Who said, apropos of whom, "Whose baby is Ruth?": George Bernard Shaw, Paul Draper, Boaz of Bethlehem, or Colonel Jacob Ruppert?

3. The Luftwaffe is a German bombing squadron of from 300 to 500 bombers; the combined German army, navy, and air forces; the German mechanized army; or the German air force?

4. The Dieppe raid calls to mind what action in World War I: the landing at Calais, the occupation of Salonika, the raid on Zeebrugge, or the race to the sea?

5. Who said, "We are on God's side": Joe Louis, Adolf Hitler, Joan of Arc, or Sir Galahad?

6. Blenheim is a German capital battleship, a German bombing plane, the site of Massena's victory over the Austrians, or a British bombing plane?

7. A Beaufighter is a British gentleman boxer, a French armored car, a British pursuit plane, or a soldier in the Coldstream Guards?

8. General Stuelpnagel is the commander of the Dutch forces in the east, the commander of the Rumanian forces in Russia, the military governor of Paris, or the successor of Heydrich in Czecho-Slovakia?

9. In gangster parlance, when a man "goes to college," does it mean he doesn't squeal when shot by a rival, goes to jail, learns how to fire a tommy gun, or that he is executed?

10. Piccard was the first flyer to fly upside down, the French featherweight who beat Kilbane, the first man to fly in the stratosphere, or the man who shot down von Richthofen?

11. Who said, "My right is exposed, my left is heavily attacked, my center is unable to hold its position. I cannot redistribute my forces. The situation is excellent. I shall attack": Stonewall Jackson, Marshal Bernadotte, or Foch?

12. A bridgehead is a position secured on a beach subsequent to a naval attack, covering work to protect end of bridge nearest enemy, a series of pontoon bridges thrown across a river, or a fortified position on the side of a bridge away from the enemy?

13. The words, "Say it ain't so, Joe," were said to a prizefight promoter, a heavyweight champion, a Chicago White Sox outfielder, or the doctor at Gans' deathbed?

14. Poison gas was first used in warfare by the British at Passchendaele, the Germans at Ypres, the French on the Chemin des Dames, or by the Austrians at Caporetto?

15. Who said, "Leave me this man—he fights": John Roxborough, Clemenceau, Theodore Roosevelt, or Lincoln?

16. Stormoviks are Russian railroad guns, Russian shock troops, fighter planes, or gasoline-filled bottles used against tanks?

17. He was a pyromaniac, a connoisseur of emeralds, and an indifferent violin player. Who was he?

18. He was an English mathematician and wrote Syllabus of Plane Algebraic Geometry, Elementary Treatise on Determinants, and also one of the most popular books of all time for young and old. Who was he?

19. She was a grand-opera singer whose father was a big-league professional baseball player. Who was she?

20. He went to Harvard Law School, played ball on the New York Giants team, and was killed in the Argonne. Who was he?

(*Answers will be found on page 33*)

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

One of the famous "alligators" of the leathernecks.

BECAUSE of firm religious convictions we believe we must obey the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." But we have expressed our willingness to do our duty and serve our country, and the government has allowed us to be inducted as Class A limited service men. We have been assigned to the Medical Corps and there is no reason why we should not go to the front lines as other Medical Corps men have done.

The purpose of this letter is not to argue whether there should or should not be conscientious objectors. Our question is: Will we be allowed to attend Officer Candidate School in one of the various noncombatant branches of the Army, provided we can fulfill all other requirements?

We do not think we would compromise our sincere convictions were we to become commissioned officers any more than we are compromising now as privates and noncommissioned officers.

Are there any Army regulations to prevent Class A limited service men from being appointed to or attending O. C. S.?

Five Conscientious Objectors.

War Department Circular 126, dated April 2, 1942, gives the eligibility requirements for O. C. S., and nowhere therein can I find any prohibition for reasons of religion or belief. The principal requirement is evidence of leadership, with all that the word implies. Of special interest to you should be the recently established Administrative Officer Candidate Schools. As the name indicates, the Administrative O. C. S. will provide officer training in general administrative duties and is expected to relieve for field duty many officers now assigned to such tasks.

* * *

I have been informed that men in the armed forces must pay income taxes. Is this true or is it a "sixth-column" rumor?

J. J. D., Huntington Park, Calif.

It is true in principle and I can't see any "sixth-column" angle to it. A *citizen* of the United States must file an income-tax return if his income reaches a prescribed minimum and he must pay a tax if his income is large enough (and, brother, it won't take much income to do that in 1943). A man in service is still a citizen and is subject to the tax law. However, if his ability to pay is lessened by military service he need pay no federal or state income taxes, past or future, until six months after his service ends, without addition of interest.

* * *

Whatever happened to that Congressional bill to create a separate Pharmacy Corps in the Army? I understood it had been introduced, but that's the last I ever heard of it.

Cpl. J. A., North Charleston, S. C.

It *was* introduced by Representative Durham of North Carolina, but the War Department opposed it, saying it could see no justification for a separate corps for pharmacists. And when the W. D. disapproves, that's that. Why don't you apply for the O. C. S. for the Medical Administrative Corps, where pharmacists are used to the greatest advantage?

* * *

One of the members of our lodge has gone to a school where he'll be trained for a commission in the Merchant Marine. When he's graduated and commissioned he will be a Naval Reserve officer. Will he then be considered a member of our armed forces?

H. E. M., Vineland, N. J.

No, that's not quite right. The Navy tells me that all Naval Reserve officers have been called to active duty and that it is not possible to be commissioned in the Merchant Marine with a Naval Reserve commission. Right or wrong, the Merchant Marine is not considered a part of the armed forces of the United States. Well, for an "unarmed force" they're giving a grand imitation of fighting men and doing their essential jobs in a way to make every uniformed man proud of them.

* * *

Is it true that Navy enlisted men must buy their own uniforms? I know that the Army supplies clothes to its enlisted men, but I've been told that's not so in the Navy. Why the difference?

A. L. P., Bangor, Me.

READING TIME ⊙ 4 MINUTES

The Navy used to give its men a "drawing account" of clothing up to $133.81 in value on first enlistment; after that they had to purchase replacements entirely out of their pay. Now the initial allowance may be drawn in cash and clothing purchased individually, or withdrawals from naval clothing facilities may be charged against it. But in addition there is a quarterly maintenance allowance of $8.75 which begins one year after the original uniform allowance. Higher ratings get increased amounts.

* * *

I have an honorable discharge from the Army which states that I was discharged by reason of C. D. D. per 3rd Ind. I know part of that but not the rest. What does it stand for, please?

O. P., Los Angeles, Calif.

The "C. D. D.," of course, is the abbreviation for Certificate of Disability Discharge. The "3rd Ind." refers to the third indorsement, which means that the findings of the board of officers which recommended your discharge were approved.

* * *

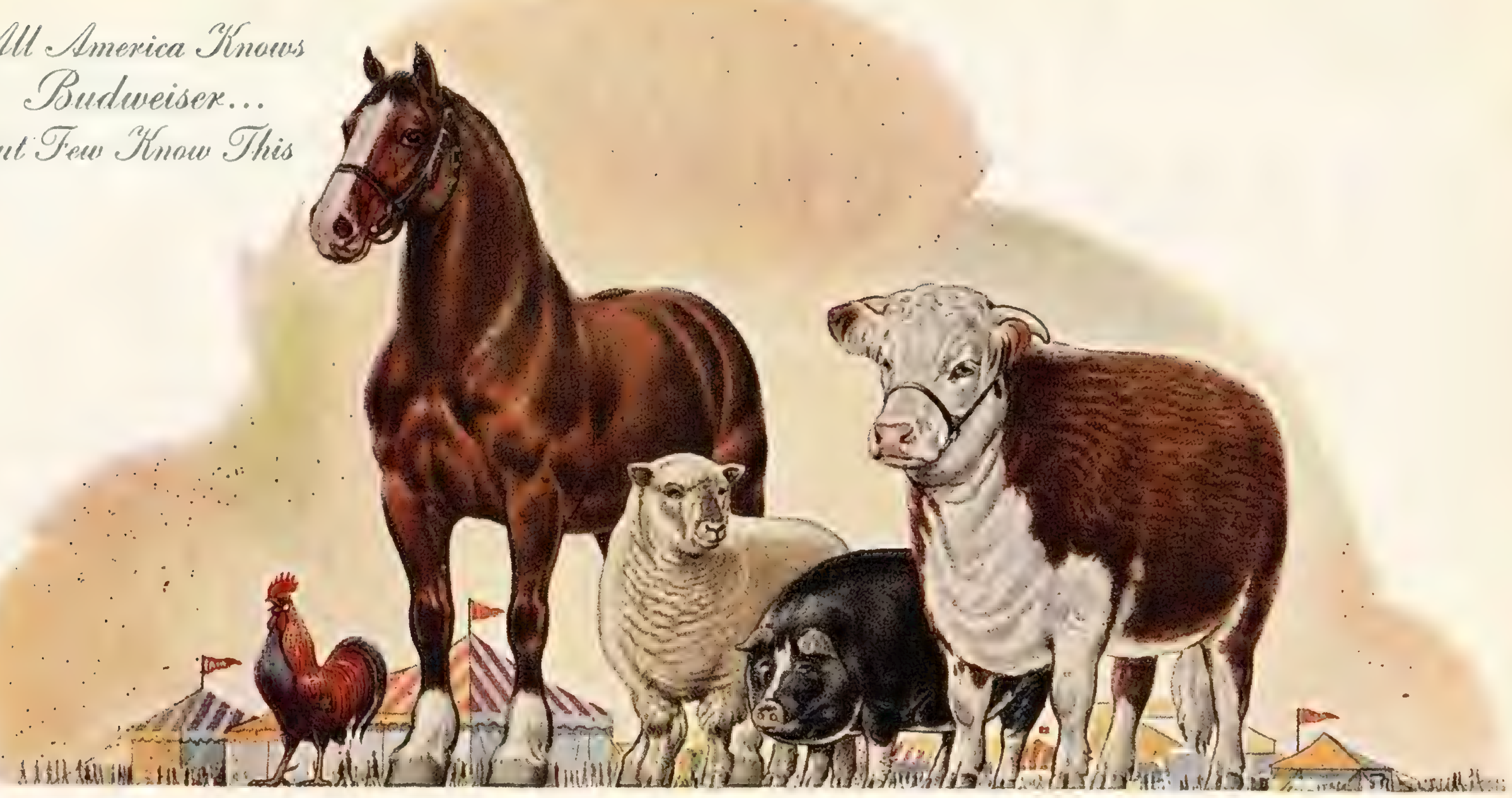
My nephew writes me that he is now in the Security Detachment at his air base. I've been told that means the guardhouse and he is in it. Is that true? I can't believe it, for he has always been a good boy.

Mrs. L. I. B., Bastrop, La.

Some one has told you a half-truth, but don't let it worry you. The Security Division of a service command is under the control of the Provost Marshal General and comprises departments of military police, criminal investigation, plant protection, etc. To say that the guardhouse is part of the Security Detachment is true, but your nephew isn't a prisoner in the guardhouse because he's a member of that detachment. Quite the contrary. He's on the other side of the fence.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

All America Knows
Budweiser...
but Few Know This



THEY'VE PASSED THEIR 'PHYSICAL'-TOO

America's feathered and four-legged armies are very much on their toes these days. Yeast vitamins used in fortifying animal feeds have done wonders in recent years to better the quality and propagation of livestock and poultry. Did you know that the Home of Budweiser is America's biggest single source of these vitamins?

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Our plant is one of the world's largest sources for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Anheuser-Busch produces enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

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ROUGH STUFF?—THE YANKS ARE TOPS!

Why not? Their trainers in guerrilla tricks were taught by "Yank" Levy, and he's the world's best!

BY ALLEN MAY

THE perspiring little man in a khaki shirt had just finished giving one of his strenuous lectures to a group of the Home Guards of Great Britain.

"Your lecture was very interesting, Mr. Levy," the brigadier from the War Office said politely. "Very interesting. But, after all, you know, we in this country believe in fighting like gentlemen."

"I don't," said "Yank" Levy. "When I fight I believe in killing da guy!"

The astonished brigadier stared at the little ruffian. Levy wiped the sweat from the inside of his open collar and stared back. Then he countercharged before the brigadier could get started.

"The Germans aren't gentlemen," he said. "They'll kill you any way they can. For one thing, they use dumdum and explosive bullets. We're supposed to be gentlemen, so we use steel-jacketed bullets that drill a nice neat hole. They patch their men up and send 'em back to fight inside six to eight weeks. Our men get nice little holes in one side all right, but where the bullet comes out's a hole big as your head. Know what that means in a year? Difference of maybe 100,000 men."

Mr. Bert "Yank" Levy of Windsor, Ontario, Canada, consecrated anti-Fascist fighter, ace instructor of Great Britain in the tactics and weapons of guerrilla warfare, and recently guest lecturer at the First Corps Area Tactical School near Concord, Massachusetts, doesn't let comments like that brigadier's worry him. He maintains that the ordinary people of Great Britain have known ever since Dunkirk that this war wasn't going to be won on the playing fields of Eton. They've realized that it might have to be won in their own back yards. Consequently they have shown a most ungentlemanly enthusiasm for learning how to defend themselves in the sort of back-yard fighting that Levy is master of.

He knows he has the understanding and backing of his boss, Major General Lord Bridgeman, chief of the Home Guard. Lord Bridgeman says, "It's a

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES

These are some of the guerrilla tricks, "ungentlemanly" but vital for home defense against Axis invaders, in which "Yank" Levy is the world's

THE ACCOMPANYING PHOTOS ARE FROM COLUMBIA'S FORTHCOMING LESTER COWAN PRODUCTION, COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN, AND ARE BASED ON AUTHENTIC COMMANDO TACTICS.

cad's war." Levy muses on those words with evident pleasure. Two other utterances inspired by his labors give him almost equal satisfaction.

One was a complaint from a Conservative M. P. that "down at Osterley Park, I understand, a group of renegades from the Spanish Civil War are teaching the people how to cut our throats." The other was the threat made by Lord Haw-Haw over the German radio that when Hitler invaded England, the first to be executed would be "Tom Wintringham and his gang of cutthroats at Osterley Park."

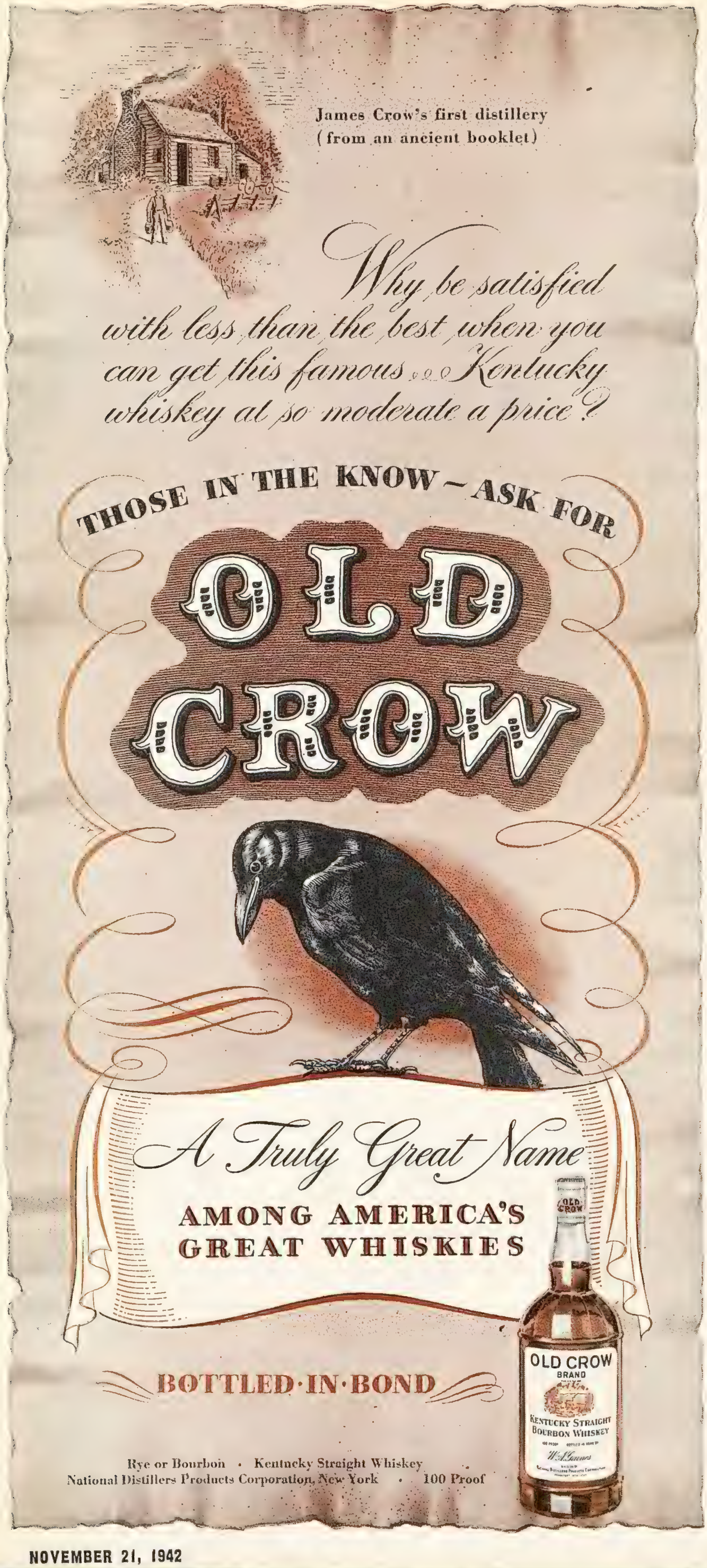
That park is the portion of the estate of the Earl of Jersey, twelve miles southwest of London, which was turned over by the earl in May, 1940, for the establishment of the first school of guerrilla training in England. Tom Wintringham, who was Levy's battalion commander in Spain, founded the school. He took with him Hugh Slater, former chief of operations of the Fifteenth Brigade in Spain, and other veteran experts. Levy joined them six weeks after the school was formed. When it was taken over by the government, the staff personnel formed the nucleus of what has since become the No. 1 War Office School of Great Britain for Instruction of Instructors of the Home Guard.

On July 13 Levy lectured to 1,500 future officers of the United States Army in Harvard University stadium. He gave the young gentlemen of the R. O. T. C., the Naval Supply Corps, and the Air Force two and one half hours of practical instruction in modern warfare. At the end of it he waved a hand to stop the cheering and told them of the threat Haw-Haw had made.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I want to thank you for two things—for letting me come to college for the first time, and for your applause. That's the answer to Haw-Haw and Hitler and it means I got a long time to live."

The business end of Harvard took this terrifying little man at his face value and loved him. They loved the way he toiled with twelve students in

Levy taught this "rough stuff" to Britain's Home Guards, and the Commandos adopted it. Now he has shown our trainees how to teach it.


James Crow's first distillery
(from an ancient booklet)

Why be satisfied with less than the best when you can get this famous . . . Kentucky whiskey at so moderate a price?

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

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the broiling hot sun down on the football field for an hour before the lecture, calling the twelve his "guinea pigs." They broke into sudden laughter when he showed them his own way of disarming an enemy sentry and killing him with a knife thrust from the rear.

It wasn't a scene to laugh at. In fact, laughter was the protective reaction to the deep sense of horror such young men must have felt. There were colonels, lieutenant colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants sitting below the stands. They were laughing too. It had been too realistic even for them.

Tom Wintringham, in a preface to Levy's book, Guerrilla Warfare, writes: "This Canadian is, without question, the best lecturer on the tactics of guerrilla warfare available in Britain."

That would be Harvard's judgment. What Yank Levy told the young gentlemen of the R. O. T. C. there was exactly what they wanted to learn.

THE hour that he put in with his twelve "guinea pigs" may some day save their lives. The demonstration they gave for their fellow students may be remembered gratefully in some not-too-distant moment of danger.

Everything he teaches has a terrible, memorable usefulness. He explained to them briefly the principles of street fighting as he learned it in Spain. How to "rathole" through dwellings, clearing out adjoining rooms as you go, with grenades. How to make a "Molotov cocktail" with dissolved rubber, benzine, and phosphorus in a glass container. How to keep an enemy prisoner helpless while you frisk him. What the vulnerable points of tanks are, and how to use a sticky bomb.

"This is a beautiful little weapon," he said. "It consists of about two and a half pounds of pure gelatinite enclosed in a sticky casing that holds it to the surface of the object it is thrown against. It will blow a hole in any tank that can be landed by planes. If a determined man with one of these, or a Molotov, gets within ten feet of a tank the tank is his.

"When you throw it, just make sure of some sort of cover to protect yourself from fragmentation. If there's no other cover, run like hell around to the other side of the tank. You'll be perfectly safe there."

He showed them how to construct the Spanish one-man antitank cross trench and how to scout out enemy territory in a three-man scouting formation of his own. He told them how to ambush enemy motorcycle dispatch riders. "Anything that will make a tank suspect a trap or a mine" will slow up tanks, he told them.

Thus in two and one half hours he gave to the R. O. T. C. the essence of the lessons he has been teaching in Great Britain for two years. He is now recalled by the British War Office, to begin what he vaguely hints will be the most exciting adventure of his life.

Levy was born October 5, 1897, in Hamilton, Ontario. He grew up in

Cleveland, Ohio, and was seventeen when World War I began. He tried to enlist at once as a Canadian, but, being under age, was turned down. He joined the merchant service and worked as a deck hand and stoker until he was nineteen. Then he got into the British Royal Fusiliers and served in Palestine and Trans-Jordan. It was there he became acquainted with the methods of Lawrence of Arabia. There also he was nicknamed "Yank."

Many of the tricks in his killer's repertoire were acquired during various "troubles" in Mexico, or while running guns into Nicaragua in 1926. He was with the International Brigade in University City during the siege of Madrid, and was captured by the Moors on the Jarama River front during the defense of the Valencia road. He spent four months in prisons in Franco Spain, until an exchange of prisoners set him free again. Unable to get back to republican Spain, he returned to Canada. He was there when this war started and tried to enlist with the Essex Scottish Regiment at Windsor. He was turned down—for hammertoe.

"That was O. K.," he says. "I hiked to Montreal and grabbed a handful of Greek steamer. I thought I could carry the stuff I'd learned across, even if they wouldn't let me use it."

BY the time he had made two trips across, Osterley Park had been opened and he was invited to join the staff. Since then he has lectured throughout Great Britain, his theories of defense in modern warfare have begun to influence regular army training, and his tricks and technique have been adopted by the Commandos.

After two years he came home for a rest and one of his infrequent visits to his family. His handsome daughter, Taube, nineteen, is a student nurse in Canada. His wife is a happy counterpart to her beloved "Yenkee." At his side she appears large. He is dark and sharp-featured, like an Arab. She is fair. His eyes burn and hers are tranquil. He talks at machine-gun speed. Her speech is hesitant.

What is it like to be married to a man like this one? May Levy puts a very brave face on it.

"I have more honeymoons than any one," she says. "Every time Yenkee comes home I get a new outfit of clothes. He brings me gifts from where he has been. We go traveling and we have a fine time all over again. Just like bride and groom."

May wishes women might learn guerrilla warfare also.

"How about that?" I asked Levy. "Don't you train any women guerrillas in England? Don't they insist on being trained?"

"Well, there are some women patrolling the moors on horseback, and revolver clubs are springing up all over the country. But I lay off that stuff. I say, wait until the invasion comes and the women will decide for themselves whether they should fight as guerrillas. Remember, Kipling was right."

"About the female of the species being more deadly than the male?"

"Of course. But you shouldn't have said it. May'll think I mean her."

"Yankee makes jokes," May said. "Just the same, I bet you women would make good guerrillas. They do in Russia."

"Sure, sure, dear," Levy said. "I was only joking. There are a million ways women can help. They are wonderful at getting messages out of enemy territory."

This time Yank and May were together four months before the order recalled him to England. He postponed his return one month to accept the invitation to lecture and assist in the organization of the First Corps Area Tactical School at Concord, Massachusetts.

There, at a famous boys' prep school, under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel John K. Howard, the first school of its kind on this continent for the training of State Guard instructors in guerrilla and antisabotage activity was established last summer. It is the product of the interest shown as early as 1940 by Major General Sherman Miles, commander of the First Corps Area, and Wendell Endicott, New England industrialist-financier, in the work of the British Home Guards. There was a similar school in Maryland, but both were in operation only for the summer. However, the far-sighted men responsible for their formation hoped they would be made permanent institutions and that there would be similar ones opened.

Yank Levy hopes so too, most fervently. He says bluntly: "America will be invaded." That is why he believes Americans must get guerrilla training as quickly as they can.

The invasion, he says, will be by air from northwest, by sea on the east.

"There are strong rumors," he told me, "that the Germans have 6,000-ton submarines capable of carrying both planes and small tanks. Half a dozen of those can carry to these shores the men and equipment necessary to make paralyzing Commando raids and open the way for an invasion.

"The Germans have bases near enough and planes big enough to land a full division, complete with tanks, in the undefended open spots of the Canadian Northwest."

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1. Smuts.
2. When Ruth was in his prime a newspaperman sent a cable to Shaw asking him for his comments on Babe Ruth. Those words were Shaw's answer.
3. The German air force.
4. The operation on the Zeebrugge Mole in 1918 was similar to the Dieppe affair but more successful.
5. Joe Louis.
6. British bomber.
7. British pursuit plane.
8. Military governor of Paris.
9. Goes to jail.
10. The first to fly in the stratosphere.
11. Foch, in a message to Joffre in the first Battle of the Marne.
12. Covering work on end of bridge nearest enemy.
13. Following the crooked White Sox-Cincinnati World Series, a teary-eyed boy addressed this remark to Joe Jackson, the Chicago right fielder.
14. Germans at Ypres.
15. President Lincoln, speaking of General Grant.
16. Russian fighter planes.
17. The Roman Emperor Nero.
18. Charles L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) who wrote Alice in Wonderland.
19. Geraldine Farrar. Her father played for the Phillies.
20. Eddie Grant.

He is positive that if England and the United States had not beaten Germany into Greenland and Iceland, our east coast cities would have been bombed from the air long ago. "They intended to go into Iceland and Greenland from Norway," he says.

"Are you trying to frighten the people into a realization of the danger?"

His eyes were blazing as he answered. "There is no such a thing as frightening the people," he said. "You only tell them the facts. Make realists of them. Then they go to work. Spain proved that. England proved it after Dunkirk. Look at Russia. The countries that have fallen are those that did not reveal the facts to their people.

"YOU can't any longer afford to overlook the energy and resourcefulness of the Germans. They are capable of trying anything. And there aren't any stabilized fronts any more. There are just zones of defense and offense, and America today is just as much a zone of war as Egypt or England or Russia.

"That's why I teach guerrilla warfare. It's the answer to the spearhead attack by dive bombers and tanks.

"Why do you think England hasn't been invaded before this? Because we have defense in depth through every mile of physical space in the country. Because wherever the enemy strikes he will find pockets of trained men, well equipped. There are no exposed flanks or soft spots in England. And there shouldn't be in America."

He does not pretend that the force of 1,500,000 men he helped to train in England is anything more than an army of guerrillas brought to high efficiency. "Guerrillas can win a lot of little battles but they never win a war," he says. "Our job is to meet, harass, and delay until the regular army can get into position for a knockout blow. Guerrillas, or Home Guards, have an intimate knowledge of their local terrain that should always give them the advantage of the element of surprise over the enemy."

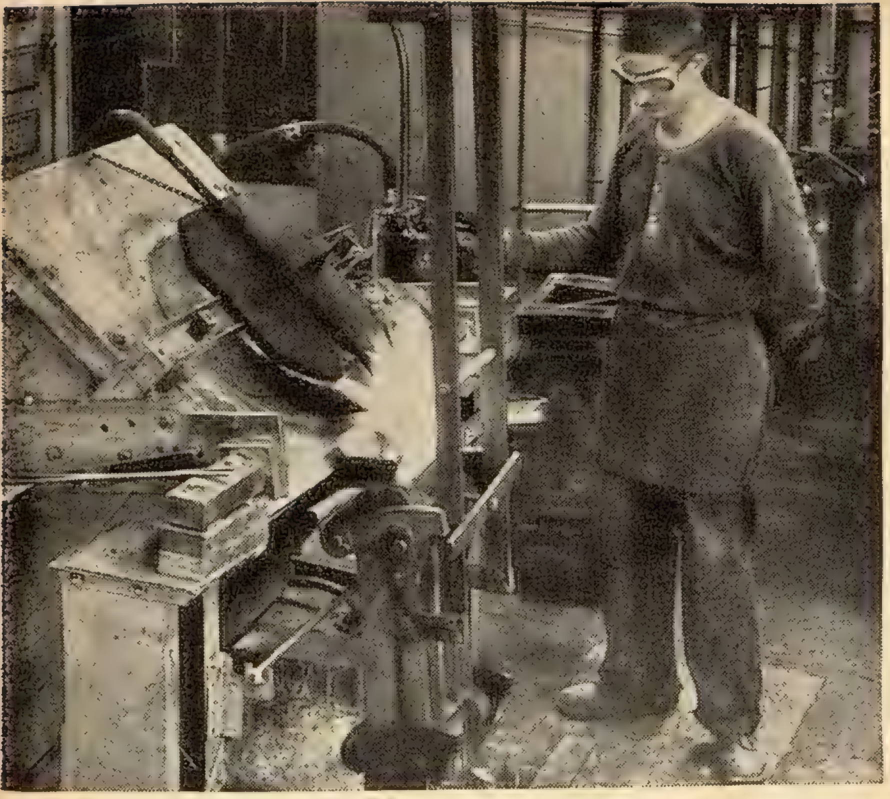
As he sees it, there is another advantage to the United Nations in guerrilla warfare. It is the one weapon the Axis cannot use!

"They don't dare use it," he says. "Only free men fighting for their homes make good guerrillas. The master can't give weapons to his slaves and expect them to fight for him. He knows they'd turn against him first.

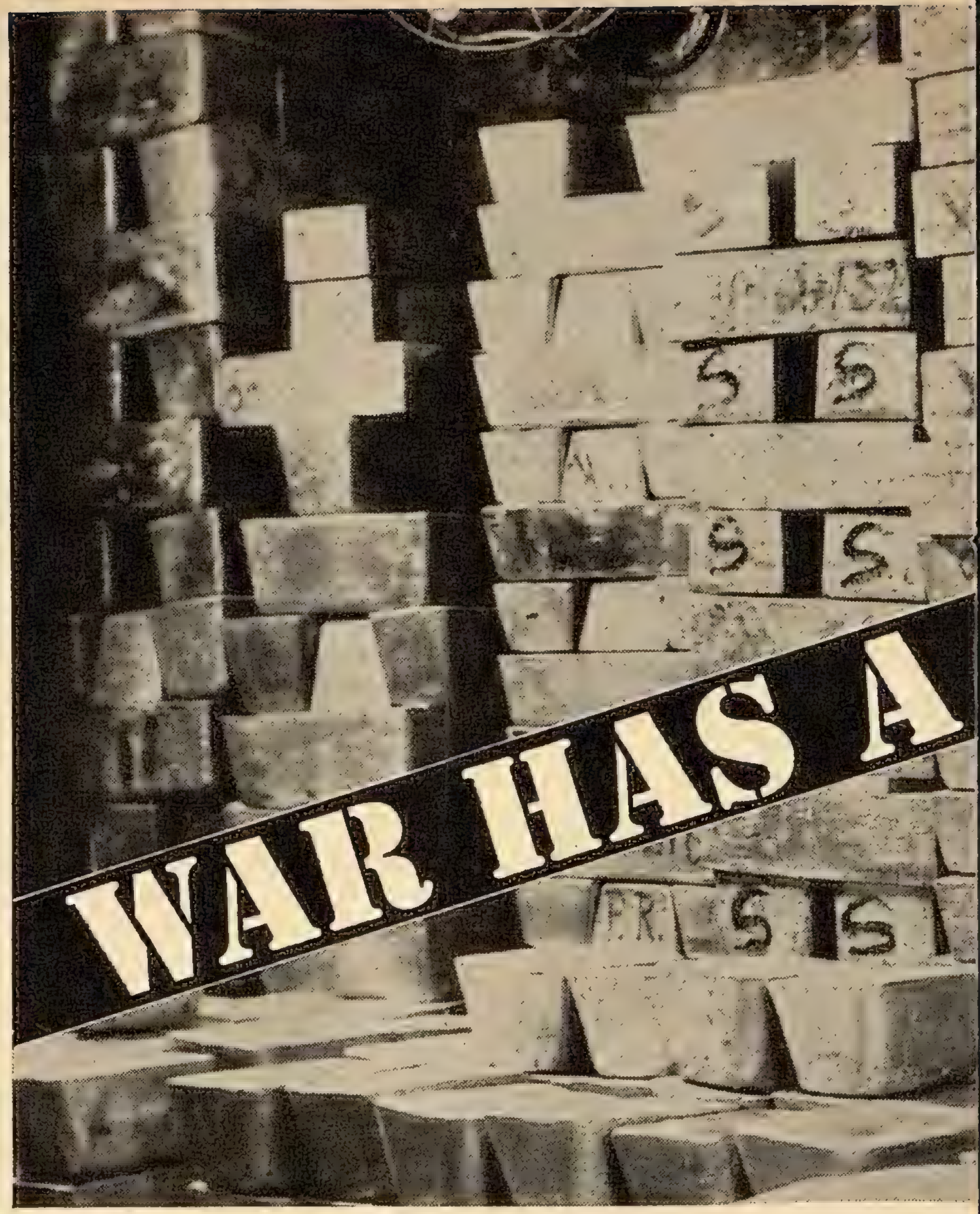
"When the United Nations open the second front in Europe all those peoples enslaved by Hitler will be fighting for us—as guerrillas."

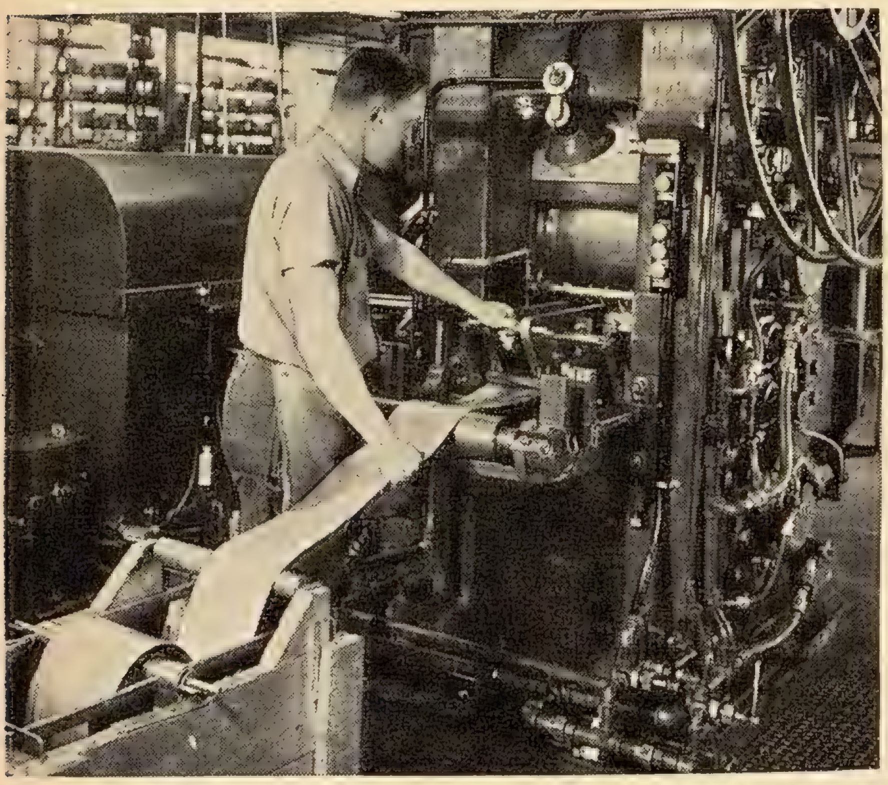
THE END

WAR HAS A



A melt of silver is poured from an induction furnace. Later this may go to bat for copper in bus bars for aluminum plants.





Above: Silver is stored in vaults in ingots. The big ones weigh a thousand troy ounces, the smaller ones, in the foreground, five hundred. **Left:** Silver, pressed through a rolling machine, comes out a broad gleaming ribbon.

A RECENT newspaper cartoon showed a prospector looking at a chunk of rock and saying, "Shucks—just silver! I thought it might be tin." A good gag but about a year behind the times. A few years ago silver was kept largely for a pet, like gold. Though it was a political football and a center of arguments on monetary theory, its practical uses were largely confined to wedding presents, photographic materials, and tooth fillings.

About ten years ago, however, a group of companies financed the American Silver Producers' Research Project to find out what silver might be good for industrially. The coming of war has made this a venture of prime importance. The government, aware that the Axis, too, knows a lot about using silver in war machines, strictly controls silver exports and imports. Silver has graduated into the class of metals-that-matter.

The bearings of plane motors can now stand higher heats because of the silver in them. Silver brazing alloys (solders) are used in planes' cooling and electrical systems. Shells have their parts joined by the same tough solders. In hooking up fuel, refrigerant, and water pipes in warships, use of such alloys saves space and weight as well as important installation time.

Silver may presently appear in steel, to check sea-water corrosion. New synthetic rubber plants will probably use fine-silver coils for handling butadiene. The Treasury is lending some of its record-breaking silver hoard to bat for copper in bus bars for aluminum plants. Since shortly before the war industrial use of silver was practically doubled each year.

Silver is in many ways an ideal industrial metal. It is not only remarkably corrosion-resistant—the reason the ancients classed it with gold as a "noble" metal—but is the most efficient known conductor of heat and electricity. It alloys willingly with other metals, and can be spun into wire of sub-spiderweb thinness.

But nature made it hard to come by and gave it a high white sheen that took the human eye. So, like gold, it became a "precious" metal and, until now, has never really gone to work. But all that is changing. Though the man in the street feels a slight shock when reminded that "precious" substances can be useful as well as ornamental, real diamonds are used in drilling tools, and real gold in the contacts inside his desk telephone and real silver in hundreds of heavyweight engineering jobs.

An example is silver's use in bus bars. A bus bar, if you never met one socially, is a heavy strip of highly conductive metal for handling high power loads. Copper—woefully scarce these days—is the usual material. Between generator and switchboard, bus bars may run six inches broad, thumb-thick, and many yards long—tremendous planks of metal that might well be used somewhere else, in the brass for bullet casings, for instance.

The higher conductivity of silver makes it ideal for the job. In its West Point vaults the Treasury had some 80,000 tons of it doing absolutely nothing but passively backing up the dollar bills in your wallet. Putting all that silver into bus bars would release well over 80,000 tons of copper for other uses—a whole month's production, at a time when months are important.

Now 40,000 tons of Treasury sil-

SILVER LINING

Uncle Sam releases a treasured hoard to pinch-hit for copper and other hard-to-get metals . . . It's making good, too!

BY J. C. FURNAS

ver are to be turned over to the Defense Plant Corporation for lending to "nonconsumptive" industrial uses. Some 2,000 tons are already on the job. Since silver in bus bars and distilling coils suffers practically no wear and tear, the whole batch can be turned back to the Treasury intact after the war.

A chunk of silver bus bar size may seem big to you, but not to men who have been putting it to industrial jobs. Their favorite is the stretch of pipe made for a chemical plant—in twenty-two-foot sections, with a six-inch bore and eight-inch-thick walls!

The Senate silver committee has been uneasy about exposing such huge hunks of their favorite metal to the casual atmosphere of industrial plants. Mr. Donald Nelson, asking for the balance of the Treasury's hoard, if needed, pointed out that nobody was likely to steal anything with 30,000 volts howling through it.

It is true that silver *is* relatively "expensive." Even if allowed to seek its own price level in an unsubsidized market, it would probably cost more than copper. But often it more than earns its keep. Electrical manufacturers have found that silver contacts in some kinds of equipment save enough juice to more than make up for their added cost.

But it is not cost alone that has kept silver out of the industrial limelight. A manufacturer would figure callously that, if industrial war needs call for silver, the Treasury should turn over every available shred of it. To people in the silver country, however, silver is sacred as a monetary base.

This fact has wrapped the whole question of the "price of silver" in baffling intangibles. The words "one dollar in silver" could mean at least four different weights of the metal, depending on what price you are talking about. By present federal law, the Treasury must pay seventy-one cents an ounce for all United States silver, and must buy foreign silver until either the world price hits $1.29 an ounce (it has averaged around fifty cents) or silver makes up one fourth of the "dollar value" of the nation's currency-backing metal. This arrangement is designed to raise the world value of silver and bolster the foreign purchasing power of silver-based currencies in China and India, besides helping our own silver producers.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES

Having bought domestic silver for seventy-one cents, the Treasury "revalues" it to $1.29, issues dollar bills against it, and stores the corresponding metal at West Point. The resulting "profit" is represented by some 40,000 tons of Treasury silver neither held for bill backing nor used for coins. This is what is now being lent to industry. Silver senators have been nervous about devoting the 40,000 tons of currency-backing silver to bus bars and coils. But in the long run that is probably what will happen to it. To satisfy the dollar bill's legal demands, plants using such silver may be designated "depositories of the Treasury of the United States."

Until recently our reckless buying of world silver looked like a total mistake. China got annoyed by the way it drained away her currency reserves, and Japan apparently financed part of her war preparation by shipping us silver looted from China.

Today, however, the experts aren't so sure it wasn't a good thing. The silver hoard we accumulated through our come-one-come-all offer is now handy to have around the house.

THE boom in the use of silver as a work metal was started, of course, by its usefulness in substituting for war-scarce metals. In many instances it can substitute for brass; a "nickelless nickel"—35 per cent silver, 56 per cent copper, 9 per cent manganese—is being coined. It will work in subway turnstiles, although probably not in the suspicious kind of slot machine that detects slugs electrically. The silver content of regular "silver" coins isn't, by the way, very much. At world prices, the quarter contains only about six cents in silver.

But the big story is silver's demonstration of how brilliantly it can do industrial jobs in its own right. A silver brazing alloy is used to mount the radio-interference screen of a plane motor not only to save tin and lead but because it makes a stronger joint. Many silver-alloy electrical contacts will remain in use when other metals are again abundant, because they are permanent improvements. The rise of electrical refrigerators first showed what silver alloys could do. Old-line solders couldn't take the swift alternations of heat and cold involved. Silver, however, could. Now machine-gun magazines, torpedo- and rifle-firing mechanisms, spark plugs, carburetors, sprinkler systems, fire extinguishers are just odd items in the arm-long list of war-crucial hardware that are simpler and faster to make, and stronger, because silver has rolled up her fine-lady sleeves.

THE END

Judy Garland does the "Ball and Jack" number, and (at right) sings for doughboys in France in For Me and My Gal.

CANDID CLOSE-UPS

OF PICTURES AND PERSONALITIES

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Heyday of the Two-a-Day:

FOR ME AND MY GAL

VAUDEVILLE, it turns out, is very much alive. A rush of variety shows to Broadway in the past two seasons brought out a horde of misty-eyed fans of the two-a-day entertainment, and now Hollywood, to give them a further nostalgic thrill, presents this saga of show business from the small-time circuits to the Palace against a moving background of World War I. With shrewd showmanship the picture makers have assembled a strong, young cast to enact the romantic musical drama, so that the current cinema crowd, as well as the veterans, will surely be captivated.

Judy Garland, though costumed in keeping with the 1916-18 period, never dates emotionally in her role of Jo Hayden, song-and-dance girl who teams up with a brash young hoofer, Harry Palmer, their goal the Palace, New York. After two years of sleeper jumps their act is still playing the small time, and it takes a war, with Harry about to be called into the service, to change their luck.

The big chance comes too late. Harry, to evade the draft, smashes his hand in a wardrobe trunk, and Jo, when she learns the truth, walks out of the act. A crude, melodramatic device, but it is effective, and serves to maneuver Harry into a unit of Y. M. C. A. entertainers in France, where he finds Jo again, singing to the soldiers.

The two principals give such poignant performances that they have the audience pulling for them all the way. Gene Kelly, in his first movie role, is amazingly good as the hoofer, and Miss Garland is so charming and altogether right as Jo that it is hard to find too much fault with the rather clumsily contrived climax, which reunites the team of Palmer and Hayden and puts them on the Palace bill at last, after the armistice. It is when Judy Garland is singing such songs as Oh, You Beautiful Doll and Down on the Farm, or working out a song-and-dance act with her co-star, or entertaining doughboys in Paris that For Me and My Gal becomes a far more exciting show than any other musical movie of the moment.

There are fine supporting performances—by George Murphy as Jo's first partner, Richard Quine as her young brother, and Marta Eggerth as a predatory vaudeville headliner on Harry's trail. Miss Eggerth should be welcome as one of the few prima donnas who manages to remain decorative in her close-ups even when she is hitting a high note.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Personality of the Week:

GENE KELLY

HOLLYWOOD has something new in stars in Gene Kelly. He is a dancing man who can act. Unlike Fred Astaire, whose specialty is insouciance on the hoof, Kelly has tapped his way to fame by playing lovable "heels"—lately on Broadway in John O'Hara's Pal Joey, and currently in Hollywood in For Me and My Gal.

As a small boy in Pittsburgh, Kelly had to be prodded into attending dancing classes. It was sissy stuff, he complained to his mother. Today he admits his mother was right—he was born to dance, and the Kelly family knew it before he did.

When, at the University of Pittsburgh law school, he found himself evolving tricky new dance steps and teaching them to college acquaintances, he realized it was high time he got down to the business of his real career. The Kelly family, of course, was not surprised when he decided to open a dance school; it pitched in and helped him. Two sisters and a brother became assistant instructors, and their mother designed costumes for their amateur shows. There were two flourishing Kelly Dance Schools when Gene left for Broadway to try his luck. Within two days of his arrival he had won a dancing role in a new musical comedy. The lead in One for the Money and in William Saroyan's Time of Your Life led to stardom, in 1940, in Pal Joey.

Hollywood has Kelly under exclusive contract now, and plans to follow up his first picture with Private Miss Jones, in which he will have Kathryn Grayson as his co-star. Kelly will stage all the dance numbers in the new film. Meanwhile his wife, Betsy Blair of the stage, is working at the same studio in The Human Comedy, by Saroyan. It was Saroyan who introduced the couple to each other, in a Broadway restaurant, in 1941.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

RECOMMENDED PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

The Hard Way, George Washington Slept Here, Flying Tigers, The Glass Key, The Road to Morocco, My Sister Eileen, The Moon and Sixpence, Iceland, Between Us Girls, Now Voyager, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing, The Major and the Minor, Somewhere I'll Find You, Wake Island, The War Against Mrs. Hadley, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Bambi, Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong.

Keep your smile bright . . . but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

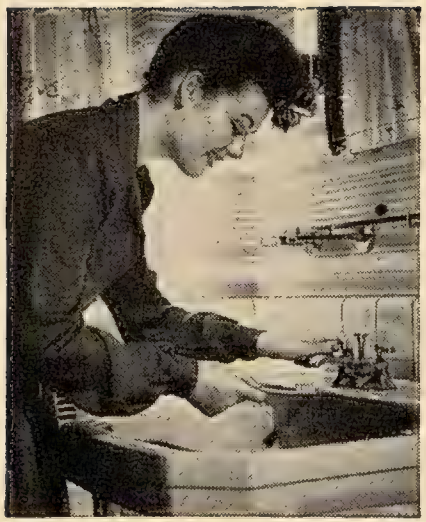
PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE

An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice . . . they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so . . . we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.



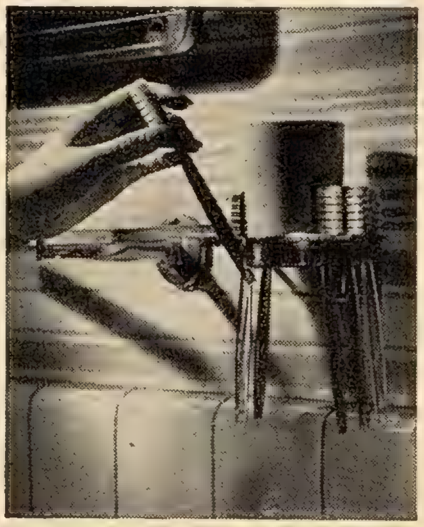
DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.

DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.

DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.

DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.

DON'T RUB—Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Always measure out powder for small children.



DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.

DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

REMEMBER . . . only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So . . . keep your teeth bright . . . but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others . . . and there will be enough for you.

CASUALTY—ONE DEB

Continued from Page 13

she? Yes, definitely; because the end of today meant Teddy Lloyd. . . .

Out of the corner of her eye she saw the nurse from the ward desk approaching, the look of a spanking reprimand on her face. "Miss Bushnell, telephone," she said, and marched away.

Mary Ann gasped and followed.

"This is very much against routine. We don't like personal calls while a nurse is on duty."

"I'm sorry." Mary Ann saw the phone lying on the desk. Gingerly she picked it up and spoke into it.

"Say hello again and put darling or something on the end of it, will you? I've waited a long time to hear it." Mary Ann felt indignation rise in her as the voice went on and she realized that it was Jimmy Thorpe who was responsible for this breach of hospital rules. "I just got in. I have five days' furlough, and it wouldn't begin right without you. Say something nice, will you, so I'll know you're glad?"

Mary Ann felt the eyes of the nurse boring holes in her back and hoped fervently that she couldn't hear Jimmy's voice. If she didn't stop Jimmy immediately, there was no end to the foolish things he could say. So she spoke compassionately into the phone: "I'm sorry you've broken your leg, dear. I'll come the minute I'm off duty."

She could hear his laugh. "O. K. When will that be?"

"The Fourth of July," she said sweetly, and hung up.

"You must," the nurse said, "ask your friends—"

Mary Ann nodded meekly and made a mental note to throttle whoever it was that had told Jimmy where she was. She wanted no part of him. Today or any day.

But that wasn't the way it was to be. Because at three o'clock, when she and Charlotte left after chalking up seven hours in ward, diet kitchen, and supply room, they found Jimmy Thorpe waiting for them.

"Oh," Mary Ann said, "let's run. Let's find a bush and hide under it until dark."

But he had seen them. He was coming up the steps and Charlotte was skipping down to meet him. "Jimmy," she was squealing, "I'm so glad you're here!"

MARY ANN stood where she was and looked at them. She had always liked his chin and the way his face wrinkled up when he smiled, and now he was browner and somehow stronger; but he was Jimmy still, the familiar playmate, even with benefit of uniform and bars on his shoulders.

Then his arms were around her and he was kissing her in a most unplaymate way. "Silly!" she said, because for a moment it had seemed like something stupendous and most unfamiliar.

"Let's dash along," Charlotte was saying, "now that Jimmy's here with his car, and meet Teddy Lloyd's train at Back Bay. He'd love it, darling, and there isn't anything else exciting to do."

Jimmy swore softly. "Don't tell me that world-weary old eagle is back again!"

But Mary Ann ignored him. "You're not going to meet his train, Charlotte."

"Definitely."

"Definitely not."

"O. K." Charlotte smiled maddeningly. "I'll take a cab."

Jimmy took their arms firmly. "I can see," he said, "one of our better storms brewing. You children will really come to blows some day if you don't watch out."

He marched them down the steps to the car. When he put them both into the front seat, Mary Ann tried to sit so that no part of her touched Charlotte. It was almost better to be close to Jimmy.

"So," he said when they were moving smoothly with the traffic, "you're still toting the torch for dear old Teddy?"

"It's something," Charlotte said, "that you and I will have to do something about, Jimmy."

"Why?" he asked. "Would you, by any chance, be trying to wrest it from her?"

Charlotte slid her arm over the seat and down across Mary Ann's shoulders. "I never did like the torch business. For me, love has to be something two people share with each other."

Mary Ann moved restlessly under Charlotte's encircling arm. "What do you suppose I think love is?"

"Well, darling, isn't it a pretty one-sided affair with you?"

"You slay me," Mary Ann said. "Definitely."

Charlotte laughed. "Don't forget we promised each other we'd be friends all day, didn't we?"

"Funny," Jimmy said, turning to Mary Ann for a moment, "but I thought there was something real in that greeting you gave *me*."

SHE couldn't find any words to answer him. As a matter of fact, she didn't understand exactly why it had seemed important to her, too, just for that split fraction of time. She had climbed trees and skied and skated with and lived next door to him all her life. He wasn't a person of glamour, imagination, and romance. That was Teddy Lloyd.

And this wasn't the way she wanted to meet *him*—with no make-up, no nail polish. She wanted him to be waiting in the drawing room. She wanted to float down to him in the white chiffon with the black velvet streamers of sash following her along the mahogany stairs.

"I don't think he'd like us to meet him. There'll be people for him to see probably, and reporters around, and—"

"And us," Charlotte said.

"I could," Jimmy suggested, "drop Charlotte at the station and you and I could go off for our own fun."

But Mary Ann shook her head.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

SNOUTRAGEOUS: Jimmy Durante's nose.

INCOMEPOOP: A guy who spends his profits foolishly.

CRAPITALIST: A gent who made his dough shooting dice.

GOBLIGATION: A debt owed a sailor.

NONCORE: When they don't applaud.

SPARACHUTE: A little extra one, just in case.

MOOMERANG: A cow who goes away but comes right back.

WHEELBORROW: A handy gadget to have around your house but it never is.

GUESSOLINE: When you wonder how much more you have left in your tank.

CANTDIDATE: He'll never get enough votes anyway.

Can you use coin? Colonel Stoopnagle can use words. Coin a $5 word—that's what Liberty pays if the Colonel uses your word and definition—and send it to the Fictionary Department, Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York City.

They waited by the tracks in the underground level, and when the train came in, it was just as Mary Ann had guessed. She saw him descend—Panama hat, immaculately tailored shoulders—and then he raised his head and saw them. Charlotte reached him first. His strong brown hand cupped her chin, his eyes were on her face with a tender, almost hungry look, and then Mary Ann saw his arms go around her and his lips kissing her beautiful cherry-red mouth.

"How could you!" she moaned to herself. Quickly she held out her hand, feeling awkward because this was the moment she had dreamed would be hers. And she didn't want him to kiss her—not with Charlotte's kiss warm on his lips.

"Mary Ann," he said, holding her hand, and his eyes were very blue and smiling, "you've grown up!"

That was music. That was real. She forgot how wrong everything had been and that Charlotte was her enemy. She wanted to shout with happiness and ecstasy.

THEN people started to push around him, a camera bulb flashed, and she found herself standing in the background with Jimmy.

"I can see," Jimmy said, "that he has what it takes."

"Uh-h'm," she agreed happily, barely listening. "Where's Charlotte?"

They found her later—sitting in the back of Jimmy's car, her hand closed over Teddy Lloyd's briefcase, which lay on the seat beside her.

"Awfully good of you," Teddy Lloyd said, "to have taken care of my luggage," and hopped in beside her, slamming the door against the reporters who were still besieging him.

"It's all stowed in the back." Charlotte smiled into his face.

Mary Ann sat beside Jimmy and listened to the buzz of words. She refused to turn around and see how happy Charlotte was.

"I'm a little distracted," Teddy Lloyd was saying, "to be here without my secretary. As a matter of fact, I think you'll have to drop me at a hotel, Jimmy, where I can find a public stenographer. Things have piled up."

"Do you mean letters?" Mary Ann asked, because she had a sudden inspiration.

"Mostly. And notes for my journal."

"There's a typewriter in daddy's study. I'm not very good, but I think I could do them." It would be wonderful to have Teddy Lloyd all to herself for the rest of the afternoon—just the two of them working together.

"I wouldn't think of letting you."

"I'd love it!"

Teddy Lloyd laughed. "Shall I?" he asked Charlotte.

"It would be a solution."

"Well," he warned, "it isn't fun, you know."

"I'll stand around," Jimmy said, "and lick on the postage stamps."

Malcolm let them into the house and Mrs. Bushnell was there to greet them. "Look, Lovely," Mary Ann told her. "You'll have to entertain Charlotte and Jimmy if they stay." She threw a kiss and ran up the stairs to her room. Another dress—not the white chiffon yet—and some lipstick at last. Maybe, if she hurried, a shower. She half expected Charlotte to follow her up here to repair her own ravages of the day, but there was to be no following her into the study. She'd make that clear.

She went downstairs and took the hood off the typewriter, found paper and pencils, and then called down into the drawing room that she was ready. Ready in green linen, with a bow in her hair.

"Ready!" she called again.

"And very nice, too!" It was Jimmy's dark head and grin that appeared below her. She watched as he swung up the stairs, a sheaf of papers in his hands.

"They've gone," he announced.

"Who?" Mary Ann asked, unbelieving.

"Char, Ted, and mom."

"Where?"

"Round and about."

"Are they coming right back?"

"I doubt it. His Majesty left these for you, with his apologies." Jimmy held out the papers.

Mary Ann took them and stared down, unseeing. For a moment she thought she wasn't going to be able to swallow the lump which was filling her throat and doing queer things to her eyes.

"Look, sugar," Jimmy was saying. "You don't have to do the old eagle's stuff."

She wasn't going to have Jimmy call Teddy Lloyd an old eagle.

"It's all right," she said.

"Love," exclaimed Jimmy, "is wonderful!"

"Is that a crack?"

"No, sugar, an observation—but a slightly jealous one, perhaps."

SHE mustn't let him get started that way. "Well, it's been nice seeing you, old dear, and now don't you think maybe your mother would like to see something of you? After all—"

"She's seen me."

"But look—"

"I know. I'll take myself out and tie myself to a tree on the terrace." He started down the stairs. "You whistle when you're through."

"I can't concentrate thinking of you tied to a tree. You run along home and come back tomorrow."

"What do you mean tomorrow? I'm here for the duration of the Lloyd siege."

Sitting at daddy's desk, she could look through the window and see Jimmy on the terrace close to the pool, watching the goldfish or lying on his back staring into the sky. For a moment she almost wished she could be out there, too. It used to be fun to be with Jimmy, but that was before she'd grown up and fallen in love. She sighed. There was work to be done here in the study. She looked down at the notes, and on the top was a letter that started, "Your Excellency."

She didn't know how much later it was that she saw mother standing in

Gotta Watch The Figure!

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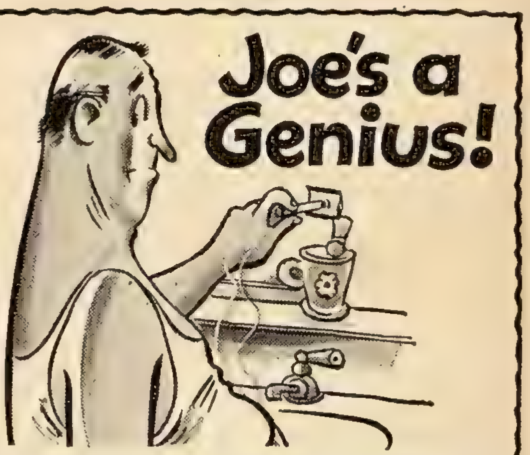
(*from a letter by* B. M. W., Atlanta, Ga.)

Joe's a Genius!



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(*from a letter by* H. S. P., White Plains, N. Y.)

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(*from a letter by* D. W. R., Albany, N. Y.)

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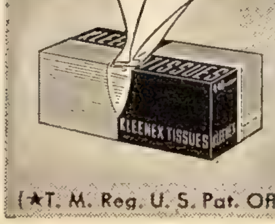

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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ZEMO

the doorway, staring in such a funny way at her. And then mother did a very unexpected thing. She came over and put her arms around Mary Ann. "My dear, good little girl," she said, and kissed her.

Heavens! Mary Ann wondered if mother were going soft. It was years since she had called her a good little girl. "Silly," she said, "I've been having fun!"

"Well, enough's enough, darling. You go upstairs and change now."

"Where's Charlotte and everybody?" She looked out and saw that Jimmy had vanished from the terrace.

"Everybody'll be here for dinner."

"I'll be up in a minute."

But it took longer than she had thought, so that she sailed down in the white chiffon with the black velvet streamers to an empty drawing room. Then she saw Jimmy unfold himself from a chair.

"You kept me tied up a long time," he said, "but I wasn't going to answer any one else's whistle. The old eagle had to eat on time, of course."

They went into the dining room. And every one was very nice. Teddy Lloyd brushed Jimmy aside and held out her chair. Daddy winked and called her "Babe." It was all very gay and Mary Ann couldn't remember when she had been so happy.

Teddy Lloyd reached for her hand and held it while he told her how much she had done for him.

"Gracious!" Charlotte said. "There's so much sweetness and praise that I feel like bursting, darling."

Every one acted as if she had done something wonderful. She couldn't understand it. It was as if all of them were charged with a powerful secret excitement and as if she were the center of it. But that was ridiculous. Still, every one could see that this was definitely her round—not Charlotte's.

SUDDENLY daddy discovered that it was seven thirty and no time for any more foolishness. Mary Ann started to go upstairs for her wrap and found Teddy Lloyd beside her, his hand on her arm. She looked up into his face and discovered that he wasn't saying anything at all, just smiling down at her. She wished time would stand still and hold this moment forever. "Forgive me, Mary Ann," he said then, and bent swiftly to kiss her.

Somehow she must have gone up the stairs, because the next thing she knew she was in her room. She looked into the mirror and could see only Teddy Lloyd's face. She didn't have anything to forgive him for—what a strange thing for him to say! She reached for her evening wrap, and realized suddenly that the strange moaning sound which was filling her room was the noise of the air-raid sirens and not the singing of her heart. She knew it was only a practice alert, but that was disturbing. It meant they would be late. It meant no cars could move. She hurried down the stairs and saw every one gathered in the lower hall. When she got to the turn of the last flight, she was stopped by a man wearing a warden's arm band.

"I'm sorry," he said firmly, "but you're a casualty."

She tried to brush past him, but his arm shot out and barred her.

"Darling"—mother came to the foot of the stairs—"this house seems to have been bombed and they say every one who was upstairs has been injured. You go back to your room, dear. It won't be for long—they'll find you."

The man was reading from a piece of paper: " 'Head wound and bleeding profusely. She's found lying on the floor near an overturned chair.' "

They all were standing there, looking at her. "We'll wait for you," Charlotte promised, and Mary Ann forgot for a moment that she was her adversary. She looked beautiful and happy and kind.

There was nothing else to do. She wanted them to see her as an adult, not as a child who was worried that they might go off and leave her behind. She went back to her room.

AT last she heard some one on the stairs, and a man and woman came in carrying a stretcher—a very businesslike woman in uniform.

"You've been wounded," she said. "Will you please lie down and let me bandage your head?"

Mary Ann obeyed. She felt a bandage being wound around her head, under her chin, over her eyes. She felt herself being wrapped in a blanket, lifted onto the stretcher.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Downstairs."

"Easy," the man said on the last narrow turn of the stairs.

"Be careful," she could hear daddy saying. "Don't let her slip off that thing!"

And suddenly she was laughing. She had never before felt so silly and helpless.

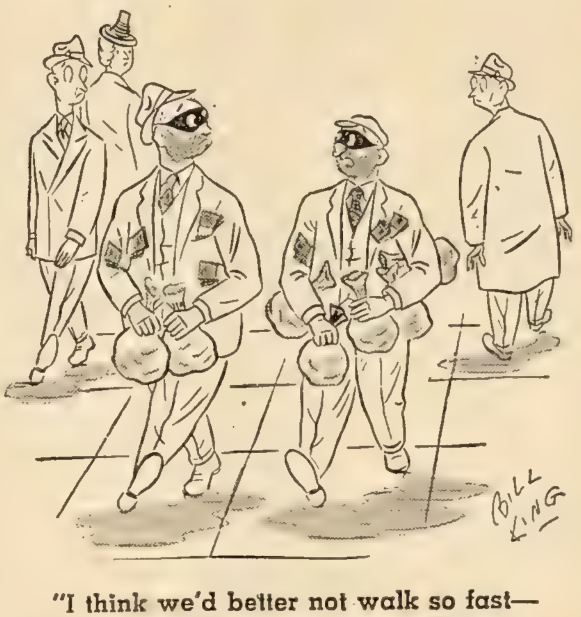
"Please lie still," the woman said.

"Unwrap me now."

But she could feel them carrying her down more steps. "Not yet," the woman explained. "You have to go in the ambulance to the Center."

"I can't." Mary Ann struggled with the blanket. She felt them sliding her into some vehicle, felt the vibrations of an idling motor.

They couldn't do this to her! This



"I think we'd better not walk so fast—people are beginning to look at us."

was her day, the day that came only once a year. She rolled over on her side and tried to kick away the loose end of the blanket. Then she heard the one-two of the siren's all-clear and felt some one's hand on her shoulder and some one saying, "Steady—"

"I can't stay here."

"Of course not." It was Jimmy's voice, and she could feel his hands unwrapping the bandage.

"Darling," she said, blinking to keep back the tears, "at this moment I almost think I love you."

"Keep working at it," he warned softly, "because sometime I'm going to remind you. But for the present I've brought Sarah to go in your place. You'll have to wrap her up while the first-aiders are in the house collecting the other casualty. It seems Malcolm went upstairs to get the eagle's mail from the study, and was caught there."

"I don't guess I should do this," Sarah was saying, "with my kitchen left full of dishes."

"The change will do you good," Jimmy assured her.

"Have they gone?" Mary Ann reached up and wound the bandage about Sarah's head. They lifted her, protesting mildly, onto the stretcher.

"I'll take you." With his hand beneath Mary Ann's elbow, Jimmy hurried her to his waiting convertible.

SHE saw her wrap and purse lying on the seat. "Darling, you're uncanny. Sometimes I wonder if I could get along without you."

For only a moment he grinned down at her. "Atta girl!" he said, and then he was in the car and they were off.

"Will you excuse a lady if she takes time off now to get over the damage an air raid caused?"

"Be your age," Jimmy said, handing her purse over. "You're no lady. The last time I looked you had braids down your back."

"Silly!" It wasn't far to the hall where Teddy Lloyd was speaking. She opened her compact. "When it comes to the lipstick," she warned, "try not to be going around a corner."

"No corners!"

She was staring into the mirror of her compact and Jimmy was driving very slowly when he said something which made her forget everything but the words he was saying. "If you had some bad news to take," he was asking quietly, "how would you like it—quickly?"

"Bad news?"

"Hasn't Charlotte been trying to tell you something all day?"

Slowly Mary Ann shook her head.

"Didn't you notice at dinner how every one was trying to protect you?"

"Protect me?"

"We all knew something—all of us but you."

"What did you know?"

"That while you were doing the eagle's letters this afternoon, he and Charlotte took themselves to a preacher."

"A preacher?"

"You know. One of those people who perform marriages."

She realized that Jimmy had stopped the car. They were out of the city, beside the water somewhere, the moon, a full golden circle, making a path across space to include them in its cold brilliance. She shivered a little, and found that Jimmy's arm was around her, and her hand, a tight fist, enclosed in his. He had told her something a long time ago—something shattering, and she'd forgotten him while she lived over the last five years in small moments of pain and humility. Teddy Lloyd was gone. The contest was over. Charlotte and he were somewhere together now for always. And she was here with Jimmy.

Suddenly he spoke. "Everything's different, sugar, isn't it?"

She groped for words to say. She'd been in the wrong dream, and somehow she had to find her way out alone. Quickly she brought her arm up to shield her eyes because she felt tears stinging her throat, and then she found herself held by hands that were strong and steady.

"All my life I've hoped you'd love me," Jimmy was saying, his lips against her hair, "when you were old enough to know what love is."

She pulled herself away. "Old enough!" she said indignantly. "I've been old enough for years."

"Lady," he told her gently, "that wasn't love. That was a contest—an apple held out of reach that you've tried to grow a little taller for all the time, you and Charlotte."

She watched his face, remembering how, through the years, it had always been Jimmy who had tried to explain things to her—the way to make the double hitch that held their boat securely to the dock; how to hold your head up, daring the wind, when you were first on the toboggan, going down the slide. She saw the clear, unbroken lines of his face with the moon shining across it, intent now as he tried to tell her about love. She watched him till suddenly she realized he wasn't talking any more, but staring back.

"Don't look so sad, sugar," he said. "I'm not going to make love to you."

Mary Ann shut her eyes and asked with difficulty, "Never?" Because she saw the world as a strange and lonesome place without Jimmy's love to sustain and explain her to herself. "I'd be a dimwit without you, darling. Think how I'd go round skinning my knees and bumping my nose, trying to grow up without you—"

"You have all the rest of my life," Jimmy said, "to grow up in."

MARY ANN looked up from the circle of Jimmy's arms, where she had just been kissed in the same stupendous, unplaymatelike way that she had experienced once before today, and saw that the moon had gathered a cloud over its face. She wondered if it was blushing because it had taken her so long to find out that love wasn't something to be fought for and worried about, but something secure and unchanging, to cherish.

THE END

THE GALS CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM UNCLE EZ SINCE HE DISCOVERED
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SABOTAGE

After "the lightning" struck. These, at the entrance to the Brooklyn Federal Court, are some of the thirty-three who were arrested.

BY ALAN HYND

And here, complete with swastika, is that Count Anastase Vonsiatsky who had been thought a mere screwball.

IN May, 1941, William Sebold, working supposedly for the Gestapo but actually with the F. B. I., found that the Duquesne spy ring knew details of construction in a navy yard. Wheeler-Hill and Jahnke were sending across, by radio, information of use to the U-boats. The F. B. I. trailed Ludwig and Lucy Boehmler through southern states where they spied on army camps and shipyards. Weeks before Hitler attacked Russia it was learned that von Clemm, the gem importer, had been informed from Germany in code that such an attack was planned and would be made.

TOWARD the end of May, 1941, Fritz Duquesne's spy ring showed unmistakable signs of speeding up its activities and surpassing all its previous accomplishments.

Heine, the former Ford Motor Company official who was using his long-established contacts to gather vital production data—which were being turned over to William Sebold, Uncle Sam's counterespionage man, through Lilly Stein, the so-called model of East Fifty-fourth Street—was broadening his activities. Apparently satisfied that he had milked dry every contact that he had in Michigan automobile factories converting to war work, Heine came to New York and checked into the Governor Clinton Hotel.

He began by slipping up to Bridgeport, Connecticut, and visiting Thorell's Aircraft Photo Service at 3 Myrtle Court. This place—which was strictly on the level—specialized in photographs of airplanes. Representing himself as a Ford official, Heine ordered a set of pictures which had never been meant for general circulation, since they revealed certain features of both fighter and bomber planes that were military secrets.

After he had placed his order and returned to New York, G-men had a talk with the proprietor of the photo service—a most co-operative gentleman who had been completely taken in by the buttery-tongued Hun and his spurious credentials. Heine's ar-

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES

IN THE U.S.A.

THE STORY BEHIND THE NEWS

Now for the inside facts about the F. B. I.'s big round-up—its first, but not the last!—of Nazi agents

rangements had gone too far to be called off now; that would have excited suspicion. So some special bogus pictures were prepared for him and sent to the Governor Clinton, where he was registered under the name of Blackwell.

G-men were posted in an adjoining room. Two couriers who worked on trans-Atlantic steamers—new figures in the plot—called on Heine, and the G-men heard considerable Nazi gloating over what those three considered priceless photographs. Heine said to one of the couriers, "Just take these as they are." "You're not going to have them microfilmed?" the courier asked. "No," the G-men heard Heine say; "I don't exactly trust that man Sebold."

All during the surveillance of the Duquesne ring, which was now in its sixteenth month, the F. B. I. was ever mindful of the fact that one slip on the part of William Sebold, the supposed Gestapo agent, might spell curtains for his near relatives in Germany. It can be seen, then, that when Heine made the crack about not trusting Sebold, a doubly jarring note was struck.

Next day Fritz Duquesne dropped into Sebold's "office" in the Newsweek Building. G-men in an adjoining room, which was wired for sound, heard Fritz complaining about a quarrel he had had with Evelyn Clayton Lewis, the socialite who was living with him in a sumptuous apartment off Central Park West. Miss Lewis, it appeared, had begun to suspect that he had been untrue to her.

"We'd be in a terrible mess, Fritz," said Sebold, "if that girl ever turned on you and talked to the F. B. I."

Duquesne's smoky blue eyes narrowed and he fell into thoughtful silence. Then he looked up at Sebold, and his voice took on an ominous rumbling quality as he said, "We'd be in more of a mess if *you* went to the F. B. I."

"I don't know what you mean, Fritz," said Sebold.

"I mean just this," said the Boer. "If I ever found out that you weren't on the level, I'd kill you with my own hands."

"But I *am* on the level!" protested Sebold, who was now sounding angry because the F. B. I. had told him that that was the thing to do at any such juncture. He demanded to be told exactly why Duquesne had ever come to doubt his good faith. Fritz was silent for a while, and then he laughed.

"Forget what I said, and let's go out and have a drink. I'm just jumpy, that's all. I damned near suspect myself at times."

"What are you jumpy about, Fritz?" asked Sebold, with simulated solicitude.

"Those F. B. I. ——s. That man Hoover's into everything." Fritz nodded toward the wall between Sebold's front office and the room occupied by the agents. "For all I know," he said, "some of them might be in there."

Sebold pretended to be alarmed. "You could be right, Fritz," he said. "Tell you what—let's go in there and find out."

He made it a point to stall long enough for the G-men to hide their equipment. Then he and Duquesne went out into the hallway and knocked on the door of the office they occupied. They, of course, had been quite prepared for such a contingency as this, and Duquesne found himself in an office that looked even more genuine than Sebold's.

Over drinks later, he began to laugh about how jittery he had been. The trouble was, it was difficult to be sure when the crafty Fritz was on the level and when he was acting.

On top of the Heine and Duquesne incidents, there came this third disturbing note by way of Station AOR in Hamburg to the short-wave set that was being operated by Sebold and two F. B. I. agents in Centerport, Long Island:

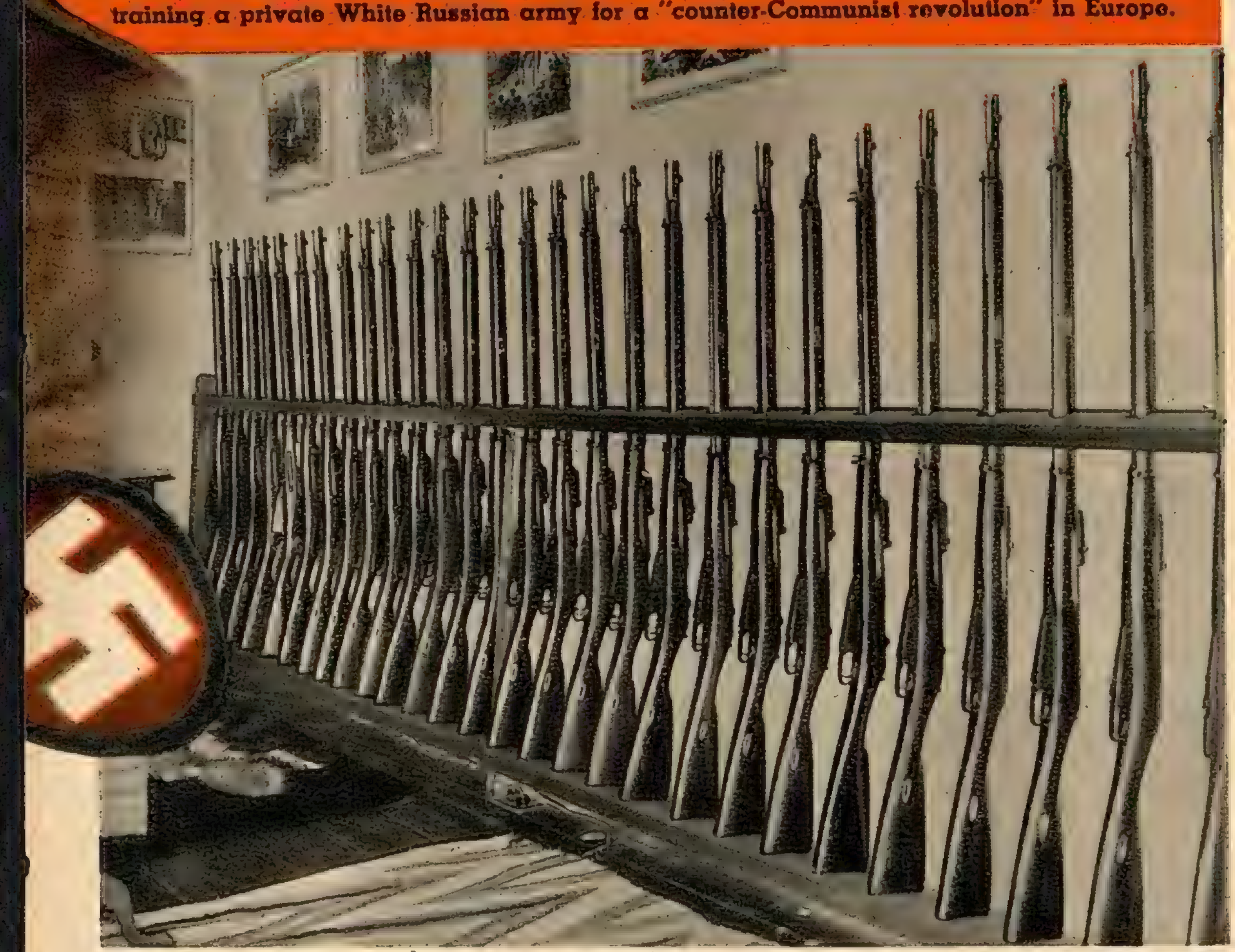
> Advise great caution. We have information that certain of you may be under surveillance.

THUS it was that J. Edgar Hoover saw plainly that the time was drawing near when he would have to move openly against the whole Duquesne spy ring.

Heine, the ex-Ford official, was looming as a figure of increasing importance. A letter he was seen to post in a corridor mail slot in the Governor Clinton was found to be addressed to the Industrial Commission of Paterson, New Jersey. A G-man was on hand there when the letter was delivered. In it Heine told the Industrial Commission that he was acting on behalf of the Ford Motor Company and was considering the establishment of an assembly plant in Paterson. He wanted information on labor conditions in the city, and he particularly wanted to know how much of the local skilled labor had been absorbed by airplane factories in the vicinity and how much more was likely to be absorbed in the same manner in the near future.

It was a skillfully contrived letter, and one that might well have gotten the Hun spy just the data he was seeking had it not been for the G-men. As appeared later, he had sent more than a score of similar letters to cham-

Below: Rifles in Vonsiatsky's arsenal at Thompson, Connecticut. He'd purported to be training a private White Russian army for a "counter-Communist revolution" in Europe.



Herman Lang, of Fritz Duquesne's spy ring, in Sebold's office. Lang promised the Gestapo a U. S. military secret—but failed to deliver.

Wilhelm Siegler in Sebold's office—hands up, just in fun. F. B. I. agents took these pictures.

bers of commerce in vital defense areas, and had received detailed replies.

Next Heine slipped down to the Glenn Martin aircraft plant in Maryland, where a relative of his by marriage was an employee. Still pretending to be a Ford executive, he was taken, before G-men could take precautions, on a thorough tour of inspection. From Maryland he went to Washington and contacted a former German army officer who was now in —no kidding!—the United States Army Air Force.

Heine was flitting about like some one possessed, and it was hard to keep up with him. Like Duquesne, he had learned many dodges by which to shake shadows off his tail, and he succeeded now and then. However, the Federals had a double check on him, for most of what he dug up found its way to Lilly Stein, and anything Lilly got went to Sebold for microfilming.

One day Sebold received a visit from a credential-laden man who introduced himself as Leo Waalen, a Yorkville house painter, and turned over an envelope with the request that Sebold make a microphotograph of the contents. "I want to get this off in a hurry," said Waalen. "The other side is waiting for it."

Some of the reports that the spies were turning in were written in German, some in English. This one was in English. Only recently we Americans, including certain quarters in official Washington, have been amazed on learning from our newspapers how quickly seacraft are built in the yards of Andrew J. Higgins in New Orleans. But more than a year ago the Nazis had inside dope on things to come from the Higgins yards. Witness this report that Waalen turned over to Sebold:

> Report of result of trial run of Motor Torpedo Boats PT-6 (70 feet), built by A. J. Higgins, New Orleans. Captain for the trial run was Lieutenant Earl Caldwell, U. S. Navy. . . .
>
> During these experimental runs there was no armament aboard whatever. As motive power the boats had three 1,500-horsepower Packard motors. The boats are of stout construction and are equipped with watertight compartments. A total of 50 experimental runs took place with one, two, and three motors. The first trial runs took place with light loads, which were then increased to the maximum load through ballast. The listening apparatus on shore indicated the propeller noises long before the boats came in sight. These trial runs were . . . considered very satisfactory. As fuel, high octane gas was used; approximately 280 gallons per hour for 450 horsepower (approximately one-half pound of fuel per horsepower per hour).

Lilly Stein, who never dreamed that her espionage was aiding the F. B. I.

> The boats will be equipped with four torpedo tubes which can be fired simultaneously and which sink to a depth of ten feet, which is twice the depth of the M. T. boats. After they are up in the water the torpedoes are supposed to line themselves up in a distance of 100 feet and to follow the previous course of the M. T. boats. A flotilla of six boats would accordingly be able to fire twenty-four torpedoes, which would give a one-half mile long wall of torpedoes. The torpedoes are supposed to be fired four to five miles from the enemy, while the M. T. boats are still hardly visible.

When Germany marched into Russia on June 21, 1941, the Hamburg radio became very insistent about a lot of things. It wanted Herman Lang, the hard-faced foreman in a most important bombsight plant, to step on the gas and deliver parts of the bombsight. Lang, who was then a respected citizen of Glendale, Long Island, was going around saying to people, "Isn't it terrible the way Hitler has betrayed Russia? He's a madman, that Hitler!"

Lang was almost a madman himself. He had been doing everything in his power, short of holding up plant officials at the point of a gun, to lay his paws on those bombsight parts. But for months now he had found himself stymied. He'd no sooner cast his dark eyes on something he wanted, and lay plans to get it, than some new employee—an absent-minded fellow—would come wandering by and walk off with it. The new employee, of course, was one of several men who had been put into the plant to watch Lang. They had ascertained that he was the only traitor in the entire establishment.

Everett Minster Roeder, the engineer and designer for another company in whose plant part of another secret bombsight was being made, had for months been about to snatch blueprints, but—like the parts that Lang coveted—those blueprints had been disappearing from under Roeder's very nose.

The Gestapo, through the Hamburg radio station, was getting quite testy. Even Duquesne was being raked over the coals. Thanks to precautions taken by the F. B. I., Fritz wasn't able to dig up information as he had been. He kept a constant flow of microfilms going to Germany. The Huns, however, were nobody's fools when it came to spotting old stuff. One radio message from Hamburg read:

> Tell Duquesne that we are not interested in information that has been published several weeks ago in the New York Times and the Herald Tribune and also carried from Washington by the Associated Press and other news-gathering services.

WHEELER-HILL and Jahnke now began to contact Station AOR in Hamburg with their short-wave set on the top floor of the apartment house on Caldwell Avenue in the Bronx. Not knowing what book the Jahnke-Wheeler-Hill code was based upon, the Federal listeners-in could not decode the messages. To play safe, Federal Communications Commission monitors started jamming the air whenever the Bronx set began to send.

It occurred to J. Edgar Hoover that the book which Scholz, the clerk in the Yorkville book shop, had taken down from a shelf and given to Wheeler-Hill and Jahnke some time before, might be the one by which these messages were coded. If Hoover could find out what book it was, he could in all probability break the code, since through William Sebold he had learned the principle of this coding system.

G-men had ascertained that the Yorkville bookshop stamped its name on flyleaves of all books sold or rented. The G-men could not lawfully enter the Caldwell Avenue apartment without a search warrant, which would have shown their hand, but they could and did ask the cleaning woman to take a look around the next time she went into the Huns' quarters. Thus they came up with the information that of several books in the apartment only one had the Yorkville shop's stamp on a flyleaf. That one was entitled, appropriately enough, Half Way to Horror.

It turned out to be the code book, all right, for when previously recorded messages from the Caldwell Avenue radio were studied in the light of a code key based upon the page of it indicated by their date, they made sense for the first time. And they revealed plenty that had for months been puzzling the investigators. For one thing, considerable information from both the Duquesne ring and the Jahnke-Wheeler-Hill ring had cleared out of the country by way of diplomatic pouches leaving the German Consulate in San Francisco, where the notorious Fritz Wiedemann had long been in charge.

Urgent stuff, the decoded messages also disclosed, had been telephoned to the German Consulate in New York, relayed from there to the Nazi Embassy in Washington, and there placed on either Western Union or Postal Telegraph cables or the RCA wireless to Europe. The British Intelligence had for a long time been intercepting the Nazi RCA wireless messages between this country and Germany, but hadn't been able to make head or tail of them, no doubt because the Embassy in Washington was using some other volume of fiction as the basis for its code—some book that there was little or no chance of identifying.

FURTHERMORE, these now decoded radio conversations between Hamburg and the Caldwell Avenue set disclosed that the spies were on the verge of coming into possession of information so vital to the security of the United States of America that practically everything that had been obtained before it would look like back-fence gossip in comparison.

Both the Duquesne ring and the Jahnke-Wheeler-Hill ring had bored so deeply from within that they might as well have had agents openly operating in lofty positions in Washington and in virtually every important arms, munitions, and airplane plant in the country. Years of baleful groundwork were now about to bear fruit, and all at once. The situation as a whole, toward the end of June, 1941, cannot be detailed further here, but it is not an overstatement to say that never in the history of espionage did a country stand to lose more than this one did then unless immediate action was taken.

All told, there were thirty-three members of the Duquesne and Jahnke-Wheeler-Hill rings. Sebold, the counterespionage man, had turned up Duquesne himself and such important cogs in the spy machinery as Heine, Lilly Stein, Richard Richenlaub, proprietor of the Little Casino Restaurant in Yorkville where the Duquesne mob hung out, and couriers like Siegler the butcher and Stigler the baker on the S.S. America. Through these couriers others had been located. Through Jahnke and Wheeler-Hill, Reuper, the mechanic in the Bendix airplane plant in New Jersey, and his co-workers had been brought into the sights.

On a hot June day the lightning struck simultaneously in many quarters. The actual arrests were far from dramatic, for the G-men don't go in for dramatics. Fritz Duquesne and thirty-two others found themselves arrested and charged with conspiracy to violate the espionage laws. They were all greatly surprised. None of them knew yet that Sebold was the man who had turned them in. That

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2. APPLY LATHER or Brushless Shaving Cream while face is wet. If lather is used, work it in well with brush or fingers

3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated above identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves

4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

disclosure would come later, at the trial, when the testimony would include dictaphone recordings and motion pictures.

On other fronts the drama was moving inexorably toward its climax. In Chicago a pretty beautician in a Loop hotel, a widow named Gerda Meland, was lonesome. Her fiancé Herbert Haupt, a young optical worker, had left her to go on a long trip. Haupt, the son of naturalized German-born parents, had been very vague about where he was going, and this had disturbed her. What she didn't know—and what G-men did know—was that he had been a close friend of Kerling, Neubauer, and Dasch, three of the men who were now known to be in training at Hitler's sabotage academy in Berlin. When G-men followed Haupt to the Mexican border and Mexican federal police took up the trail from there, the suspicion was that he was on his way to Germany and the sabotage academy. That this suspicion was well founded we shall see later.

OF prime interest to the G-men was the fact that Haupt, like several other second-generation Heinies who had been repatriated by the Nazi government, had been a close friend of Dr. Otto Willumeit, long a leader of Midwestern Bund activities. Willumeit, a cagey man of forty-odd years who bore a scar on his cheek from a youthful duel in the Fatherland, was, to the G-men, an individual whose goose was in the oven. The only question was how long it would take to cook it.

For some time now, the doc, whose Chicago headquarters were in a Nazi tavern known as the Haus Vaterland Club, had been flitting about the Midwest and the East, talking to suspects who held key posts in such places as the Aluminum Company of America plants in East St. Louis, Illinois, and in Pittsburgh, and with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Horseshoe Bend, near Altoona. It had begun to look to the G-men as though the Nazis had in Willumeit another potential Duquesne who had an organization all his own, ready to go to work the minute anything happened to one of the other big spy rings.

Treasury agents and United States Attorney Mathias F. Correa were still keeping a close watch on Werner von Clemm, the Nazi importer in New York. For more than a year now that relative by marriage of Nazi Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop had been expected to try to bring into New York, as stones from ordinary German sources, the diamonds that had actually been seized by the invading Nazis in the Low Countries. But Von had not slipped up—not yet—and now there was some doubt that he would ever try to bring in those stones. Could it be that the Nazis had assigned him to the role of a red herring?

Then one of Attorney Correa's assistants dug up right in Manhattan a German refugee who had gone into the diamond-importing business after fleeing here from the Gestapo. The refugee spilled the works. He said he had been approached by an agent of von Clemm, and instructed to be all ready to dispose of Dutch and Belgian diamonds which von Clemm was going to bring in. Moreover, he had been instructed—with an implied "or else" threat of harm to his relatives who were still in the Reich—to line up all the other refugee diamond dealers in New York and prime them to dispose of the Low Countries stones and keep their mouths shut.

With this information, it was just a question of watchful waiting.

Upon the arrest of Fritz Duquesne and the thirty-two others, Kurt Frederick Ludwig, the leader of the major spy ring still at large, got the jitters. Walter Winchell "broke" the story of the arrests in his Sunday-night radio program. Ludwig happened to be in his rooming-house in Brooklyn at the time, and immediately after Winchell's disclosure he was seen to come out and head for the home of his assistant Lucy Boehmler in Maspeth, Long Island.

Ludwig and Lucy cut back to Brooklyn and went to the home of Helen Mayer, the woman who apparently had such close contacts with workers in airplane plants. Even before Ludwig got there, Hans Pagel and Karl Mueller, the waterfront spies, had arrived there. Those two had been driving along the New York water front when Winchell had come on the air at nine o'clock. Apparently they had been listening to him on their car radio, for G-men in a car following theirs had noticed that they came to a sudden stop when Winchell broke the news. Their car had remained at a standstill until he finished telling it and went on to another topic. Then it had started with a jerk and sped to Helen Mayer's house.

Forty-eight hours later the following message from Ludwig, written in invisible ink, was intercepted:

> I know three of those who have been arrested recently. . . . They are stupid, cowardly, and lazy, just like Americans . . . without experience. . . . They must have drawn the attention of the FBI to themselves. There is great danger that they will make statements. . . . It is necessary that somebody get to them and tell them to keep quiet. . . . Maybe if you said that the Gestapo would get their relatives over there that would fix things. . . .

A LOAD was taken off the F. B. I.'s mind when, shortly after the arrest of Duquesne and his mob, Ludwig went out to the lonely cottage at Northport, Long Island, dismantled his radio, and took some parts of it to Helen Mayer's house and others to his own room. Since the Jahnke-Wheeler-Hill radio was now out of commission also, this left only the radio that was being operated by Sebold and the G-men.

Sebold was still putting on an act for Hamburg's benefit. There still remained some time before he would have to disclose the fact that he had double-crossed the Gestapo, and in that time he hoped that somehow arrangements could be made for getting his near relatives out of Germany. But Hamburg was cold to him after the thirty-three arrests. It told him to stop operating until further notice.

Dr. Paul Borchardt, the analytical genius who lent his talents to the Ludwig ring, seemed quite unnerved by the arrests. He started taking long solitary walks, and he looked worried. Ludwig had been phoning frequently to Borchardt, who got his calls at a public phone in the hallway of his roominghouse on Isham Street in Manhattan, but now the doctor was apparently afraid of getting his fingers burned by too close an association with the Brooklyn spy boss. Confirmation of this came when the following letter, written in English on a typewriter pegged as Borchardt's, was intercepted:

> My dear Robert:
>
> Well, now to my girl friend Josefa. I have slowly but certainly drawn myself away from her after I heard that the family is speaking about it and does not like to see our association. I have hardly seen her. She was away . . . and then she called me on the telephone. When she heard from my landlady that I was sick she came against my wishes to look after me. Odo also wrote me concerning this but advised me not to do anything too brusque. One is not to bathe the feelings of a young girl with cold water because she could react angrily. Another friend was much clearer and told me that I am an old gray ass and should not become involved with these young things. But she could not be scared off and called me again and again. Last week she absolutely wanted to see me and I could not refuse her. I then told her entirely openly that nothing could be said of a marriage, that I was too old, etc. She understood this quite well, gave me her new address, and disappeared. Apparently she thought, why cry when on the next corner another stands. I've already written you that the second part of your letter was not understandable. The ways of God and the censors are sometimes wonderful. Heaven knows what the censor found in it. He worked everything over so well with India ink that it was illegible.

EXPERTS discussed this letter among themselves. One of them thought "Josefa" meant Ludwig, since Joseph Kessler was a name Ludwig had used. If it did, it looked as if Dr. Borchardt was now trying to wash his hands of Ludwig.

"Who do you suppose the 'My dear Robert' is?" another expert asked.

"From what I know of Borchardt's connections in Germany," was the answer, "this letter is undoubtedly meant for Dr. Robert Ley, the Nazi big shot."

In the same batch of mail from which Borchardt's letter was plucked came this one from Ludwig:

> I have transferred the set to H.'s. They are pretty clever at locating such a thing

A motor torpedo boat (PT) of the type on which Nazi spies wrote a report in advance.

if it stays in one place too long. It would be ideal if I could get a big enough car to put it in and go around to different places and do my work from any place that I thought would be good. They could never locate me that way.

Ludwig and his associates began to settle down during July. Pagel and Mueller continued on their rounds, not realizing that they were collecting spurious information placed for their benefit on matériel crates. Private René Froehlich, Army of the United States, the spy who kept the arrival and discharge sheets at the government hospital on Governors Island, continued to supply Ludwig with the phony information that was being fed to him. Some light on the accuracy of production information from the Grumman and other aircraft plants, which had been intercepted, showed up when Ludwig, Lucy Boehmler, and Mrs. Mayer drove out to the Grumman and Brewster plants on Long Island. Mrs. Mayer was seen talking to workmen who came out to meet her.

When the workmen were questioned, it turned out that they were old friends of hers. On the level themselves, they had been dupes of the wily American-born housewife. She had said to them such things as this: "They tell me they're making a plane where you work that can go six hundred miles an hour." In contradicting such an extravagant statement, the workmen had unwittingly given her accurate information.

IN the Whitehall Building at 17 Battery Place in downtown Manhattan, where the German Embassy was located, there was an Irish-American head janitor who had, since the last war, despised everything German. He paid a visit to the F. B. I., and talked with a special agent. "I got somethin' I think will interest you people," he said. "Them Nazi ——s in the consulate have been burnin' a lot of papers in the downstairs furnace lately. They act pretty suspicious an' I think maybe there's somethin' pretty hot in the papers."

The F. B. I. couldn't legally ask the janitor to obtain private papers of that nature for it. However, if the janitor clearly understood that he was *volunteering* to obtain them, everything would be all right. So the special agent explained that G-men couldn't enter the basement of the building on Battery Place without a search warrant. "Don't worry 'bout that," said the janitor. "I know a little about the law in things like this. I would have to bring this stuff to you."

"That's right," said the agent. "But you'd have to make very certain that they wouldn't catch you at it."

The janitor had that all figured out. Attachés of the Nazi Consulate, he said, frequently came down with bundles of trash and insisted that he put it into the furnace while they looked on. "They want to make sure it burns," he said. "Well, I got a way of fixin' the draft of my furnace so only the outside of a bundle of papers will burn. Then the fire'll go out. I'll do that, and what's left I'll turn over to you. I'll give you a ring sometime, and you have a man meet me outside after it's dark, huh?"

Within twenty-four hours he turned over to the F. B. I. a batch of papers, only slightly charred on the outer edges, that had come from the German Consulate.

SOME of the stuff was in code and some of it had nothing to do with espionage. But there was a carbon copy of a letter that had come from Dr. Borchardt's typewriter.

The doctor, it developed, had figured out a way of putting certain bacteria into oil storage tanks so that an explosive gas would be formed. He had other sabotage ideas, too. The shocking truth was that all of them were chemically sound and some of them were satanically ingenious. He wanted them put into practice both in the United States, when the saboteurs came, and in countries like England. He recommended that they be mulled over, too, by his great and good friend Professor Karl Haushofer, the geopolitical expert who had helped Hitler map his invasion plans for world conquest. Borchardt and Haushofer had once been fellow instructors in a Reich military school.

Now Borchardt's stature was fully realized. He was a big man—far bigger than Ludwig—and he operated directly with the German Consulate, and through the Consulate with Berlin. This explained many phone calls that he had made from the public phone in his roominghouse. G-men planted in the place, and the landlady, had been unable to overhear a word he had said during certain talks on that phone. He had talked like a convict in a prison grapevine. Nor had the G-men been able to ascertain the number he dialed.

Late in July, Kurt Ludwig jumped into his car with a lot of baggage and lit out for Pennsylvania. G-men following him passed others coming through the Keystone State in the opposite direction. The eastbound ones were on the trail of Doc Willumeit, and the doc was tailed to Thompson, in the northern part of Connecticut, and to a fabulous estate of two hundred rolling acres. This was the abode of Count Anastase Vonsiatsky. The count, a White Russian, had been under the Federals' scrutiny for some time, for two reasons. First, he had gone bail for Fritz Kuhn when Fritzie had been slapped in the clink for disorderly conduct. Secondly, the count, never popular in Thompson, had made himself even less so by painting swastikas on turtles and turning them loose over the countryside.

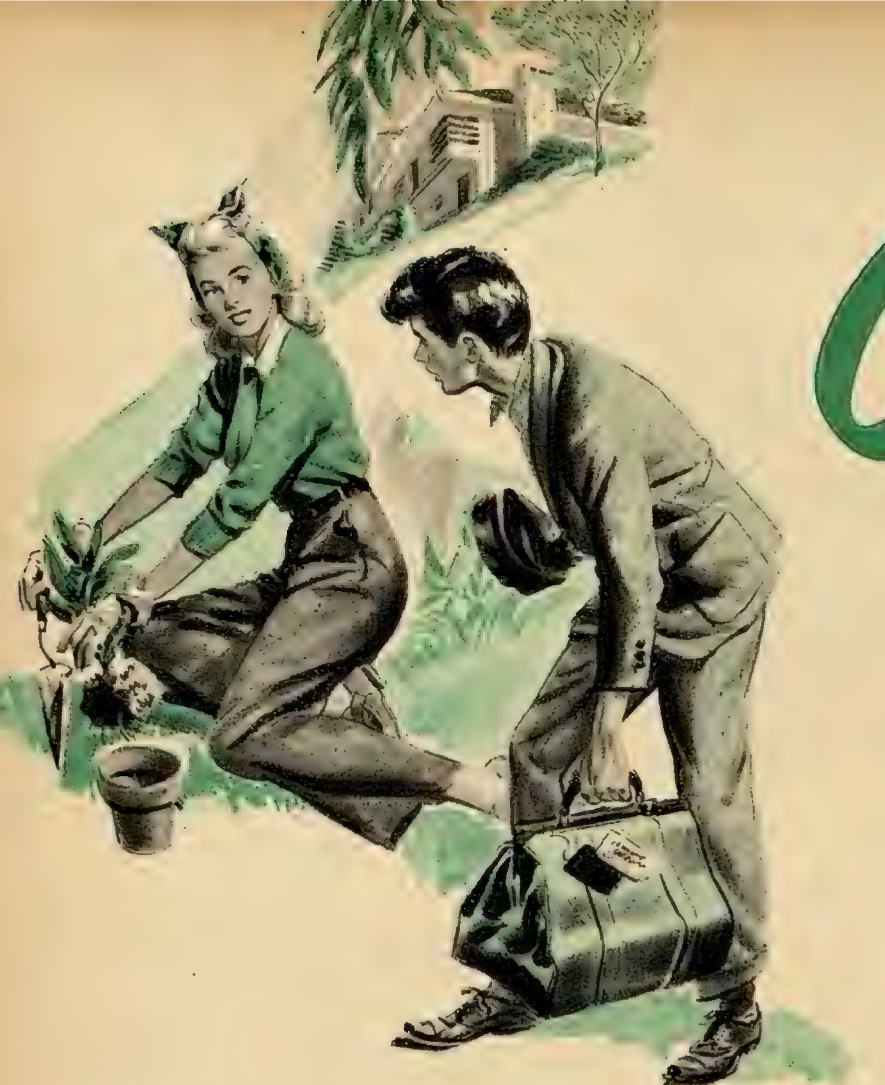
Vonsiatsky was head of the All Russian National Revolutionary Party. There were two schools of thought about him, in and out of Washington. There were those who thought him nothing but a screwball. And there were those, including J. Edgar Hoover, who took him far more seriously. He had often been seen in attendance at Bund gatherings in New York and elsewhere since Fritz Kuhn had unwittingly focused attention on him.

Following Willumeit's visit to his place, which was reported to be an armed fortress, the count made a flying trip to Texas. There he contacted an El Paso physician named Dr. Wolfgang Ebell, a shy-looking little man who had built up quite a practice in El Paso since moving there from Mexico ten years before. Dr. Ebell spoke with a decided Teutonic accent. G-men quickly learned that he crossed the border into Mexico on an average of once a week.

FROM Texas the count went to Camden, New Jersey. There he called on Gerhard Wilhelm Kunze, another big shot in the Bund. Then he crossed the Delaware River to Philadelphia and called on the Rev. Kurt Molzahn. A quick check turned up this Lutheran clergyman as a former German army officer.

Vonsiatsky was certainly far more than a mere screwball. Something big was brewing. Had there been any doubt of that, it would have been dispelled after he left Philadelphia for Washington. There he entered a building which he should have known was under the closest surveillance. The longer he stayed inside, the deeper was the suspicion that attached to him. It was more than two hours before he came out, got into his chauffeur-driven limousine, and sped away from the Japanese Embassy.

How he was trapped and Ludwig was cornered, how the F. B. I. prepared for and rounded up those eight saboteurs landed from U-boats, and what it now has to cope with—and how all of us can help!—will appear as this series is concluded next week.



ORCHIDS FROM BATAAN

His parents never understood about Tommy until his message came back from the front

BY M. O'MORAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

JEAN'S garden sloped down toward the cliff. It was a small garden set on the oak-covered hills of Sausalito. Below it San Francisco Bay was a dazzling blue, and the pounding of the waves against the rocks drowned out the creak of the gate. Jean didn't hear the gate. She sat on the ground with a trowel in her hand. Her foot was braced by a rock, and she was improvising a song to the orchid she had just planted. Jean was brown and slim and over thirty, and because she had once worked very hard in an office she found singing to an orchid a pleasant idleness. But it didn't seem actually silly until she looked up and saw the boy.

He was standing inside the gate staring at her. She could not tell how long he had been there. He seemed to be all eyes—big gray eyes under a thatch of black hair. The rest of him was bones. His wrists protruded from the too-short sleeves of his faded tight coat, and his pants were hiked up above his boot tops. He had placed a small cracked valise down beside him.

"What are you doing here?" Jean's song stopped abruptly and she narrowed her eyes at the silent uneasy intruder. "Who are you?"

"I'm Tommy," said the boy.

"Tommy? Tommy what?"

"Miss Murray, our superintendent—" The boy cringed back under the weight of his memories. "Miss Murray—"

"Miss Murray? Oh, yes, Miss Murray." Jean thrust the trowel into the ground and stood up. There were earth stains on her blue slacks and a smudge across her cheek. "Why didn't you say Miss Murray first?" The crisp tones smoothed out of her voice. "Now I know you. You're the boy from the orphanage. Of course. I was expecting you. But you were to come Wednesday, and this is only Monday."

"Should I go back again?" he asked dully.

"No, no, certainly not. You're here now. You'll have to stay. And so you're Tommy. But—" She studied him curiously. It was not just that his bones were too big for him. It was something about his face. It was as expressionless as his voice. "Well, I guess I thought you'd be a *little* boy."

"I'm sixteen. When we're sixteen we have to leave the orphanage. They have to find us a job."

"Yes, Miss Murray told me about that—and that there are no jobs. That's why she sent you here."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You're going to live with us now." Jean forced a smile, and then went on: "You're going to be our boy, Tommy. I'm Jean, and my husband is Richard. I hope you'll like us." She searched his face for an answering smile, but all she met was an empty stare. "Do you like our garden?"

Tommy glanced at the weeds and rocks that checkered the small enclosure. He pointed to the orchid she had just planted. "Is that your garden?"

"Yes, that's my garden. The rest are weeds. At least, you know weeds from plants."

"I know all about weeds," Tommy said quietly. "Everything."

"Fine." She nodded. "We can start from there. Come inside now and see our house, the house you're going to live in, Tommy."

The boy picked up his valise and followed her. She took him into the oak-floored living room with its chalk-rock walls, its French windows, and the great stone fireplace. She showed him the classic little dining room, the art kitchen, the gleaming white bathroom, and the two bedrooms. "You should have seen it when we bought it," she said conversationally, waiting for some expression of appreciation from him. "It was nothing but a shack. It's very different now."

The boy remained stolidly silent.

"This room is yours." Jean's eyes traveled softly over the ivory furniture and the bright chintzes. She had loved decorating her house. "It was a guest room, but now it's yours. What do you think of it, Tommy?"

He breathed hard and glanced around under furtive, lowered lids.

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES

Jean thought she saw the glint of moisture on his eyelashes but she was not sure. Then, avoiding Jean's probing eyes, he edged off toward the window and looked out. "I can see the weeds better from up here," he muttered.

"Is that all you see? Is there nothing else than that about the room?"

He turned around with a gulp, and switching his great gray eyes past Jean and the lovely room as one would blink away the sun, he pointed to the door.

"Your dog is coming in the door," he said.

Jean bent down and picked up her little Scottie in her arms. It served to hide her disappointment. "Our dog, Tommy," she corrected gently. "You must learn to say 'our' now."

"Our dog," said Tommy. . . .

Richard came home from his office in San Francisco on the five-fifteen ferry. When he came into the kitchen Jean was cooking at the stove, and Tommy was sitting at the kitchen table. Richard fell back. For a moment he thought he had gone crazy and that it was himself he saw sitting there. He saw his pale green slack suit, his brown suède sandals, his monogrammed linen handkerchief half out of the pocket. The only thing that wasn't his was the head. It was a bony head with shaggy black hair tufted over it.

"Lord help us!" said Richard.

Jean whipped around. "Oh, that's you, Richard. Be careful, Richard, do be careful. We're not alone now. Look. This is Tommy, our boy that Miss Murray sent us." She smiled mechanically. "Tommy, you should stand up when Richard comes in."

Tommy stood up. His big eyes fastened on Richard with a flat unblinking stare.

"Why—why—" Richard swallowed. "So this is the *little* boy—"

"Sixteen," Jean cut in quickly. "You remember she *did* say he was sixteen. And he looks taller in your clothes than he did this morning. But how lucky it is that your clothes fit him!"

"Is it?" said Richard.

"You'd think so if you'd seen him this morning when he came here. And, Richard, he's going to be wonderful in the garden. He actually knows weeds from flowers. You're going to love working in the garden, aren't you, Tommy?"

"Your potatoes are burning," said Tommy.

Jean whisked the potatoes off the flame. "Our potatoes, Tommy," she murmured weakly.

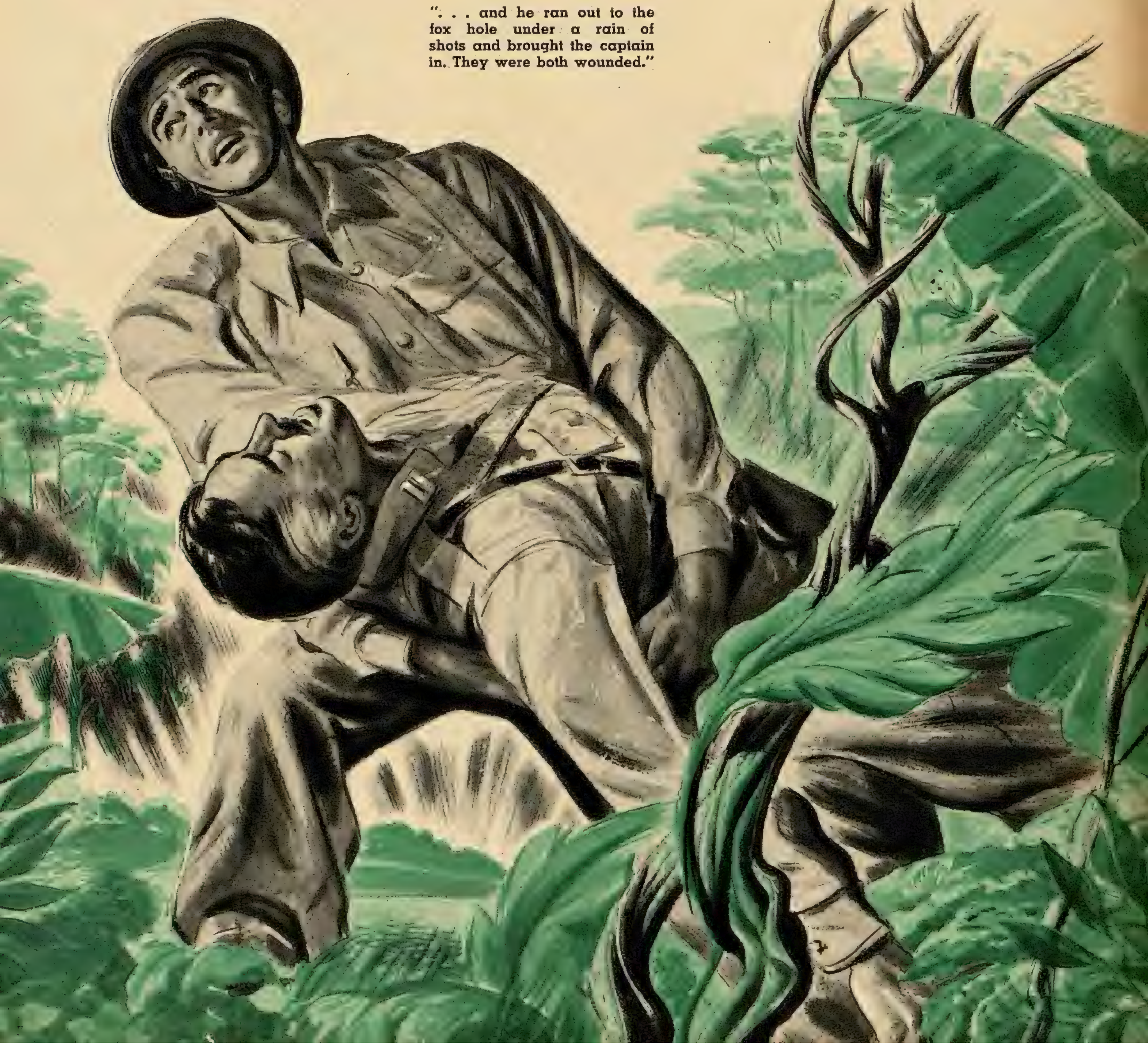
"Yes, ma'am, our potatoes," said Tommy.

THAT night, as Jean brushed out her hair, she talked to Richard. He was already in bed.

"What do you think of him?" asked Jean.

"I think we should send him back. He's not what we expected."

"No, he's not what we expected." Jean paused thoughtfully. "But it


". . . and he ran out to the fox hole under a rain of shots and brought the captain in. They were both wounded."

would be fascinating to see what we could make him into. Like the house. Remember what a wreck it was. And look at it now!"

"A boy is different from a house," explained Richard. "We know what's inside the house, but we don't know what's inside the boy."

"Well, we know what isn't inside him. Confidence. I've watched him all day. He distrusts us, and he distrusts himself. He's afraid to do anything until some one tells him to do it, and then tells him how to do it too. He's never followed out a thought of his own. It's almost terrible, Richard. A boy who's never done anything he wanted to do! Think of it. *There's* something to work on. Sixteen is very young, Richard. And just as we built oak floors and rock walls into this house, we're going to build initiative and responsibility into that boy!"

THE first of the month, when Richard's pay check came in, Jean took Tommy to the city to buy him some clothes. Tommy followed Jean up and down the aisles of the store. He stopped when she stopped, but he never lingered of his own accord.

"I want you to have the clothes you'll like to wear, Tommy," she said. "Not Richard's old clothes any more. You're going to have a whole new outfit. Look at this blue suit here. Do you like it?"

She watched Tommy's eyes. Day by day now she watched his eyes. The sullen stubbornness was slowly dying out of them. They were becoming a boy's eyes again—full of sudden changes and dancing lights. She saw them light up now. But his words were still guarded:

"I like the tie." He pointed to the bright yellow tie beside the suit.

"All right. You can have the suit and the tie too. And you can put them right on and wear them now."

Jean asked the salesman to take the boy to a fitting room, and then she sat down and waited.

Time passed, and Tommy did not come out of the fitting room. After a half hour had passed she called to the salesman:

"I think the boy is having trouble of some kind," she said. "Will you please see what is the matter?"

The salesman went into the fitting room. In a few minutes he was out again. "It was the tie," said the man. "He couldn't tie it, so he was waiting for some one to come and do it for him. I tied it for him myself."

Jean took the boy home with all his new clothes, and that afternoon, as she was watching him pull up weeds, she spoke to him about the tie. They sat on the ground together.

"Why didn't you tie it yourself, Tommy?" she said.

"I never had a tie before. I didn't know how."

"You could have done it if you'd tried. But you were afraid to try."

"Yes, I didn't know how."

"You mustn't be afraid to try things." Jean's voice was soft as the light wind riffling up the water. "Suppose you *do* do them wrong? You must try just the same. We won't get angry with you for trying. Learn by doing. Right or wrong, *do* it."

"You mean do anything I don't know how to do?"

"Yes; that's the way to learn."

"And you wouldn't care if I do them wrong?"

"Nobody is always right. You have to learn by doing things. We call doing things initiative, and initiative is a very important thing in life. It's one thing I very especially want you to have, Tommy."

The boy pushed back the shock of black hair from his forehead and looked up at her.

"Is pulling weeds initiative?"

"No, Tommy, because that's something I told you to do."

"Initiative is the things you don't tell me to do?"

"Yes, the things you think up to do yourself. Will you remember that, Tommy?"

"Yes." His gray eyes rested on the far blue sweep of the ocean. Again there was that indefinable mistiness in them that might be tears or might not. "I'll remember it all right," said Tommy. "I'll always remember it."

THE night that Tommy took the car out, Jean and Richard came home from a card party shortly after ten o'clock. They found their house dark.

"Tommy has gone to bed early," said Jean.

Richard grunted and turned on the lights. Tommy's open schoolbooks lay scattered on the table. Jean picked them up and put them away. It was just as she was going upstairs that the telephone rang. Richard answered it, and then he called Jean.

"Something has happened," he said.

Jean came running back. Richard had hung up the receiver but was still standing by the telephone.

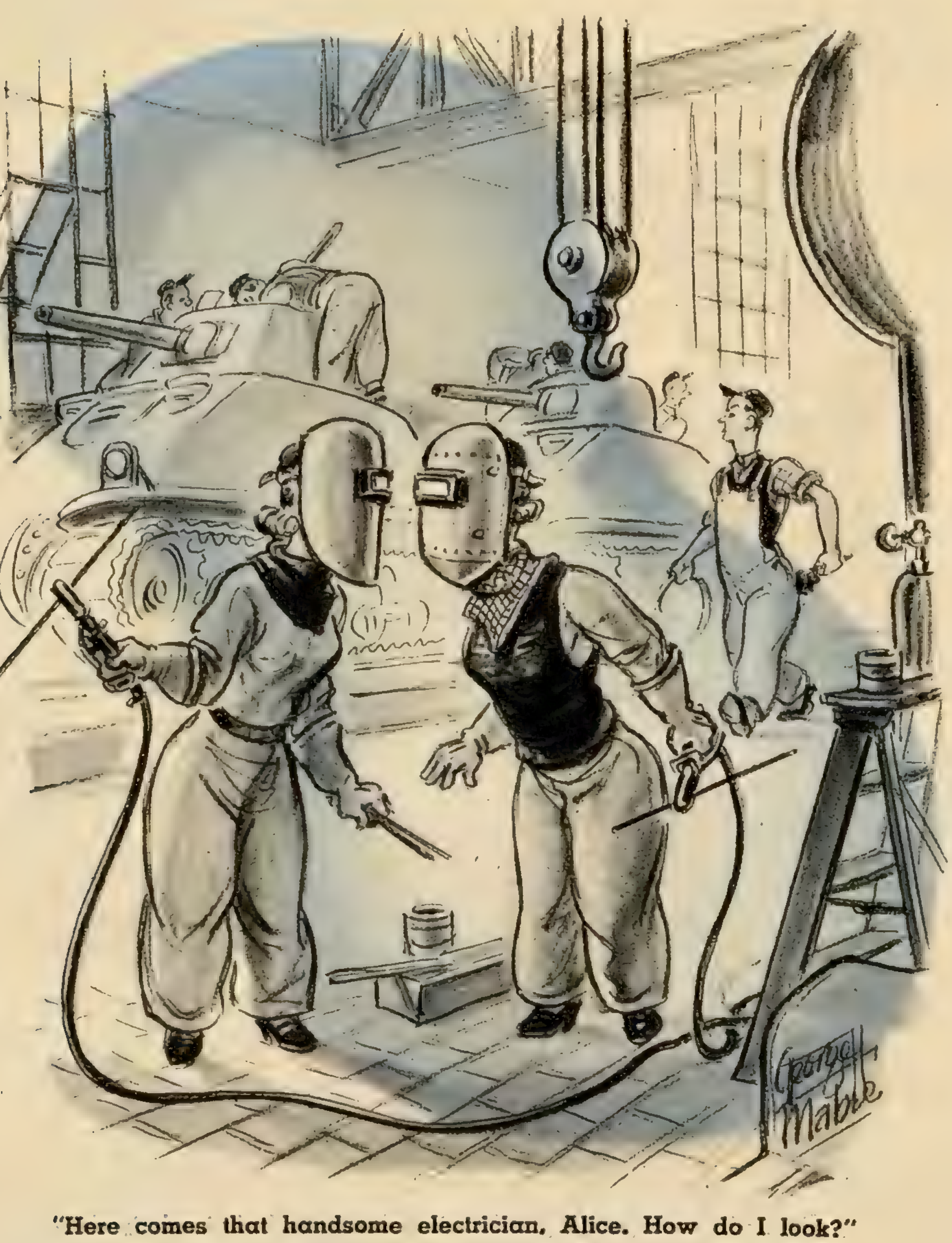
"It's Tommy," said Richard. "He's at the Ross Hospital. They want us to come over right away. He was in an automobile accident. And he's at the hospital now."

"Not our Tommy? Why, he's in bed!" cried Jean. "Go and see, Richard, see if Tommy isn't in bed."

She stood at the foot of the stairs as she waited. She thought of Tommy's big gray eyes with the new warm lights in them, of the shy, diffident smiles just beginning to quicken on Tommy's face. Her hands were clasped hard and she was holding her breath. Nothing must take Tommy away from her now—nothing, nothing.

"He's not here," called down Richard. "It's Tommy all right. We'd better get over quick. They said the car was smashed. Where are the car keys? I left them on my bureau."

"I don't know. Oh, hurry, Richard, hurry! You know how hospitals are. They say he's just hurt when he may be dying."



"Here comes that handsome electrician, Alice. How do I look?"

Richard came down the stairs two at a time. "I must have left the keys in the car."

Jean ran out with him to the garage. There they stopped short and stared at each other. The garage door was open. Richard's flashlight showed only empty space.

"Some one has taken the car," said Richard.

"You don't mean Tommy?"

"No. Tommy couldn't drive a car. Tommy didn't take it. But some one took it and took Tommy with it. That was our car that got smashed. Our car, Jean. Well, whoever did that is going to pay for it, and pay the limit."

They returned to the house and Richard rang for a taxi.

AT the hospital, Jean went in alone to see Tommy while Richard looked up the details of the accident. She found Tommy propped up on a pillow in a little white room stinging with disinfectants. His face was swathed in bandages so that only his mouth and one eye could be seen.

Jean sat down on the bed and lifted his undamaged hand. Tears welled up in her eyes.

"You're hurt, Tommy." She tried to smile.

"Sure it hurts." Tommy's voice was weak, but underneath the weakness Jean caught the ring of pride. "I hurt bad, but it was worth it. You bet. Say, it was wonderful! It was just like you said. Sometimes you do it right the first time. And I did it!"

"You did what, Tommy?"

"I drove the car. I made it go. I made it go fast. I passed everything on the road."

Jean dropped his hand and drew back from him. "*You* took the car? *You* smashed it? Oh, Tommy, *our* car?"

He pulled the hand she had dropped back again under the covers. For a minute his eyes dulled in the old way "It was the tree," he said. "It wasn't me. It was the tree growing in the middle of the road. If the tree hadn't been there I'd of gone sailing along. Say, it was easy to drive! All I had to do was do it. Just like you said. Remember? That you won't be afraid of anything if you just go ahead and do it. And I did."

Jean saw his eyes light up again. She felt a warm thrill begin to move up her spine. She knew it was going to be difficult to placate Richard, and that it would be a long time before they could buy another car, if indeed ever. But still she thrilled. I've put initiative into the boy, she thought. What if it did cost us the car!

SHORTLY after Tommy's hospital bill had been paid, and just as Richard and Jean were getting accustomed to traveling on foot, an uncle of Jean gave them a small boat with an outboard motor. It compensated in a way for the loss of the car. They went fewer places on land and more places on water now. But when Richard took Jean out on those long lovely trips around the bay into wooded coves and onto sanded beaches, there was one matter on which he remained adamant. Tommy was never to go along, Tommy was never to be allowed in the boat.

Jean tried to soften this restriction by always sending Tommy somewhere else before they went out—to a show, to a friend's house, to a hike with other boys. The boat was never mentioned when Tommy was around, and Tommy, although he must have known about these trips, never spoke of them nor asked questions. And through his forced avoidance of the subject Jean began to sense the depth of his hurt.

But one night after dinner Tommy did mention the boat. They were sitting before the fire in the living room at the time. Outside, a storm was blowing up. They could hear the wind shrilling along the beaches and rattling the shutters. Suddenly Tommy looked up from his Latin lesson with an excitement he could no longer suppress.

"That wind could smash our boat tonight. Should I go down and make sure that the rope don't bust?"

Richard laid aside his paper and scowled. "*What* boat?"

"Our boat." Tommy looked past Richard's scowl into Jean's dependable smile.

"I'll take care of our boat," said Richard. "You stick to our Latin. Where've you been hearing about boats?"

"I've been reading up on them."

"Well, read something else now."

TOMMY flushed and bent over his book again. But when Richard had gone he burst out:

"He thinks I couldn't do it!"

Jean bit the end of her pen and looked at Tommy. She measured her words carefully. "He wouldn't like you to have another accident, Tommy. You know, like the car."

"But that was a long time ago. And there aren't any trees to run into on the water," pointed out Tommy.

"No," said Jean, "there aren't. But there are other things you don't know about. Let's forget it, Tommy."

The boat didn't beach that night, and as time went on and there was no further suggestion from Tommy that he should have anything to do with the boat, Richard assumed that the boy was no longer interested in it. Then he went to the other extreme and began to think that perhaps Tommy was afraid of the water. He spoke to Jean about it one evening as she was rolling out piecrust.

"I wouldn't want him to be afraid of anything," he said.

"What is he afraid of?"

"I sometimes wonder if that accident didn't go deeper into him than we realize."

"I don't think so," said Jean.

"Sometimes people do feel those things. After all, he's only a kid, and I wouldn't want him to lose his nerve in this early stage of his life."

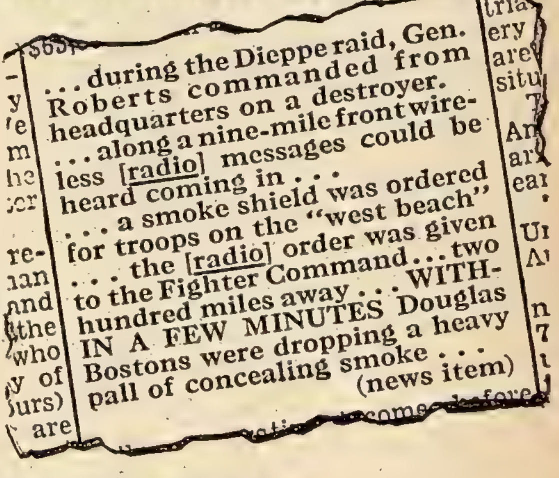
"What are you going to do?"

"Well, I thought I might take him out this coming Sunday and teach him something about boats."

1917 WAR
RUN BY
TELEPHONE

1942 WAR
RUN BY
RADIO

For Instance...



... during the Dieppe raid, Gen. Roberts commanded from headquarters on a destroyer. ... along a nine-mile front wireless [radio] messages could be heard coming in ... ... a smoke shield was ordered for troops on the "west beach" ... the [radio] order was given to the Fighter Command ... two hundred miles away ... WITHIN A FEW MINUTES Douglas Bostons were dropping a heavy pall of concealing smoke ...
(news item)

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But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

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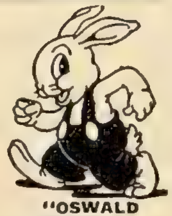

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"He'd love to go out in the boat," said Jean. "When you ask him, say 'our' boat, Richard, not 'the' boat. If we leave out the 'our' now, he notices it. He loves that 'our.'"

"O. K. Our boat."

JEAN stayed home that Sunday afternoon. She sat out in her neat little garden watching Richard's boat cross and recross by Strawberry Point, and she gathered from its movements that Richard was really teaching the boy how to control it. And when later on they both came home with wind-blown glowing faces and quick wide smiles, she knew that the tension about the boat was at last over.

"Richard is wonderful with a boat." Tommy almost shouted the words as he came inside the gate. "He knows *everything,* Jean."

"You didn't do so badly yourself, young fellow," conceded Richard generously. "It won't be long now before you'll be running it all by yourself."

"O boy!" cried Tommy.

Richard was right. It wasn't long. It was, in fact, the next afternoon that Tommy took the boat out. Richard was still at his office, and Jean was shopping in San Rafael. So Tommy went out alone and, more intent on the working of the engine than on where he was going, he got into the rough waters of Raccoon Straits. The boat filled and sank under him. A nearby fisherman picked Tommy out of the waves.

The following Sunday, as there was no longer any boat, Tommy spent his day weeding the garden, and Richard spent *his* day pacing the terrace and scowling at the water.

"What's the matter with him?" Tommy asked Jean when she came out to see how the weeding was going.

"He wanted to go out in our boat today," said Jean. "But now we haven't any boat."

"Well, we can get another one, can't we? That one was too small anyway."

"Boats cost money," Jean said.

"Sure. But he has a job."

"Unless one is very, very careful, jobs don't pay enough to cover expenses. Richard and I are careful, Tommy, but you aren't."

"Careful? But you never told me about being careful. How do you want me to be careful?"

"I want you to have the feeling of responsibility."

"Haven't I got it?"

Jean leaned over and began to pick absently at the weeds herself. "You have it, yes. Only it's not active."

"What is it? Is it something I should do? Like initiative?"

"Responsibility is taking charge of something. It is knowing what should be done and then doing it."

"But that's just initiative, isn't it?"

"No, it's more than initiative. Responsibility is bringing back the things you take out in the same condition that you found them. You were responsible for the car, and see what you did with it!"

"But why didn't you get another car?"

"We didn't have the money for it."

"Not enough money? Well, I never thought of that." Tommy grabbed at the weeds mechanically, his eyes on the island-dotted bay below them. A ferryboat was cutting along, leaving a line of creamy foam behind it. "You didn't have the money for a new car. You won't have the money for a new boat." He was silent a few minutes. Then he raised his head.

"I guess maybe I'd better get a job. I'm eighteen now. I'm not a kid any more. So I guess it's going to be up to me to get you the new car and the new boat. You bet. Look, Jean. I'll get a job tomorrow! And it's going to be a *good* job."

To emphasize his words he pulled more violently at the weeds. But when he looked down at what he was doing his mouth dropped open. He held up the broken stalks to Jean.

"It's your orchid," he stammered. "Your orchid, Jean. I've pulled up your orchid. Now I'll have to get you an orchid too."

THE next day Tommy left school to find a job. Jean watched him stalking along beside Richard down the wide sweep of oak-shaded concrete that led to the ferry. Her eyes were deep and thoughtful. We'll have to send him to college, she decided. I've gone as far as I can with him. Let the college now take hold. But I must wait until this job fever is over.

Tommy now began to leave the house with Richard every morning. But he always returned alone and always very much earlier than Richard, bewildered and dejected.

One night he was particularly low in spirit. Jean was in the kitchen, peeling potatoes. Tommy, remembering the lessons on initiative, took the bowl of potatoes and the paring knife from her and sat down at the table. He peeled a couple of potatoes before he spoke.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked. "Why don't they give me a job?"

"There's nothing the matter with you." Jean began to wash the lettuce. "The matter is, there are more men than there are jobs. You should go back to school again, Tommy," she said casually, "until something comes along."

"But I don't want to go back to school. I want a job."

Tommy turned back to the potatoes and finished peeling them. Then he stepped over to the window with his back to her. The sun was dipping down into the ocean with a glory that blended the far distances into a mass of gold. Jean looked at his averted head.

"What are you thinking about, Tommy?" she said at last.

He wheeled around and faced her. "I'm not going back to school. I'm going to be a soldier."

"A soldier!" gasped Jean. "Tommy, are you crazy? Indeed you are *not* going to be a soldier." She lighted the stove and put the potatoes on. "Get that out of your head right now. Look.

Richard and I are sending you through college," she brought out triumphantly. "You hear that, Tommy? College!"

"I'm going to be a soldier."

Jean shivered. She saw the old sullen glaze close down over his eyes, and she knew that he wasn't going to college. But still she insisted.

"Tommy, you're going to college. Don't be so stupid. Going to be a soldier! And I thought you were going to study and learn and make me proud of you!"

"Proud of me," repeated Tommy slowly. "You mean like you're proud of the house."

"Yes, like the house." Jean's eyes appraised the soft blues and greens of her kitchen, the glittering nickel and snowy enamel. "Everything I put into the house was worth while. And I'm going to see that you are worth while too."

Tommy's eyes remained bleak and stony. "You know about houses," he said, "but you don't know about me so good. I can hold my fork right now, and talk the right words. But there's something more than that to know. Something more—and it's not here."

"Of course. And that's why you're going to college," said Jean brightly. "Because there *is* something more. You'll find it in college." Jean stepped up to him and put her hands on his shoulders. "Surely you remember something of the hours I've talked with you?"

"I remember everything you say. I remember it all. That's why I'm going to be a soldier."

"Tommy, Tommy, how can you say such a thing?" She dropped her arms away from him and went back to the stove. "Oh, blind, blind! I've not changed you at all. You're just what you were when we took you. I could talk and talk to you until the breath was talked out of my body and you wouldn't understand. You're one disappointment after another. Our boy—a soldier! Our boat—our car—" Jean choked over her words.

Tommy stared at her. Her head was bent and her tears were dropping down on the hot stove and sputtering there.

"And your orchid," said Tommy.

JEAN had Richard take her to a show after dinner.

"Do you think we should leave the boy alone?" asked Richard. He hesitated to close the gate.

"All he can do now is to burn down the house," said Jean bitterly. "And as it's a rock house it won't burn. Yes, I think we can leave him alone now. He wants to go his own way. All right, let him. I'm done, finished, through."

"Until tomorrow," said Richard. "And then you'll start all over again. And why not? What's that about a boy's will being the wind's will? Today he'll be a soldier. Tomorrow he'll be something else. But underneath it all the one thing he really wants is to prove his worth to you. He's ready to do anything for that. It's written all over him."

"Is it?" said Jean. "Why, then he'll go to college, won't he?"

"Of course he will."

Jean rubbed her head against Richard's arm. "I wonder," she said.

Jean found her answer the following morning when she went down to the kitchen to get breakfast ready. A note was lying unfolded on the kitchen table. She stared at it for a long moment before she picked it up. It was written in Tommy's scratchy scrawl:

> I'm shoving off. Like I said. I'm going to be a soldier.
>
> TOMMY.

JEAN and Richard waited for Tommy to come back again, but weeks and months passed and there was no word whatever from him. Jean put his books away, folded away his clothes, and kept his room ready for him. That was all she could do about it.

Nearly a year after Tommy had left them Pearl Harbor was attacked and the country was plunged into war. Together with the other women in the neighborhood, Jean rushed into war work. She was trying to forget about Tommy with lectures and meetings and Red Cross activities.

But one morning she took time out to weed the garden. She was standing with the trowel in her hand deliberating where to begin, when the postman came by and handed her a rather large box and a letter and went on.

The letter was in an official envelope from Washington. In her Red Cross work she had already received a number like it. The box had government seals on it. She broke the seals and undid the fastenings. Inside was a red flowerpot full of orchid plants smothered down in damp moss.

Orchids. Where could they have come from? Jean stared at them intently, and as she stared she remembered Tommy's saying to her, "Now I must get you an orchid too." But if these were from Tommy, why the government seal? What would the government have to do with it? Her fingers fumbled at the letter she had not yet read.

It was not a long letter, and although official it was written in a friendly, personal tone:

> It was shortly before Bataan fell . . . nobody knew he was going to do it. . . . He said, "It's our captain and I'm going to bring him back," and he ran out to the fox hole under a rain of shot. . . . He brought the captain in. They were both wounded. The captain lived but the boy died. . . . He wanted us to let you know he had remembered about responsibility, and he asked us to send you these orchids because they grow so much better in the Philippines. We are sending his medal later . . .

Jean put the letter down. Her eyes went past her garden out to the misty blue ocean. Six thousand miles between Sausalito and Bataan. She bent her head. Then her arms went slowly around the box and her tears fell thick and heavy over the orchids.

THE END

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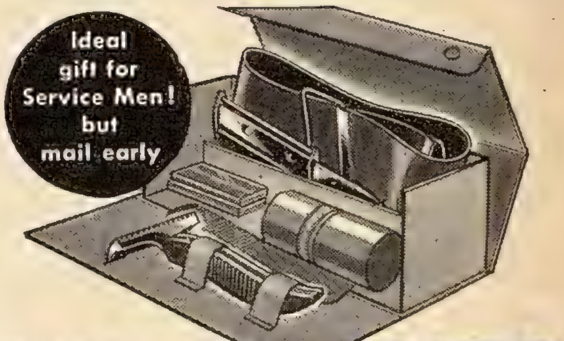

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Who was to determine the score? The audience in the studio, whose response is recorded on a "laugh meter," a machine which measures in decibels, or sound units, ranging from 1 to 1,000, the volume of laughter produced by each joke.

Fair enough. And the three professional tellers of funny stories proved themselves outstandingly successful in meeting the test of wits, which calls for a supernimble mind, a well stored memory, and a taste and judgment that won't offend the many sensitivities of race, color, or religion in an air audience of mixed millions. The three men are proud of the fact that in two years of broadcasting there has not been one complaint of hurt feelings.

"Our slogan is, 'When in doubt leave out,'" said Harry Hershfield.

"This is how I came to hit on the idea for our program," explained "Senator" Ford. "Simple enough. Everybody has a pet joke to tell, and takes every opportunity to tell it, and who doesn't enjoy a good one?"

"And there isn't any such thing as an old joke," added Harry Hershfield. "There are always new ears coming up to hear 'em, and they are often new to many seasoned ears that haven't happened to hear 'em."

"And some of the oldest are the funniest," contributed Joe Laurie, Jr. "We had one on our program that dated from 1826, and it brought the highest mark on our laugh meter."

A flood of jokes overwhelms them weekly from the public. The mail for Can You Top This? reached an all-time high for one station with 84,000 letters in one week. A staff combs the submitted jokes over, choosing those that they think have the best chance of stumping the experts. Sometimes as many as a thousand of the same jokes are in a week's mailbag. This is usually traced to a bit of syndicated current humor that has caught the popular fancy. Not infrequently the jokes that the experts have already told on the air come back to them for a chance at the money!

Listeners whose jokes are selected to be read over the air by Peter Donald—their spokesman on Can You Top This?—are sure of five dollars for their entry. But if it isn't topped by the three professional wits they are due for eleven dollars. That is, the opening stake is eleven dollars for each broadcast joke, with two dollars off for each "topper" from the three professionals according to the laugh-meter figures.

Three better equipped men for the duel of jokes would be hard to bring together than Messrs. Ford, Hershfield, and Laurie. Both "Senator" Ford and Joe Laurie, Jr., were in vaudeville for years with monologue acts, while Harry Hershfield is a cartoonist and columnist. All are popular after-dinner speakers.

Here are some of the jokes that hit the highest marks on the "laugh meter." Can *you* top them?

CAN YOU TOP THE TOPPERS?

Try to beat the professional funsters. If you have a joke that you think is better than any we've selected from the Can You Top This? program, send it to Liberty, 205 East 42d Street, New York. Five dollars ($5) will be paid for each one accepted and printed.

A CUSTOMER in a milliner's shop, after trying on many hats and selecting one, said to her husband: "Come, John, we are ready to go."

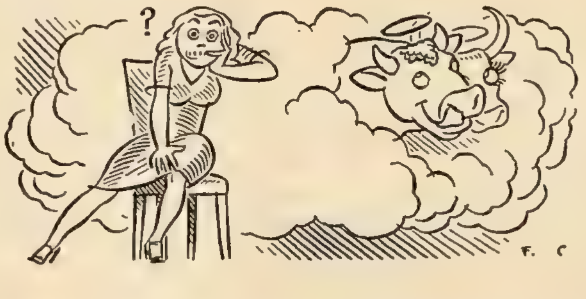
The milliner caught them on the way out. "Pardon, madam, here's the hat you bought—that's the box you're wearing."

ONE of those real golf nuts who was never at home walked into the club locker room one morning and said, "Gentlemen, my wife says that if I don't quit golf she'll leave me. And, boy, will I miss her!"

GHOST of woman's husband comes to visit her. They both believed in reincarnation. She asks him how he is doing. "It's wonderful! The place is full of beautiful pink cows and lovely blue cows," he says.

"I didn't know they had cows in heaven," says the wife.

"But I'm not in heaven," comes the answer. "I'm reincarnated as a bull in Montana."



TWO thieves were pilfering a hotel room when there was a loud knock at the door. "Open up!" shouted a voice. "It's the police!"

"What'll we do now?" whispered the first thief.

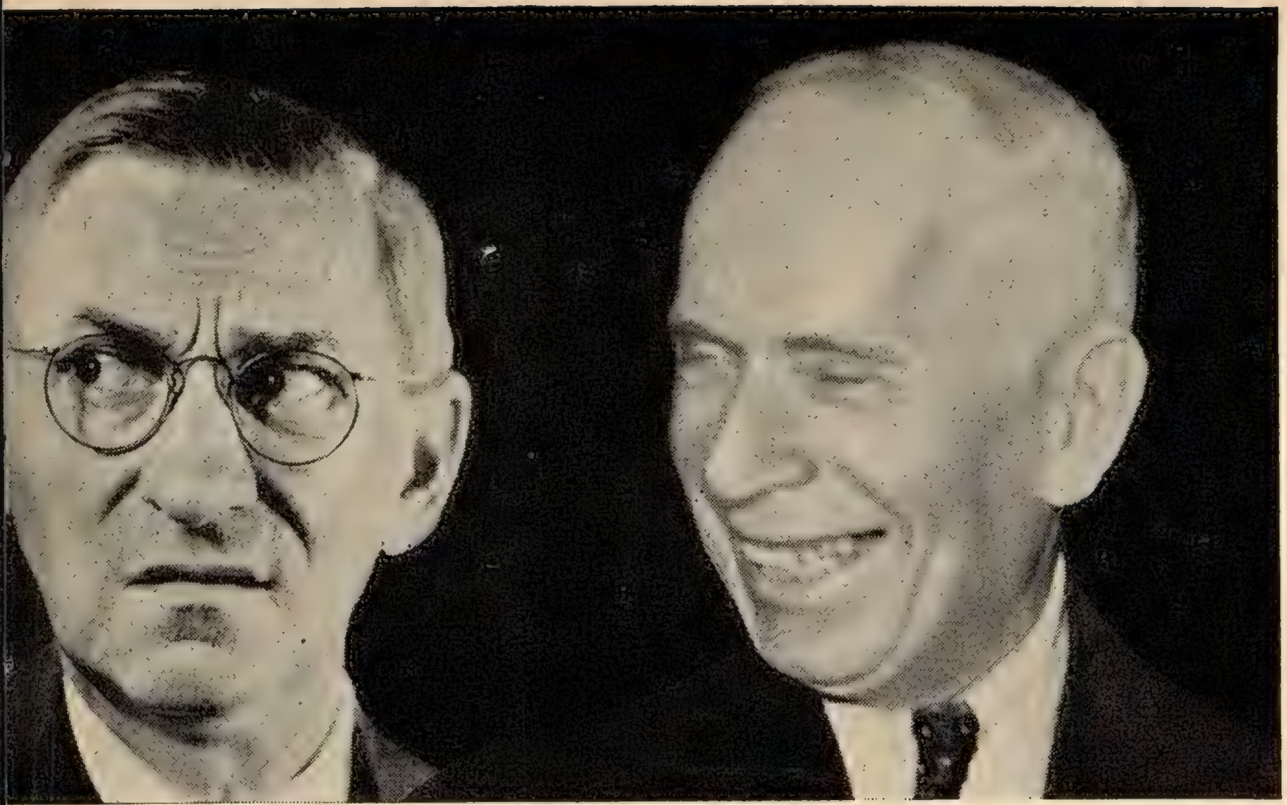
"Let's jump out the window," answered the second.

"But we're on the thirteenth floor!"

"Listen, pal, this is no time to be superstitious."

A COLORED rookie was going down his company street when he encountered a brisk second lieutenant.

"Mawnin', boss," drawled the darky.



Wits of the air waves: From left, Joe Laurie, Jr., "Senator" Ed Ford, Harry Hershfield.

The outraged officer launched a stinging lecture on military courtesy, with special emphasis on saluting.

"Lawdamighty, boss," drawled the colored boy, "ef I'd 'a' knowed you was gonna carry on like that, I wouldn' of spoke to you a-*tall!*"

A NEW arrival in a small town went to the bank to deposit $100,000. The banker thought that it would be a good idea to invite him to a Chamber of Commerce dinner and show his fellow townsmen a fine example of a successful man. At the dinner the newcomer offered the following explanation of his success.

"To begin with," he said, "I've always worked hard. When I first got married my wife stayed in the store with me from nine in the morning till nine at night. When my competitor took a half hour for lunch, I took fifteen minutes. When my children came home from school, I would make them work in the store. Besides, my uncle died and left me $100,000."

TWO K. P.s in a company famed for obedience to officers and general military snap were carrying a steaming kettle from the kitchen when they were stopped by a colonel.

"Get me a ladle," he commanded.

The privates complied, and the colonel dipped into the steaming kettle—then quickly spat out what he had tasted.

"Do you call that soup?" he roared.

"No, sir," replied one of the K. P.s. "We call that dish water."

TWO hillbillies who had never before been on a train were intrigued by the bananas which the news butcher offered for sale.

"What are them things?" one of them asked.

"Bananas," answered the news butcher.

"What're they for?"

"To eat."

"We'll each take one."

One hillbilly devoured his banana immediately. The other examined his carefully.

At that moment the train plunged into a tunnel.

"You et that thing yit?" cried the first hillbilly.

"Nope."

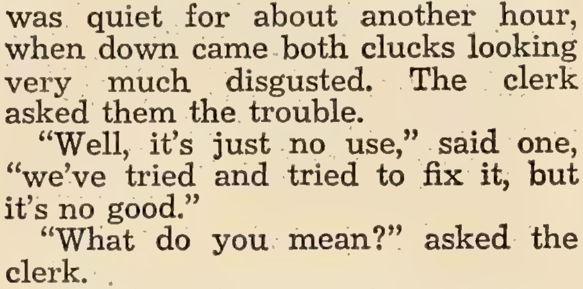
"Well, don't. I jest et mine, and durned if I ain't stone-blind!"

TWO goofs went to a hotel for the night. It was cold and the two half-wits retired early. About twelve o'clock one guy came down and asked the clerk for a pair of scissors. Later the other gump came down and asked for a needle and thread. Everything was quiet for about another hour, when down came both clucks looking very much disgusted. The clerk asked them the trouble.

"Well, it's just no use," said one, "we've tried and tried to fix it, but it's no good."

"What do you mean?" asked the clerk.

"The quilt was too short to cover our feet," explained the other, "so we cut off the top and sewed it on the bottom; but it's no use—now it won't cover our heads."



A MAN was brought before a justice on the charge of stealing There were no witnesses, but appearances were against him. The following dialogue took place:

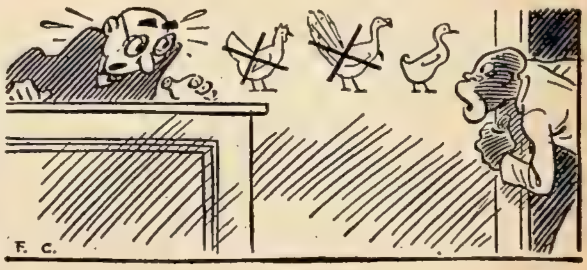
"You have stolen no chicken?"

"No, sah."

"Any turkeys?"

"No, sah."

The man was discharged. As he stepped out of the dock, he stopped before the justice and said, with a broad grin, "Fo' de Lawd, squire, if yo' said ducks yo'd 'a' had me."



A MAN sat down in a restaurant to order his breakfast, giving explicit instructions to the waitress.

"To begin with," he said, "bring me some warm orange juice."

The waitress protested: "*Warm* orange—"

The man held up his hand. "No argument," he said. "After that I want some burnt toast—burn it good! Then some eggs, fried hard as leather, some limp greasy bacon, and a cup of cold weak coffee."

"Yes, sir," replied the astonished waitress, and disappeared into the kitchen. Presently she reappeared and placed before the man exactly what he had ordered—warm orange juice, overfried eggs, burnt toast, watery coffee.

"Ah, that's splendid," said the man, rubbing his hands. "Now sit down and nag me—I'm homesick!"

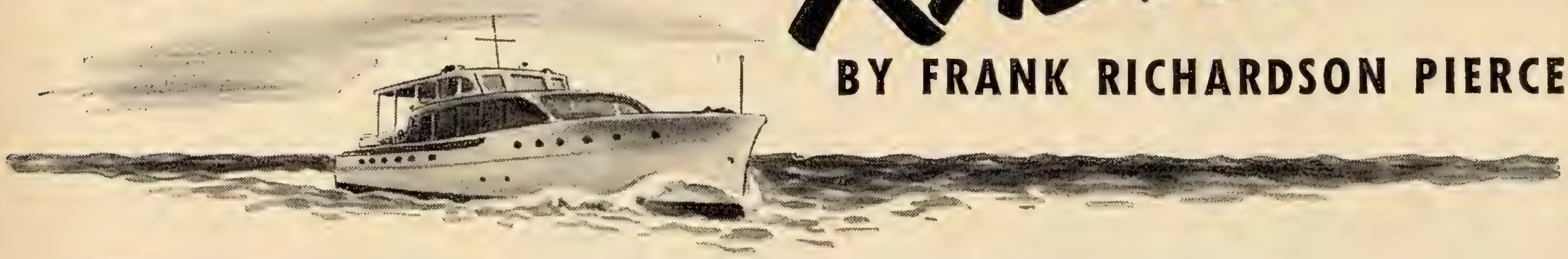
AT about the same time that Mr. Dugan was boarding a train in New York to go to Chicago, his friend Mr. Murphy was boarding a train in Chicago to go to New York. Neither knew of the other's journey.

It so happened that there was an hour's stopover about midway between the two cities. The passengers of each train got out—and Mr. Dugan ran smack into Mr. Murphy. Rejoicing over the meeting, Mr. Dugan invited Mr. Murphy into his compartment for a "snifter." The snifter ran into several snifters and the hour passed quickly. The train pulled out.

As the train was rolling along over the countryside, Mr. Murphy stared out of the window and said dreamily, "Ah, Dugan, I'm tellin' you, 'tis a wonderful age we live in. Here we are, you goin' to Chicago and me goin' to New York—and both of us ridin' on the same train!"

THE END

"TURN OFF THAT RADIO!"



BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

LIBERTY'S *SHORT SHORT*

JUDY TURNER tuned in on the station over which another dramatic episode of Resolute Wife would soon come in. Judy felt she had much in common with Ellen Raine (Resolute Wife). Ellen wanted to join the WAAC, and her husband, Horace, who could be resolute as hell on occasion, was objecting. Judy wanted to drive an ambulance, and her husband, Joe, was objecting.

"You're the swellest wife in the world," Joe had told her. "Neat housekeeper, watch the dollars, smart dresser, and you put up with me. Keep right on with your Red Cross work, but forget this ambulance business. You aren't the type. You haven't been trained to think fast when the chips are down."

To that Judy had answered, "But, darling, *no one* really *knows* what they will do until faced with a crisis. I am sure you would acquit yourself with credit, and I do feel, Joe, you should regard me in the same light."

"You pirated that line from Resolute Wife," he growled. "And you should remember this: Ellen Raine doesn't do the hair-trigger thinking in a crisis—it's some poor guy humped over a typewriter, and he spends plenty of time on the script. These soap operas make the nation's wives restless."

"But they don't, Joe. They give us vision to solve our problems, and we're better wives for it."

She let it go at that, because Joe was in a touchy mood. They were taking a week-end trip in their cruiser, the Tyee. It would be the last, because the Coast Guard was taking her for patrol work. The ignition had quit and they had anchored in this cove. Now Joe was studying a book on ignition and trying to make repairs.

Judy huddled near, ready to hold the torch when he needed it. The portable radio was shoved in an out-of-the-way place. Just as Joe was trying to make sense out of a bewildering array of words, Resolute Wife came in.

"Turn off that damned radio!" Joe yelled.

Judy obeyed. "Let us not have a sordid scene," she suggested, pirating another of Ellen Raine's favorite lines.

"I'm nuts trying to figure this out," Joe explained, apology in his voice, "and I can't stand Phony Wife."

"Resolute, darling." She listened. "Isn't some one on deck?"

Joe started up the engine-room ladder. Then suddenly there was a sickening thud, and he tumbled back. A man, gun in hand, dropped lightly down the hatch and warned, "Don't scream. He isn't hurt!"

Well, here it was—a situation only Resolute Wife could meet — and Judy felt mentally numb, physically paralyzed. "What do you want?" she asked inadequately.

The answer was brief. His name was Stusser, a man on deck was Kraft. They were German submarine officers. They had spent thirty hours hiding in the woods, waiting for a chance to board the Tyee. The heavy fog coming off the ocean played into their hands. They were trying to rejoin their submarine. Judy guessed the remainder. They had been set ashore to check on convoys. Probably the F. B. I. had smashed their usual source of information and that the beach patrol had prevented their meeting the sub's small boat at the appointed place.

"Put us ashore," she said, "so I can do something for my husband."

"Sorry. You are known to the Coast Guard patrols. You may be needed to get us through," Stusser said.

Kraft came down, gazed briefly at the scattered engine parts, shot a contemptuous glance at the unconscious Joe, then set to work. Judy was permitted to make Joe comfortable.

Judy knew about the convoy gathering in the harbor—freighters, tankers, ammunition ships, and great liners jammed with troops. Resolute Wife would have found ways to blow up the submarine just as Stusser and Kraft were boarding it. But Judy couldn't think of a thing.

Kraft knew his business, and an hour later the Tyee was under way.

"I've made up my mind," Judy told the two men. "You'll sink the Tyee and drown Joe and me as soon as you're through with us. I'm going to let you handle the first patrol boat that comes along."

"You have a German officer's word no harm will come if you do as you are told," Stusser said.

"But I've heard the word of a German officer—"

"British propaganda!" Stusser roared.

Now, thought Judy, *if he'll just prove that, and I can reach a telephone fast enough, the patrols can sink the sub.*

Kraft brought a bag to the deck and set up a radio transmission and receiving set. Within a few minutes he spoke briefly to Stusser, who stopped. Fifteen minutes later the submarine came out of the fog and sent a rubber boat to the Tyee.

Kraft yanked out the cruiser's radio-detection equipment and tossed it overboard. The compass followed. Judy thought, *So that's the trick! And if I start out in this fog I may head for Europe or the North Pole.*

She headed into the fog full speed the instant the pair stepped aboard the sub. They might change their minds and machine-gun the cruiser. She hurried down to Joe. "Darling!" She tried to pierce his unconsciousness. "How *am* I going to find the beach?"

Joe didn't answer, but after a while he stirred and muttered, "Turn off that damned radio!" She thought, *Oh dear, even in his delirium.* Then she exclaimed, "My radio! I'll bet they destroyed that, too."

She hurried to the engine room. There it was, out of the way, where she had shoved it to avoid a *sordid scene.* She took it to the wheelhouse with her. It was time for Martha's Fourth Son, a program in which Martha was always two jumps ahead of her hell-raising son.

While Martha struggled with her problem child the Tyee yawed back and forth, leaving a snakelike wake. The announcer was half through the build-up of tomorrow's episode when the beach leaped out of the fog. The Tyee struck. Judy leaped overboard and ran up the beach to a cottage.

A minute later she had the Coast Guard station on the telephone.

THE doctor told Judy she could tell Joe all about it.

"But how'd you find the beach through that fog?" he asked.

"Whenever we anchored and the tide turned the cruiser this way and that, I always had to turn the portable to get the best reception," she answered. "And so I just brought the portable to the wheelhouse, figured out the direction of the land, kept reception at its best, and, though I zigzagged a lot, I—hit the beach."

A proud smile spread over Joe's face. "What's Resolute Wife got that you haven't got? Why, she isn't even going to drive an ambulance for the Red Cross!" Joe said proudly.

THE END

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Maria Kramer, housekeeper extraordinary, runs six hotels and won her husband by showing she was a good business woman

MARIA KRAMER is a lady with a genius for getting almost any one to do almost anything for her at a minute's notice. She runs six large hotels, including the Roosevelt in Washington and the Lincoln in New York. Multiply *your* household problems about a million times and you will see what she has to keep her busy. Faced once by an abrupt laundry crisis, within an hour she actually borrowed hundreds of sheets and pillowcases from rival hotels. Could *you* borrow from neighbors to that extent? In another emergency she put a huge roomful of dressed-up banquet guests to work clearing glasses and bottles off tables to comply with Washington's liquor curfew. Her ability to let everybody help, and have them enjoy doing it, makes Maria Kramer an executive hostess of the highest order. She says, "I consider my hotel business a wholesale homemaking job as well as a housekeeping job." That's what every good hostess aims at—making her guests feel at home—which no doubt is the secret of Mrs. Kramer's extraordinary success. . . . But a strong mind for finance entered into it, too. Before marriage she operated a fashion-import firm located in a building that her husband—then a stranger to her—wanted to buy. She upped her price $25,000 a day until he said, "Let's go into partnership. You are a business woman after my own heart. Let's get married." So they got married and started acquiring hotels for Maria to manage.

ATE pre-Thanksgiving turkey *chez* Christine Greenlee with Sir Ian Fraser, M. P., British Broadcasting governor, blinded in the last war. He votes "no" on our cranberry sauce. Lady Fraser loves it and our modified wedge heels. Her nickname is Chips, because she comes from Chipping Norton — quaint English place name. She and Sir Ian both wish England would take up our air conditioning and corn muffins.

POPULAR in South America, this *Brazilian Turkey Ring* offers a tasty and economical way in which to finish your Thanksgiving bird: . . . Mix 1 cup cooked rice with 1½ cups dry-kernel canned corn, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon bread crumbs, 1 cup milk. Bake about 40 minutes in a ring mold. Now make walnut-sized meat balls of 2 cups cold cooked turkey finely chopped and combined with 1 tablespoon chili sauce, ½ cup bread crumbs, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon cream. Brown well in butter. Dress the turkey meat balls with a thick tomato sauce spiced with bay leaf and chopped olives. Serve hot in the rice-and-corn ring.

TRUE detective story with a plot created by the craziest shopping mix-up I've ever heard of: . . . At a swell Fifth Avenue store a rich lady bought a big stock of expensive linens to give away as wedding presents because so many of the girls she knows are getting married all of a sudden to soldiers or sailors. The linens were delivered by mistake to the house next door, where nobody was home but the maid, who sent them to a charity thrift shop, because *her* lady often donates bargain purchases to be disposed of there. In small lots the expensive linens were sold quickly to almost a hundred different women customers. Advised of its delivery error, the Fifth Avenue store hired a detective agency to trace the lost linens. A dozen detectives went to work in the neighborhood of the thrift shop—and every piece was recovered. Not one woman refused to hand the linen back for the bargain price she had paid.

"YOU can save furniture money," so my upholsterer tells brides-to-be, "by watching how your fiancé sits down. If he throws himself into chairs, as many men do, you had better not have delicate period pieces or antiques around your newlyweds' nest. Most of the crippled furniture sent to be fixed consists of chairs that young husbands dive at as though they were playing football."

THERE is a lot of valuable information for wives of service men in Ethel Gorham's new handbook, So Your Husband's Gone to War! (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. Costs $2.)

ARE women good judges of other women's looks? At a recent dinner party we talked about Clare Boothe, brilliant playwright-politician. We wondered how her prettiness had affected feminine votes. "Wouldn't make any difference to me," declared one lady. "I never know whether another woman is pretty or not. I don't think women can tell." Up spoke the mother of the lady who had said this. "Well, I can tell," the mother asserted. "I know a pretty woman when I see one, and I believe most women do." . . . We sidetracked the subject before it turned into an argument, but it remains an interesting question. . . . Do *you* consider yourself a competent judge of other women's looks?

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

TELETYPE TIPS

Advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives

WASHINGTON IS REACHING THE SHAKING-DOWN STAGE OF ITS WAR MACHINE BUILDING PROGRAM. WHOLESALE DISCHARGES OF EXTRA WORKERS, REDEFINITION OF RESPONSIBILITIES AMONG AGENCIES AND BUREAUS ARE ALL "IN THE WORKS." RESULT WILL BE MORE EFFICIENCY AND ELIMINATION OF RED TAPE. TREND IS ALSO IN DIRECTION RELEASING YOUNGER EMPLOYEES FOR MILITARY SERVICE AND FACTORY WORK. CONGRESS IS GUNNING FOR WAR DEPARTMENT WHOSE CIVILIAN EMPLOYEE ROLES HAVE REACHED ALLEGEDLY FANTASTIC HEIGHTS.

IF YOUR OLD RAZOR SHOWS SIGNS OF FADING, BUY A NEW ONE AS SOON AS YOU CAN. GOVERNMENT WILL HALT ALL RAZOR SALES WITHIN NEXT FEW MONTHS, INCLUDING STRAIGHT RAZOR PRODUCTION, TO SAVE CRITICAL MATERIALS.

BEST INDICATION NOW IS THAT TAX BILL FOR 1944 WILL BE ABOUT 20 TO 30 PER CENT STIFFER IN ALL LOWER BRACKETS THAN IN LEGISLATION JUST PASSED. CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS AND TREASURY ARE CONVINCED CURRENT TAX BILL IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF LONG SIEGE OF BURDENSOME TAXATION WHICH WILL STRETCH FAR INTO POSTWAR PERIOD.

UNLESS FOOD RATIONING COMES SWIFTLY, WHOLE SERIES OF COMMODITY CRISES ARE DUE. GOOD WEATHER WILL MEAN AMPLE SUPPLIES OF GRAPEFRUITS, LEMONS, ORANGES, AND FRESH FRUIT OF MOST KINDS. GOOD GRAIN PRODUCTION MEANS YOU WILL HAVE AMPLE CEREALS.

FOOD SHIPMENTS TO OUR ALLIES ARE FAR AHEAD OF ARMS DELIVERIES. AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT REPORTED DOING BEST JOB OF LEND-LEASE AID.

GOVERNMENT NOW ATTEMPTING TO SALVAGE SMALL BUSINESS MAN FROM MESS CAUSED BY SHORTAGE OF CONSUMERS' GOODS. NEW CONTROLS TO AID SMALL SELLERS INCLUDE STRICT CONTROL OF NEW VENTURES, INCLUDING POSSIBLE LICENSING OF NEW VENTURES BY LOCAL PRICE-REGULATION BOARDS. PLANS ARE FOLLOWING SUCCESSFUL BRITISH MOVES TO SAVE SMALL BUSINESS.

NEW TUBE MADE OF PAPER HAS BEEN APPROVED FOR MASS PRODUCTION TO SAVE STRATEGIC METALS. WILL NOT HOLD ALL GREASE-BASED PRODUCTS, BUT WILL PROBABLY HOLD SHAVING CREAM AND OTHER SIMILAR PRODUCTS, INCLUDING PRESCRIPTIONS AND SALVES.

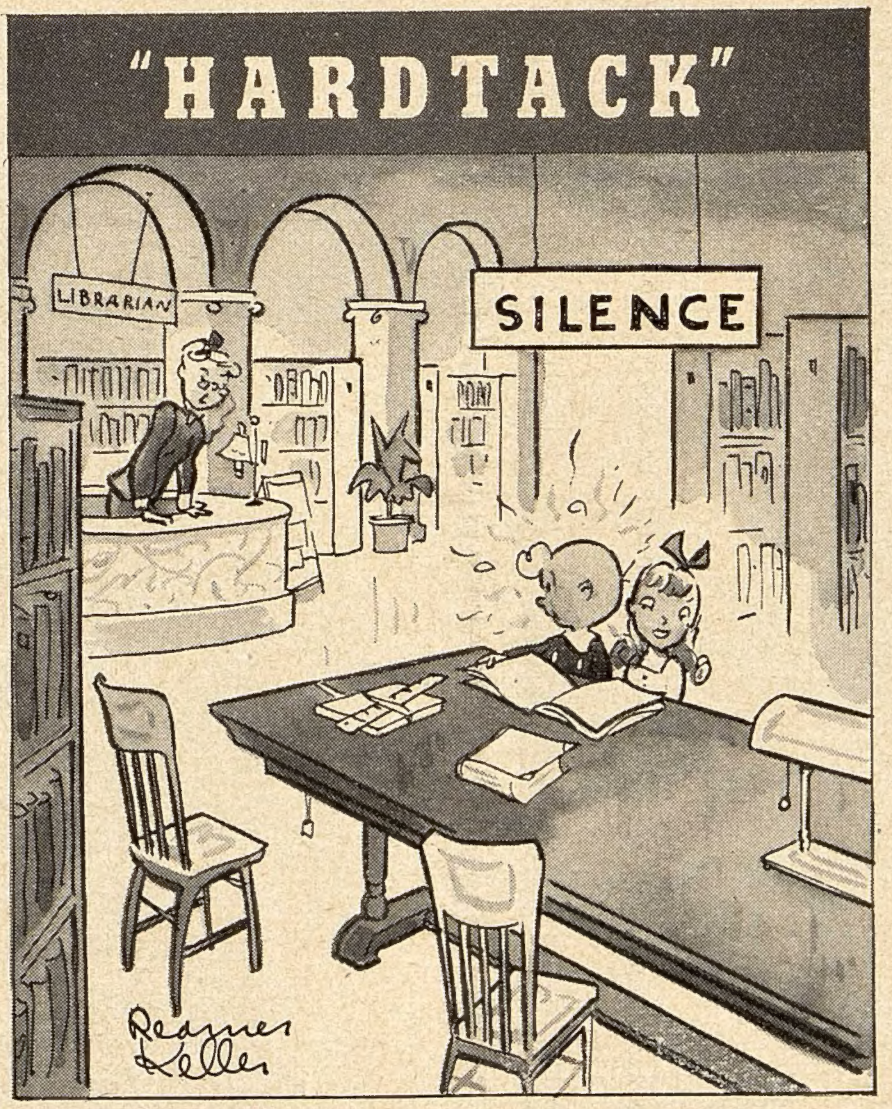
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

MEET PETER DONALD who does such a fine job on the Can You Top This? radio program in telling the jokes from contestants. His command of dialect is consummate. For those of you who will try to match or top the stories selected from that hilarious program, and which appear elsewhere in this issue, it is encouraging to know that quite often the listeners on the air do not agree with the studio audience's reaction as registered by the laugh meter—and they send in their kicks. That's right from the horse's mouth—from the three laugh-makers themselves. Ford, Hershfield, and Laurie also say that their radio fans multiply their fun by getting together in groups and keeping score on the jokes being told, and adding zest with little side bets. There's a Can You Top This? club of thirty Brooklynites that meets each week to hear the stories and laugh-meter records, and goes to the mat on their preferences.

PETER DONALD

MOST OFTEN, PERHAPS, A WRITER writes of his subject as an outside observer, but when he can give the inside touch, his story takes on a firsthand effect that adds enormously to its punch. Such is the case of Robert T. Furman, Jr., in They Fight with Film in this issue, for he's both writer and director of the kind of hard-working movies his article describes. He says he and the Signal Corps experts on the lot solved all the toughest problems but one, which was presented by the studio pup, who found the army sets so realistic in hills, grass, and trees that he thought he was outdoors and dug up with enthusiastic regularity the carefully prepared lawns and dunes. Mr. Furman is now in Florida making training films for the navy.

The Editors



"Silence! I can hear your heart beating clear over here!"

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin

HORIZONTAL

1 Square of glass
5 Wrong
10 Young fellow
14 Above
15 French psychologist
16 New Zealand tree
17 Meditated upon
19 One of Egypt's kings
21 Sorrowful
22 Kind of cloth
23 Stitched
26 Hang, as if balanced
27 Frightened
31 In the midst of
32 Domestic animal
33 Gaze fixedly
34 Tangle
35 Arrived
36 Substance which destroys bacteria
37 At
38 Addition of a letter or syllable to the end of a word (pl.)
40 Negative
41 Empty
43 Followed
44 Hole
45 Make restitution
46 Collar button
47 Dislike intensely
48 Lease
49 Beverage (pl.)
50 Cut
51 Damp
53 Male cat
54 Soaked in a liquid
57 Part of mouth (pl.)
61 Fruit
62 Not at all
64 Ripped
65 Insect (pl.)
66 Absolute monarch (pl.)
67 An island in the North Atlantic

VERTICAL

1 Flock of whales
2 Hail!
3 Beak
4 Expunged
5 Retired
6 Middle
7 Inside
8 Peaceful
9 Position
10 Reduces to ashes
11 Possesses
12 Consumed
13 Dance movement (Fr.)
18 Urchin
20 Note of the scale
22 Turned over to another
23 Russian urn
24 Flow out
25 Humor
26 Wild animal
28 Increase in size
29 Arsenate of copper
30 Signified
32 Market
33 Conveyance
35 Stem of certain plants
36 Old
38 Black leopard (pl.)
39 Composition
42 Peruse carefully
44 Animal's foot
46 Glides
47 Sickle-shaped
49 Catkin
50 Sun
52 On high
53 Besmirches
54 Health resort
55 Number
56 Dine
57 By
58 Hill
59 Silkworm
60 Japanese coin
63 One of the states (abbr.)

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54	55	56					▨	57				58	59	60
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65				▨	66					▨	67			

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

I	O	O	O	P	L	A	N	E	S	■	T	O	S	H
G	R	A	I	L	■	N	O	A	H	■	O	P	I	E
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O	T	T	■	G	A	L	A	■	U	B	A	N	G	I
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G	■	■	R	E	S	T	A	R	T	■	H	E	M	S
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R	O	M	A	■	P	A	L	M	■	N	O	I	S	E
D	U	O	S	■	S	T	E	P	L	A	D	D	E	R

Last week's answer

SMOKING LESS—or SMOKING *MORE**?

You're SAFER smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

Scientifically proved less irritating for the nose and throat

Here it is—fast. Reported by eminent doctors—in medical journals. Their own findings that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

NOTE we do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But, man! What solid proof they're *better* . . . *safer* . . . for nose and throat.

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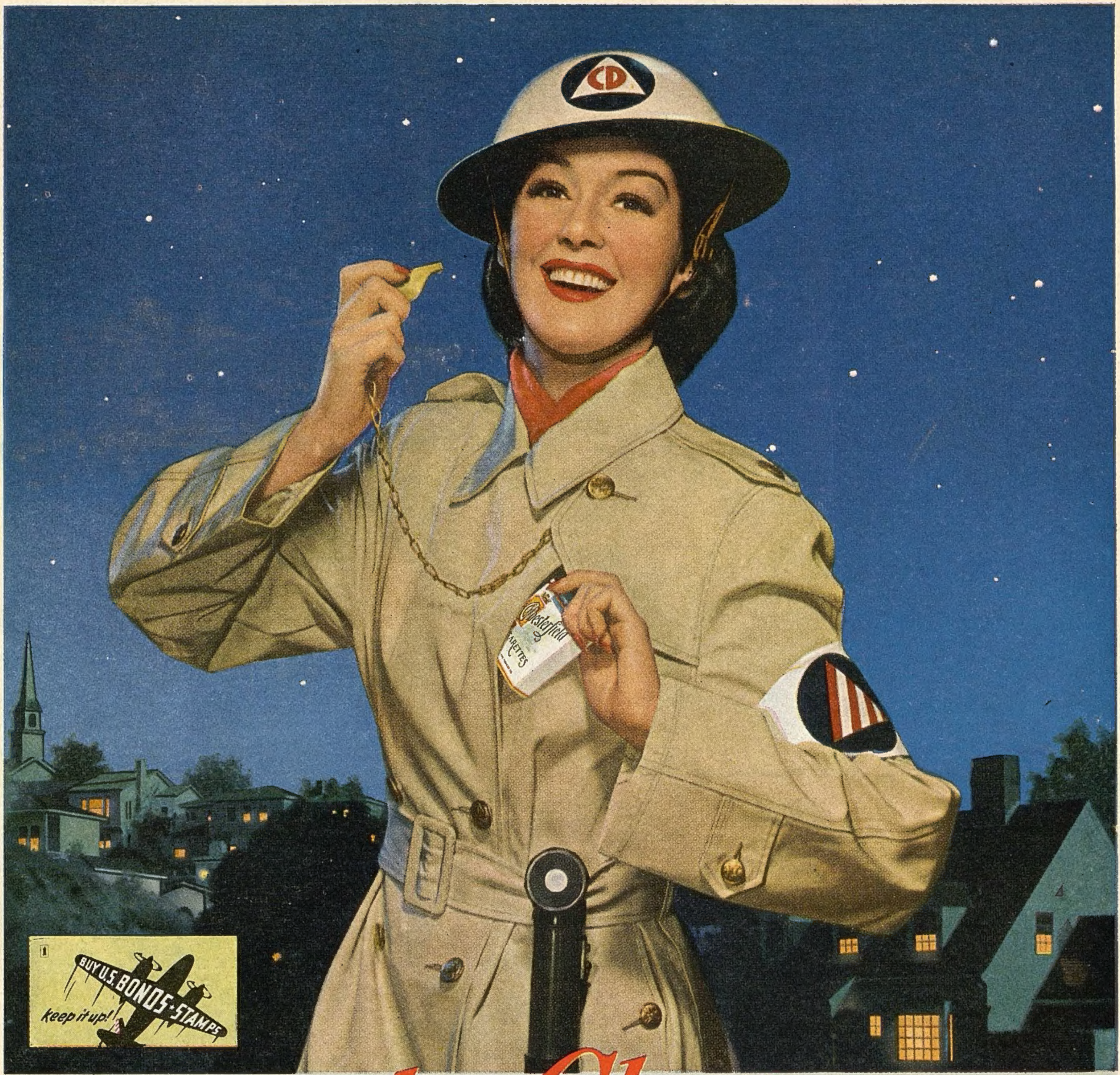
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